PICTORIAL REVIEW

OCTOBER 1923
FIFTEEN CENTS

THE PRINCE OF WALES
The Greatest Democrat of Them All
See page 10

WHAT PRESIDENT DO THE WOMEN WANT?
You can vote right now
See page 1

An Amazing Study of the American Woman
See page 16

SERIALS AND SHORT STORIES BY
Joseph Conrad
Dorothy Speare
Elsie Singmaster
T. S. Stribling
Paul Lee Ellerbe
Stephen Morehouse Avery
And Others

THE BIG AUTUMN FASHION NUMBER

Digitized by Google
Original from Princeton University

On the other side of this wrapper are printed simple directions for getting cleaner, whiter, sweeter smelling clothes. And with the utmost ease and safety.

Here's a health-insurance policy for your family

Fels-Naptha is a wonderfully efficient laundry soap. It washes clothes so *completely* clean you just feel there is healthfulness in every thread. Not mere cleanliness, but *Fels-Naptha Cleanliness.*

Those little dirt-patches, which are so often trouble-breeders, may be invisible to the naked eye, but the real naptha in Fels-Naptha finds and flushes them out. Its work done, the naptha vanishes, leaving the clothes clean, sweet and wholesome.

Use Fels-Naptha for your finery, as well as for the heavier, dirtier pieces. Remember, it cleans safely, thoroughly and quickly everything soap-and-water will clean. The results are agreeably surprising!

Fels-Naptha is *more* than soap. It is *more* than soap and naptha. It is the exclusive Fels-Naptha blend of *splendid* soap and *real* naptha in a way that gives you the benefit of both these two great cleaners at the same time, and in one economical golden bar. Clothes are washed clean—through and through. That's why Fels-Naptha is "health insurance." Start using it today.

Real naptha! You can tell by the smell

Besides thoroughly cleaning clothes Fels-Naptha washes dishes clean, makes painted woodwork bright and smiling, takes spots from rugs and draperies, scrubs floors, cleans enamel of bathtub and sink—leaving Fels-Naptha Cleanliness everywhere.

The original and genuine naptha soap, in the red and green wrapper. Buy it in the convenient ten-bar carton.

PROVE the cleanliness of clothes washed with Fels-Naptha. Send 2c in stamps for a sample bar. Address Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia.

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

© 1923, Fels & Co. Philadelphia

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

PUBLIC LIBRARY
188692A
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R 1925 L

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS
PICTORIAL REVIEW is 15 cents a copy; $1.50 a year by subscription, postage paid, in the United States, Alaska, Mexico, Panama, Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii, Guam, the Philippines, and Canada. Postage to other foreign countries, $1.00 extra.

BRANCH OFFICES
Boston 11, Mass., 116 Bedford Street
Chicago, Ill., 200-206 South Market Street
St. Louis, Mo., 505 North 7th Street
San Francisco, Cal., 985 Market Street

PICTORIAL REVIEW
(Registered in the U. S. Patent Office)
Edited by ARTHUR T. VANCE
The Pictorial Review Company
William Paul Ahnelt
President and Publisher
PICTORIAL REVIEW is printed in the U. S. A. and published monthly by The Pictorial Review Company, Seventh Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, New York, and 163-165 Great Portland Street, London, W. 1, England. William Paul Ahnelt, President and Treasurer; Chas. W. Nelson, First Vice-President; Everett D. Trumbull, Second Vice-President; Jay A. Weber, Secretary; Paul Block, Advertising Director; B. A. Mackinnon, Circulation Director; Max Herzberg, Art Director.
VOL. XXV. No. 1 OCTOBER, 1923

RENEW PROMPTLY
The demand for PICTORIAL REVIEW keeps on growing and growing. We have use for every copy we print these days. Therefore please send your renewal promptly and give your old address as well as the new one when writing us of a change.

BRANCH OFFICES
Atlanta, Ga., 82-84 North Broad Street
Toronto, Ontario, Canada 263-267 Adelaide Street, West
London, W. 1, England 163-165 Great Portland Street

Whom Do You Want for President Next Year?

This Is the First Time That the Women Voters Have Been Asked to Write Their Own Political Platform

BY IDA CLYDE CLARKE

THE Presidential election is not until next year, but already the political pot is beginning to boil. Newspapers, magazines, and organizations have been taking straw votes, sounding people out on their choice for President and as to what the candidates should stand for. But the remarkable fact about these soundings is that no one has seemed to care what the women think—tho more than twenty-five million of us are eligible to vote in the next election.

This magazine cares how women feel about national affairs. Furthermore, the politicians care. The object of every candidate is to be elected. At this very moment every mother's son of them is feverishly wondering what sort of platform he can write that the majority of the people will approve. He knows, as well as we know, that women are doing some straight, sound thinking as they rock the cradles or stir the marmalade. He knows, as we know, that all of the political wisdom is not segregated in the brains of men.

This means that the political platforms of 1924 would be broad and constructive if the makers of the platforms could only find out what the people want. Pictorial Review believes it can render no better service to the country than to register in unmistakable terms the will of the millions of women voters regarding the great public issues upon which the campaigns of 1924 will be waged. Therefore the questions on this page are presented to you in the belief that you will consider it your patriotic duty to answer them.

Four years ago we women got very much excited at the eleventh hour concerning the national party platforms; and just so soon as the men found out what we wanted, or thought we wanted, our planks were hastily inserted. But there was no time to nail them down, and so no one was willing to stand very firmly on them.

Pictorial Review's Questionnaire for Women Voters

1. Who do you think would make the best President of the United States?

2. What do you think should be the main issues of the campaign?

3. Do you believe the Volstead Act should be modified or enforced?

4. What in your opinion can this country do to help along the cause of a world-wide peace?

5. Do you think that the United States should join the World's Court?

6. Do you believe in a National Uniform Marriage and Divorce Law?

7. Do you believe in birth-control properly regulated, such as Holland has, for instance?

8. Do you favor the proposed amendment to abolish child labor?

9. Are you satisfied with our educational system, or do you favor the proposed Federal Bureau of Education?

10. Do you believe in State censorship of motion-pictures and books?

Cut out this questionnaire, fill in your answers and send them to Questionnaire Editor so that they can be tabulated and the results published in Pictorial Review. These answers will, no doubt, have their influence in deciding who the Presidential candidates shall be next year and what the political platform shall stand for.

In presenting this questionnaire Pictorial Review gives us a chance, not only to actually register the will of the majority of American women, but to give this information in the plainest possible words to the politicians in plenty of time for them to insert our planks definitely and firmly into their party platforms. For the result of the poll will be carefully analyzed and tabulated and will be broadcasted through the magazine.

While we are all agreed that the question of world peace is a question of supreme importance, it is idle to treat it as an issue standing alone. War is not a disease in itself to be cured by a single formula. If such a formula could be stated its value could never be estimated in money. War is the result of diseases—many of them, social, economic, political — and these diseases underlie our national life and touch it vitally at every point. We learned long ago that we can not stop war by talking about it or by writing about it. We've got to find a dozen different solutions for a dozen different ailments which are the contributory causes of war.

We have but one method of getting at national ills and that is through the national political parties. We have got to have the right men standing on the right platforms if we are going to take our proper place in the world, and it is your business and mine to do all in our power to see that both men and their platforms are what we think they should be.

If America is going to assist in setting the international house in order it is important that she set her own house in order first. If we are going to continue to wrangle incessantly among ourselves over the settlement of our own affairs, how in the name of reason can we expect to influence world affairs?

There are a number of important

CONTINUED ON PAGE 50

A Table of Contents for this issue will be found on the last page

Copyright, 1923, by The Pictorial Review Company, in the United States and Great Britain. Entered as Second-class Matter September, 26, 1899, at the Post-office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry as Second-class Matter at Chicago, Ill., at Columbus, Ohio, at Council Bluffs and Des Moines, Iowa, at Denver, Colo., at Galveston, Tex., at Indianapolis, Ind., at Kansas City, Mo., at Los Angeles, Cal., at Louisville, Ky., at Milwaukee, Wis., at New Orleans, La., at Saginaw, Mich., at St. Louis, Mo., at St. Paul, Minn., at San Francisco, Cal., at Savannah, Ga., and at Seattle, Wash.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

The Average Woman and Social Success

"True Social Success Can Be Neither Inherited Nor Bought—It Must Be Earned," Says Mrs. Keyes

By Frances Parkinson Keyes

MY DEAR, have you heard the latest about Mary Montgomery? She's been invited on a perfectly gorgeous trip around the world—*invited*, mind you—right on top of having that wonderful Winter in Washington, with a handsome Italian Count simply crazy about her and a Cabinet officer's wife for a hostess! She's a tremendous social success—some girls do have all the luck, don't they? The Montgomerys are poor now—we could buy and sell them a dozen times over—but their ancestors were among the first founders of Virginia, and of course if you have *family* back of you——

"That Mrs. Havroks, whose husband made a fortune in chewing-gum, is getting to be one of the social leaders in Boston. Did you know it? In Boston, of all places! I did think that *there* at least some regard was still felt for birth and breeding, but this case is enough to prove to me that money is the only thing that really counts nowadays; and you know Jack's salary is only five thousand a year, so it's useless for me to hope that I can ever succeed socially at all."

This is the way that the average woman who for one reason or another has not achieved social success is apt to talk about the woman who has. And in doing so she talks not only unjustly, but inaccurately. True social success can be neither inherited nor bought; it must, like everything else that is worth having, be earned, and earned, not by proxy, but by the same person who is in the end to profit by it. Like learning, there is no royal road to it.

If Mary Montgomery has visits in Washington and trips around the world and Italian Counts at her command it is not because her ancestors settled Virginia. There are many other descendants of those early settlers who are doing none of these things, who are, in fact, leading a very dull life indeed. It is because she is pretty and sweet and tactful and charming.

If Mrs. Havroks is spreading a red-velvet carpet under a striped awning across the width of the sidewalk in front of her Commonwealth Avenue house, and having the satisfaction of watching the Lowells and the Cabots walk up it, this is not on account of the chewing-gum, but in spite of it. Dozens of women have spread such carpets in vain. It is because she is intelligent and adaptable and intrinsically refined. And social success is not, as so many women seem to think, something which can be obtained only by the fortunate few. It is within the reach of practically every man and woman who desires it enough to deserve it.

Of all the men I have known who have gone to college the one who became the greatest outstanding figure of his class—and this was at Harvard—entered from an obscure suburban school without even a superficial acquaintance with a single fellow there. He was graduated—incidentally with academic honors—a member of one of the two most exclusive clubs and many of the others besides; captain of the varsity crew, on which he had rowed for three years besides playing football, and first marshal on commencement day.

Of all the women I have known the one who has eclipsed every other in charm and prestige and prominence—her name is now a byword on two continents—grew up in a little Southern village so poor that she often had nothing but baked potatoes and milk to eat. Moreover, there is no earthly reason why any one should be ashamed of wishing for social success, for it is one of the most delightful things that life has to offer.

The man who has a thousand friends has not a friend to spare; But he who has one enemy will meet him everywhere.

"But how am I going to make a thousand friends?" the average woman inquires fretfully. "I don't live in a big city; I live in a little one-horse town; I do most of my own work; I take care of the baby and get the older children off to school, and help Fred with the accounts; and when I've done all that I haven't time or energy for anything else—except, of course, I have managed to keep up with my music in odd moments, enough so that I sing in the choir, and during the War I did Red Cross work, and since then I've been chairman of the Pure Food Committee and I'm vice-president of our little Woman's Club."

Exactly. That woman, tho she does not seem to know it, is a social success. She has a talent, and the energy and perseverance to cultivate it under difficulties. She has executive ability, and uses it, both inside her house and out of it—or she would never in the world accomplish so much. And she is popular enough to hold an elective office, which means that she has shown herself worthy of respect and trust and affection. If she were in trouble or sorrow of any kind—if Fred failed in business, if the baby were sick—she would find that she had more than a thousand friends.

Many Channels of Service and Pleasure

ON THE other hand, if some great honor fell to the town—if the State fair were held there or the President of the United States passed through on a fleeting visit, for instance—she would immediately be asked to help with the attendant festivities. And she would have every right to feel proud and happy because she was. Even if she never leaves the little one-horse town she has made good. And there was some very sound and comprehensive philosophy in the remark of the ancient celebrity who said he would rather be first in a little Iberian village than second in Rome. There are just as many pleasant and interesting people—in proportion—in little Iberian villages as there are in Rome, just as many channels of service and pleasure, just as many opportunities for a full and happy life.

However, if Fred should move his family to some larger place, I doubt whether his wife would find herself "second in Rome" very long. I think she would find herself perfectly capable of singing in a finer choir, of handling a more important committee, of becoming president of a larger club. Her first training would stand her in good stead; her ability would increase with increased responsibilities; her popularity would grow as more people had the pleasure of knowing her. For exactly the same qualities which make a woman useful and beloved in a small town will make her useful and beloved in a big one. And being beloved and useful is being a social success.

The very first of these qualities is, I believe, an intrinsic and unquestionable honesty. By this I do not mean at all that a woman should have the disagreeable habit of seeing all the faults of her acquaintances (and incidentally none of her own!) and telling them about these faults. Indeed, I have often wondered why we apologize when we have something pleasant to say—"I hope you do not mind if I tell you that you have on a very pretty hat," or that "your children are remarkably well behaved," or that "your husband is perfectly delightful!" (Of course nobody minds this; of course every one is cheered and charmed to hear it)—and, on the other hand, prefacing our remarks by, "I think you ought to know—" when we have something inevitably unwelcome to relate; tho I have never wondered in the least that when we do these things we make ourselves cordially hated.

But I do mean that she should have that absolute sincerity of heart and mind and soul which is so unto ched by any taint of falseness, or pretense, or evasion even, that it is almost instantly recognized and admired. The woman to whom other women—and men too—go when they are in trouble is always the one possessed of this magnificent honesty. So is the woman to whom great and important undertakings are entrusted. So is the woman whose children tell her their secrets, and whose husband depends upon her to help him with his career. And if a woman is to be honest with others she must first of all be honest with herself—which, simple as it sounds, is not always so very simple after all.

It is sometimes so much easier—and so much pleasanter—to say to ourselves that we did clean that room—well, anyway, we went over the flat surfaces with a duster—when we want to go off on a picnic than to admit that we left it in a perfect mess; so much more comfortable mentally to insist that that last quarrel was entirely Harold's fault, and not a bit ours, than with a flushed face and a thumping heart that seems to have risen several inches above its proper place to go and apologize to Harold for being unreasonable and hasty; so much more soothing to our pride to persuade ourselves that it was all right to say that the reason that we didn't go to hear Galli-Curci was because we couldn't get tickets, implying that the tickets were all sold, when we couldn't get them, really, because we didn't have the ten dollars to spare; so much more agreeable not to feel certain that we heard the doorbell ring until after that tiresome Mrs. Smith, who uses an ear-trumpet and insists upon talking about funerals, is going safely down the front walk again. Little things? Very little, of course. But somehow the woman who is unquestionably honest and who is loved for her honesty does not do them. In a village where I lived for a long time it was customary for the committee which arranged for the little dances we gave at the town hall to consist of one young man and one young woman. Shortly before one of these dances was held the young man in charge at that particular time called up his fellow worker and informed her that he was unexpectedly going out of town and that as he had no time to find a substitute he would have

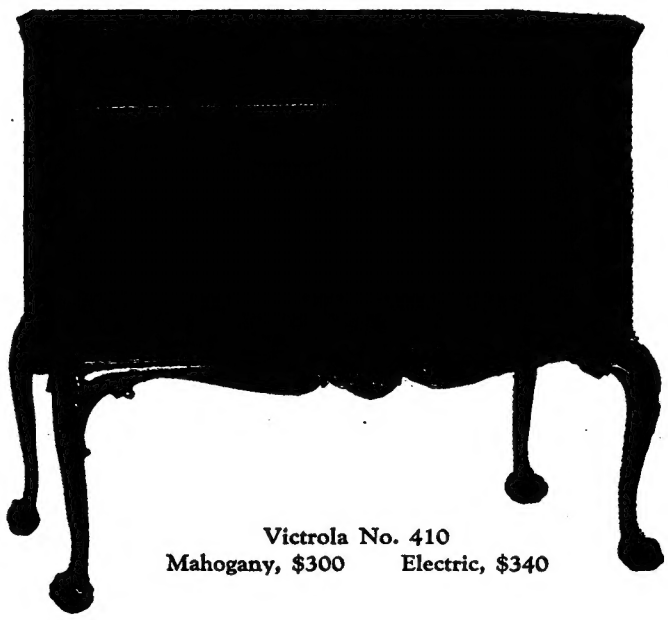
CONTINUED ON PAGE 97

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Three new Victrola models

Victrola No. 400
Mahogany, $250 Electric, $290

Victrola No. 405
Walnut, $250 Electric, $290



Victrola No. 410
Mahogany, $300 Electric, $340

The three new Victrola models illustrated herewith incorporate Victrola musical quality in cabinets reflecting all the skill of the master designers of other generations—a perfect combination of art and utility with moderate cost, resulting from our unequalled facilities and long experience.

Fully equipped with albums, Victrola No. 2 sound-box, new improved Victor tapering tone-arm and goose-neck sound-box tube, full-floating amplifier, speed indicator and the simple, reliable Victor motor.

Built entirely in the Victor factories, which are the largest devoted entirely to the production of one musical product.

In buying a talking-machine consider that you must choose the Victrola or something you hope will do as well and remember that the Victrola—the standard by which all are judged—costs no more.

A selected list of Victor Records illustrating Victor quality

Lucia—Sextet	Galli-Curci, Egener, Caruso, de Luca, Journet, Bada	95212	$3.50
Berceuse from Jocelyn	McCormack and Kreisler	89106	2.00
Elegie—Mélodie	Caruso and Elman	89066	2.00
Song of the Volga Boatmen	Chaliapin	88663	1.75
Whispering Hope	Gluck and Homer	87524	1.50
Ave Maria (Schubert)	Heifetz	74563	1.75
Minuet in G (Paderewski)	Paderewski	74533	1.75
La Capinera (The Wren)	Galli-Curci	64792	1.25
Traviata—Prelude Waltz of the Flowers	Victor Symphony Orchestra	35717	1.25
National Emblem March Lights Out March	U. S. Marine Band Arthur Pryor's Band	18498	.75

Victrola

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Look under the lid and on the labels for these Victor trade-marks.

Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N. J.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

To prevent rough, reddened hands — To protect the things you clean

If Mother Nature had realized that women's hands would have to spend a considerable part of each day in hot soapsuds, she would probably have provided them with more protection.

But she didn't foresee this situation. So she gave you soft, sensitive hands.

Consequently, when you use harsh "kitchen soap," your naturally-soft hands tend to harden and become rough, red, and cracked.

How You Can Keep Your Hands Soft and White

Do you know there is a household size of Ivory Soap to protect your hands when you do general cleaning?

Yes, this fine big cake is exactly the same Ivory Soap that millions of women use to preserve the fresh beauty of lovely complexions—pure, mild, gentle, white.

You would not dare to think of using such a fine soap for general work? Of course you wouldn't, *unless it was economical.*

Ivory *is* economical. Indeed, actual tests have shown that in addition to its protective properties, Ivory is actually as cheap to use for general cleaning as all but the very commonest of "kitchen soaps."

The few-cents-a-week cost of Ivory over and above the cost of even these commonest soaps is negligible, when you count its benefits *to your hands alone.*

And while the gentleness of Ivory is protecting your hands, naturally its mild yet thorough cleansing properties protect *everything you clean*—your fine bed- and table-linens, your embroidered doilies and runners, your soft, fleecy, all-wool blankets, your painted woodwork and varnished furniture, your Oriental rugs.

Won't you let us send you our booklet, "Unusual Uses of Ivory Soap?" It contains more than a hundred recipes for using this universal soap, and it is free. A postcard will bring it.

PROCTER & GAMBLE
CINCINNATI, OHIO

IVORY SOAP

99 44/100% PURE IT FLOATS

"Say," puzzles Tom, the grocer's boy, "what I want to know is—what you all use all the Ivory Soap you get for? Gee, I bring 'n awful lot of it here."

"Well, let's see," replies Julia, smiling. "Mr. and Mrs. Jollyco and the children and Nurse Tippit and I—we all use Ivory for our faces and hands and baths. Then Nurse, she washes the baby's clothes with it. And Elektra, she does the laundry with it, and the dishes and—why, come to think of it, Tom, I guess we use Ivory for about everything."

"Gee! Well, I was just wonderin'. We been sellin' more of it 'n ever. Guess I'll try it myself."

"It wouldn't do you a bit of harm, Tom," says Julia, with just a bit of a twinkle in her eye.

"Been buying some new ones, Alicia?" asks Mr. Jollyco, running his hand over the soft, fleecy blankets which Mrs. Jollyco has just put out against a frosty night.

"No, those are three years old, Henry. You ought to remember paying the bill for them—all wool and extra heavy. Aren't they in beautiful condition? Elektra takes great pride in them—every spring she washes them with Ivory Soap."

"I'd like to know, Alicia, what you'd do if they suddenly stopped *making* Ivory Soap."

"I think I'd give up housekeeping."

NEW! *Guest* IVORY

What a welcome this dainty new cake of soap is receiving everywhere!

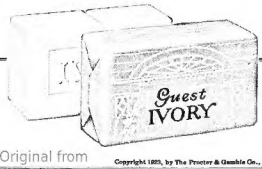
Wrapped in fresh new blue and white. Of just the right size for slim feminine hands.

Pure, mild and gentle for the most sensitive skin.

Creamy white, as Ivory always is.

Guest Ivory will acquit itself becomingly on your washstand.

As fine as soap can be. Yet five cents is Guest Ivory's modest price.



Copyright 1923, by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati

Digitized by Google
Original from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

The ROVER

Concerning the Lieutenant's Dangerous Commission and the Mystery and Bloodshed that Overshadows the Past of the Lovely Arlette

By

JOSEPH CONRAD

Illustrations by Mead Schaeffer

COMPLETE IN FOUR NUMBERS
PART TWO

"ONCE MORE SHE SCREAMED 'FRANÇOIS!' AND, TOTTERING AS FAR AS THE DOOR, SHE SAW HER NIECE AND A STRANGE MAN IN A RED CAP AND WITH A SABER BY HIS SIDE, WHO YELLED EXCITEDLY: 'YOU WON'T SEE FRANÇOIS AGAIN. *VIVE LA RÉPUBLIQUE!*'"

BY THAT time the *Amelia* had been towed half a mile or so away from Cape Estérel. This change had brought her nearer to the two watchers on the hillside, who would have been plainly visible to the people on her deck but for the head of the pine which concealed their movements. Lieutenant Réal, bestriding the rugged trunk as high as he could get, had the whole of the English ship's deck open to the range of his pocket-glass, which he used between the branches. He said to Peyrol suddenly:

"Her captain has just come on deck."

Peyrol, sitting at the foot of the tree, made no answer for a long while. A warm drowsiness lay over the land and seemed to press down on Peyrol's eyelids. But inwardly the old rover was intensely awake. Under the mask of his immobility, with half-shut eyes and idly clasped hands, he heard the lieutenant, perched up there near the head of the tree, mutter, counting something, "One, two, three," and than a loud "*Parbleu!*" after which the lieutenant in his trunk-bestriding attitude began to jerk himself backward. Peyrol got up out of his way, but could not restrain himself from asking: "What's the matter now?"

"I will tell you what's the matter," said the other, excitedly, and as soon as he got his footing he walked up to old Peyrol, and when quite close to him folded his arms across his chest.

"The first thing I did was to count the boats in the water. There is not a single one left on board. And now I just counted them again and found one more there. That ship had a boat out last night. How I missed seeing her pull out from under the land I don't know. I was watching the decks, I suppose, and she seems to have gone straight up to the tow-rope. But I was right. That Englishman had a boat out."

He seized Peyrol by both shoulders suddenly. "I believe you knew it all the time. You knew it, I tell you." Peyrol, shaken violently by the shoulders, raised his eyes to look at the angry face within a few inches of his own. In his worn gaze there was no fear or shame, but a troubled perplexity and obvious concern. He remained passive, merely remonstrating softly:

"*Doucement. Doucement.*"

The lieutenant suddenly desisted with a final jerk which failed to stagger old Peyrol, who directly he had been released spoke in an explanatory tone.

"For the ground is slippery here. If I had lost my footing I would not have been able to prevent myself from grabbing at you, and we would have gone down that cliff together, which would have told those Englishmen more than twenty boats could have found out in as many nights."

Secretly Lieutenant Réal was daunted by Peyrol's mildness. It could not be shaken. Even physically he had an impression of the utter futility of his effort, as tho he had tried to shake a rock. He threw himself on the ground carelessly, saying:

"As for instance."

Peyrol lowered himself with a deliberation appropriate to his gray hairs. "You don't suppose that out of a hundred and fifty or so pairs of eyes on board that ship there wouldn't be a dozen at least scanning the shore. Two men falling down a cliff would have been a startling enough sight. They would have been interested enough to send a boat ashore to go through our pockets, and whether dead or only half dead we wouldn't have been in a state to prevent them. It wouldn't matter so much as to me and I don't know what papers you may have in your pocket, but there are your shoulder-straps, your uniform coat."

"I carry no papers in my pocket and—" A sudden thought seemed to strike the lieutenant, a thought so intense and far-fetched as to give his mental effort a momentary aspect of vacancy. He shook it off and went on in a changed tone: "The shoulder-straps would not have been much of a revelation by themselves."

"No. Not much. But enough to let her captain know that he had been watched. For what else could the dead body of a naval officer with a spy-glass in his pocket mean? Hundreds of eyes may glance carelessly at that ship every day from all parts of the coast, tho I fancy those landsmen hardly take the trouble to look at her now. But that's a very different thing from being kept under observation. However, I don't suppose all this matters much."

The lieutenant was recovering from the spell of that sudden thought. "Papers in my pocket," he muttered to himself. "That would be a perfect way." His parted lips came together in a slightly sarcastic smile with which he met Peyrol's puzzled, sidelong glance provoked by the inexplicable character of these words.

"I bet," said the lieutenant, "that ever since I came here first you have been more or less worrying your old head about my motives and intentions."

Peyrol said simply: "You came here on service at first and afterward you came again because even in the Toulon fleet an officer may get a few days' leave. As to your intentions, I won't say anything about them. Especially as regards myself. About ten minutes ago anybody looking on would have thought they were not friendly to me."

The Story of the Story

MASTER GUNNER PEYROL, the rover, after bringing into the port of Toulon a prize that has been captured by a squadron of the republic, aspires for a period ashore. He has spent forty-five years on the high seas, and now with a fortune of 70,000 francs (gold that he found in the unsearched lockers of the prize and secreted in a sail-cloth waistcoat) he decides that at fifty-eight he has had enough of the sea, and sets forth from Toulon to find a comfortable dwelling-place.

In his travels he meets the lonely boatman of the lagoon of Pesquiers, who directs him to the comfortable house of the Escampobar Farm. Here Peyrol meets the beautiful Arlette, whose parents originally owned the farm, but who were killed in the revolutionary riots at Toulon; the always suspicious Citizen Scevola Bron, a drinker of blood and a patriot who is feared throughout the countryside; and Arlette's old aunt Catherine, who are the only occupants of the house. Peyrol's soul takes root there, for his lighthouse-like room in the top of the building commands a view of the sea.

In the course of time Lieutenant Réal comes to the farm on a special commission and to keep track of the movements of the sloop *Amelia*, the scout-ship of Admiral Nelson's fleet, blockading the port of Toulon, and the rover finds in him an interesting companion in whose company he spends many hours.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

The lieutenant sat up suddenly. By that time the English sloop, getting away from under the land, had become visible even from the spot on which they sat.

"Look!" exclaimed Réal. "She seems to be forging ahead in this calm."

Peyrol, startled, raised his eyes and saw the *Amelia* clear of the-edge of the cliff and heading across the Passe. All her boats were alongside, and yet, as a minute or two of steady gazing was enough to convince Peyrol, she was not stationary.

"She moves! There is no denying that. She moves. Watch the white speck of that house on Porquerolles. There! The end of her jib-boom touches it now. In a moment her head-sails will mask it to us."

"I would never have believed it," muttered the lieutenant, after a pause of intent gazing. "And look, Peyrol, look; there is not a wrinkle on the water."

Peyrol, who had been shading his eyes from the sun, let his hand fall. "Yes," he said, "she would answer to a child's breath quicker than a feather, and the English very soon found it out when they got her. She was caught in Genoa only a few months after I came home and got my moorings here."

"I didn't know," murmured the young man.

"Aha, Lieutenant," said Peyrol, pressing his finger to his breast, "it hurts here, doesn't it? There is nobody but good Frenchmen here. Do you think it is a pleasure to me to watch that flag out there at her peak? Look; you can see the whole of her now. Look at that red wisp hanging down as if there were not a breath of wind under the heavens." He stamped his foot suddenly. "And yet she moves! Those in Toulon that may be thinking of catching her dead or alive would have to think hard and make long plans and get good men to carry them out."

"There was some talk of it at the Toulon Admiralty," said Réal.

The rover shook his head. "They need not have sent you on the duty," he said. "I have been watching her now for a month, her and the man who has got her now. I know all his tricks and all his habits and all his dodges by this time. The man is a seaman, that must be said for him, but I can tell beforehand what he will do in any given case."

Lieutenant Réal lay down on his back again, his clasped hands under his head. He thought that this old man was not boasting; he knew a lot about the English ship, and if an attempt to capture her was to be made his ideas would be worth having. Nevertheless in his relations with old Peyrol Lieutenant Réal suffered from contradictory feelings. Réal was the son of a ci-devant couple—small provincial gentry—who both lost their heads on the scaffold within the same week. As to their boy he was apprenticed by order of the Delegate of the Revolutionary Committee of his town to a poor but pure-minded joiner, who could not provide him with shoes to run his errands in, but treated this aristocrat not unkindly.

Nevertheless at the end of the year the orphan ran away and volunteered as a boy on board one of the ships of the republic about to sail on a distant expedition. There he found another standard of values. In the course of some eight years, suppressing his faculties of love and hatred, he arrived at the rank of an officer by sheer merit, and had accustomed himself to look at men skeptically without much scorn or much respect. His principles were purely professional and he had never formed a friendship in his life—more unfortunate in that respect than old Peyrol, who at least had known the bonds of the lawless Brotherhood of the Coast. He was of course very self-contained.

Peyrol, whom he had found unexpectedly settled on the peninsula, was the first human being to break through that schooled insensibility which the precariousness of all things had forced on the orphan of the Revolution. The striking personality had aroused Réal's interest, a mistrustful liking being mixed with some contempt of a purely doctrinaire kind. It was clear that the fellow had been next thing to a pirate at one time or another—a sort of past which could not commend itself to a naval officer.

Still Peyrol had broken through; and presently the peculiarities of all those people at the farm, each individual one of them, had entered through the breach.

Lieutenant Réal, on his back, closing his eyes to the glare of the sky, meditated on old Peyrol, while Peyrol himself, with his white head bare in the sunshine, seemed to be sitting by the side of a corpse. What in that man impressed Lieutenant Réal was the faculty of shrewd insight. The facts of his connection with the farmhouse on the peninsula were much as Peyrol had stated. First on specific duty about establishing a signal-station, then, when that project had been given up, voluntary visits.

Not belonging to any ship of the fleet, but doing shore duty at the Arsenal, Lieutenant Réal had spent several periods of short leave at the farm, where indeed nobody could tell whether he had come on duty or on leave. He himself could not—or perhaps would not—tell even to himself why it was that he came there. He had been growing sick of his work. He had no place in the world to go to, and no one either. Was it Peyrol he was coming to see? A mute, strangely suspicious, defiant understanding had imperceptibly established itself between him and that lawless old man who might have been suspected to have come there only to die, if the whole robust personality of Peyrol with its quiet vitality had not been antagonistic to the notion of death. That rover behaved as tho he had all the time in the world at his command.

Peyrol spoke suddenly, with his eyes fixed in front of him as if he were addressing the island of Porquerolles eight miles away.

"Yes, I know all her moves, tho I must say that this trick of dodging close to our peninsula is something new."

"H'm! Fish for the captain's breakfast," mumbled Réal without opening his eyes. "Where is she now?"

"In the middle of the Passe, busy hoisting in her boats. And still moving! That ship will keep her way as long as a flame of a candle on her deck will not stand upright."

"That ship is a marvel."

"She has been built by French shipwrights," said old Peyrol bitterly.

This was the last sound for a long time. Then the lieutenant said in an indifferent tone: "You are very positive about that. How do you know?"

"I have been looking at her for a month, whatever name she might have had or whatever name the English call her by now. Did you ever see such a bow on an English-built ship?"

The lieutenant remained silent as tho he had lost all interest and there had been no such thing as an English man-of-war within a mile. But all the time he was thinking hard. He had been told confidentially of a certain piece of service to be performed on instructions received from Paris. Not an operation of war, but service of the greatest importance. The risk of it was not so very deadly as particularly odious. A brave man might very well have shrunk from it; and there were risks (not death) from which a desperate man might shrink without shame.

"Have you ever tasted of prison, Peyrol?" he asked suddenly, in an affectedly sleepy voice.

It roused Peyrol nearly into a shout. "Heavens! No! Prison! What do you mean by prison? I have been a captive to savages," he added, calming down, "but that's a very old story. I was young and foolish then. Later, when a grown man, I was a slave to the famous Ali-Kasim. I spent a fortnight with chains on my legs and arms in the yard of a mud fort on the shores of the Persian Gulf. There were nearly a score of us Brothers of the Coast in the same predicament—in consequence of a shipwreck."

"Yes." The lieutenant was very languid indeed. "And I dare say you all took service with that sanguinary old pirate."

"There was not a single one of his thousands of blackamoors that could lay a gun properly. But Ali-Kasim made war like a prince. We sailed, a regular fleet across the gulf, took a town on the coast of Arabia somewhere and looted it. Then I and the others managed to get hold of an armed dhow, and we fought our way right through the blackamoors' fleet. Several of us died of thirst later. All the same, it was a great affair. But don't talk to me of prisons. A proper man if given a chance to fight can always get himself killed. You understand me?"

"Yes, I understand you," drawled the lieutenant. "I think I know you pretty well. I suppose an English prison."

"That is a beastly subject of conversation," interrupted Peyrol in a loud, emotional tone. "Naturally any death is better than a prison. Any death! What is it you have in your mind, Lieutenant?"

"Oh, it isn't that I want you to die," drawled Réal in an uninterested manner.

Peyrol, his entwined fingers clasping his legs, gazed fixedly at the English sloop floating idly in the Passe while he gave up all his mind to the consideration of these words that had floated out, idly too, into the peace and silence of the morning. Then he asked in a low tone:

"Did you want to frighten me?"

The lieutenant laughed harshly. Neither by word, gesture, nor glance did Peyrol acknowledge the enigmatic and unpleasant sound. But when it ceased the silence grew so oppressive between the two men that they got up by a common impulse. The lieutenant sprang up lightly. The uprising of Peyrol took more time and had more dignity. They stood side by side as if unable to detach their longing eyes from the enemy ship below their feet.

"I wonder why he put himself into this silly position," said the officer.

"I wonder?" growled Peyrol curtly. "If there had been only a couple of eighteen-pounders placed on the rocky ledge to the left of us we could have unrigged her in about ten minutes."

"Good old gunner," commented Réal ironically. "And what afterward? Swim off, you and I, with our cutlases in our teeth and take her by boarding—what?"

This sally provoked in Peyrol an austere smile. "No! No!" he protested soberly. "But why not let Toulon know? Bring out a frigate or two and catch him alive. Many a time have I planned his capture just to ease my heart. Often I have stared at night out of my window up-stairs across the bay to where I knew he was lying at anchor, and thinking of a little surprize I could arrange for him if I were not only old Peyrol, the gunner."

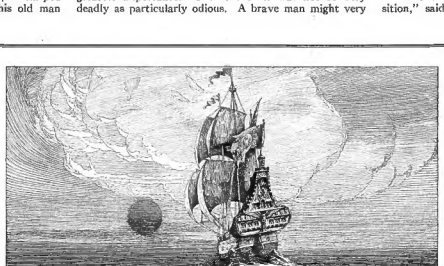
"Yes. And keeping out of the way at that, with a bad note against his name in the books of the Admiralty in Toulon."

"Well, you can't say I have tried to hide myself from you who are a naval officer," interposed Peyrol quickly. "I fear no man. I did not run. I simply went away from Toulon. Nobody had given me an order to stay there. And you can't say I ran very far, either."

"That was the cleverest move of all. You knew what you were doing."

"Here you go again, hinting at something crooked like that fellow with big epaulets at the Port Office that seemed to be longing to put me under arrest just because I brought a prize from the Indian Ocean, eight thousand miles, dodging clear of every Englishman that came in my way, which was more perhaps than he could have done. I had my gunner's warrant signed by Citizen Renaud, a *chef d'escadre*. It wasn't given to me for twirling my thumbs or hiding in the *cabletier* when an enemy was about. There were on board our ships some patriots that weren't above doing that sort of thing, I can tell you. But republic or no republic, that kind wasn't likely to get a gunner's warrant."

"That's all right," said Réal, talking with his eyes fixed on the English ship, the head of which was swung to the northward now. "Look; she seems to have lost her way at last," he remarked parenthetically to Peyrol, who also glanced that way and nodded. "That's all right. But it's on record that you managed in a very short time



Of Sea-Folk

By Harold Vinal

SEA-FOLK who once have listened to the sea
Can never quite forget the sound of rain;
Always they hear spray falling by a tree,
Always the sound of spray against a pane.
And so they lie out long nights listening
For sound of water moving suddenly,
And so they can not sleep for wondering
How many ships are anchored at a quay.

They who have once seen luggers in a bay,
They who have once seen schooners from a hill
Are held by sight of many a vessel still—
Their lips are always salty for sea-spray.
And so they can not sleep, but lie and moan
For things that will not leave them quite alone.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

to get very thick with a lot of patriots ashore. Section leaders. Terrorists."

"Why, yes. I wanted to hear what they had to say. They talked like a drunken crew of scalawags that had stolen a ship. But at any rate it wasn't such as they that had sold the port to the Englishmen. They were a lot of blood thirsty landlubbers. I did get out of town as soon as I could. I remember I I was born around here. I knew no other bit of France, and I didn't care to go any further. Nobody came to look for me."

"No, not here. I suppose they thought it was too near. They did look for you a little, but they gave it up. Perhaps if they had persevered and made an Admiral of you we would not have been beaten at Abukir."

At the mention of that name Peyrol shook his fist at the serene Mediterranean sky. "And yet we were no worse men than the English," he cried, "and there are no such ships as ours in the world. You see, Lieutenant, the republican god of these talkers would never give us seamen a chance of fair play."

The lieutenant looked round in surprize. "What do you know about a republican god?" he asked. "What on earth do you mean?"

"I have heard of and seen more gods than you could ever dream of in a long night's sleep in every corner of the earth, in the very heart of forests, which is an inconceivable thing. Figures, stones, sticks. There must be something in the idea. And as to what I meant," he continued in a resentful tone, "it's that their republican god, which is neither stick nor stone, but seems to be some kind of lubber, has never given us seamen a chief like that one the soldiers have got ashore."

Lieutenant Réal looked at Peyrol with unsmiling attention, then remarked quietly: "Well, the god of the aristocrats is coming back again, and it looks as if he were bringing an emperor along with him. You've heard something of that, you people in the farmhouse? Haven't you?"

"No," said Peyrol. "I have heard no talk of an emperor. But what does it matter? Under one name or another a chief can be no more than a chief, and that general whom they have made consul is a good chief—nobody can deny that."

After saying those words in a dogmatic tone Peyrol looked up at the sun and suggested that it was time to go down to the farmhouse *pour manger la soupe*. With a suddenly gloomy face Réal moved off, followed by Peyrol. At the first turn of the path they got the view of the Escampobar buildings with the pigeons still walking on the ridge of the roofs, of the sunny orchards and yards without a living soul in them. Peyrol remarked that everybody, no doubt, was in the kitchen waiting for his and the lieutenant's return. He himself was properly hungry. "And you, Lieutenant?"

The lieutenant was not hungry. Hearing this declaration made in a peevish tone, Peyrol gave a sagacious movement of his head behind the lieutenant's back. Well, whatever happened a man had to eat. He, Peyrol, knew what it was to be altogether without food; but even half rations were a poor show, very poor show for anybody who had to work or to fight. For himself he couldn't imagine any conjuncture that would prevent him having a meal as long as there was something to eat within reach.

His unwonted garrulity provoked no response, but Peyrol continued to talk in that strain as tho his thoughts were concentrated on food while his eyes roved here and there and his ears were open for the slightest sound. When they arrived in front of the house Peyrol stopped to glance anxiously down the path to the coast, letting the lieutenant enter the café. The Mediterranean, in that part which could be seen from the door of the café, was as empty of all sail as a yet undiscovered sea.

The dull tinkle of a cracked bell on the neck of some wandering cow was the only sound that reached him, accentuating the Sunday peace of the farm. Two goats were lying down on the western slope of the hill. It all had a very reassuring effect, and the anxious expression on Peyrol's face was passing away when suddenly one of the goats leaped to its feet. The rover gave a start and became rigid in a pose of tense apprehension. A man who is in such a frame of mind that a leaping goat makes him start can not be happy. However, the other goat remained lying down. There was really no reason for alarm, and Peyrol, composing his features as near as possible to their usual placid expression, followed the lieutenant into the house.

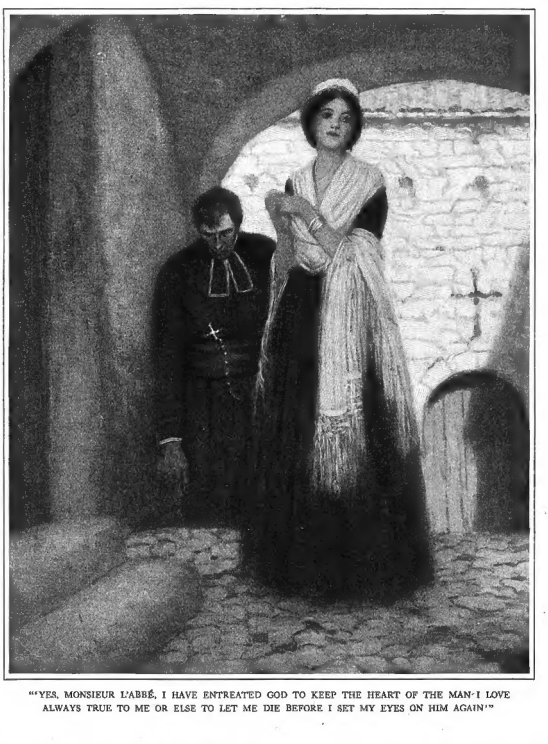
A single cover having been laid at the end of a long table in the café for the lieutenant, he had his meal there while the others sat down to theirs in the kitchen, the usual strangely assorted company served by the anxious and silent Catherine. Peyrol, thoughtful and hungry, faced Citizen Scevola in his working-clothes and very much withdrawn within himself. His aspect was more feverish than usual, with the red patches on his cheekbones very marked above the thick beard. From time to time the mistress of the farm would get up from her place by the side of old Peyrol and go out into the salle to attend to the lieutenant. The other three people would seem unconscious of her absences. Toward the end of the meal Peyrol leaned back in his wooden chair and let his gaze rest on the ex-terrorist, who had not finished yet and was still busy over his plate with the air of a man who had done a long morning's work. The door leading from the kitchen to the salle stood wide open, but no sound of voices ever came from there.

Till lately Peyrol had not concerned himself very much with the mental states of the people with whom he lived. Now, however, he wondered to himself what could be the thoughts of the ex-terrorist patriot, that sanguinary and extremely poor creature occupying the position of master of the Escampobar Farm. But when Citizen Scevola raised his head at last to take a long drink of wine there was nothing new on that face, which in its high color resembled so much a painted mask. Their eyes met.

"*Sacrebleu!*" exclaimed Peyrol at last. "If you never say anything to anybody like this you will forget how to speak at last."

The patriot smiled from the depths of his beard, a smile which Peyrol for some reason, mere prejudice perhaps, always thought resembled the defensive grin of some small wild beast afraid of being cornered.

"What is there to talk about?" he retorted. "You live with us; you haven't budged from here; I suppose you have counted the bunches of grapes in the enclosure and the figs on the fig-tree on the west wall many times over." He paused to lend an ear to the dead silence in the salle, and then said with a slight rise of tone: "You and I know everything that is going on here."



"YES, MONSIEUR L'ABBÉ, I HAVE ENTREATED GOD TO KEEP THE HEART OF THE MAN I LOVE ALWAYS TRUE TO ME OR ELSE TO LET ME DIE BEFORE I SET MY EYES ON HIM AGAIN"

Peyrol wrinkled the corners of his eyes in a keen, searching glance. Catherine, clearing the table, bore herself as if she had been completely deaf. Her face, of a walnut color, with sunken cheeks and lips, might have been a carving in the marvelous immobility of its fine wrinkles. Her carriage was upright and her hands swift in their movements. Peyrol said: "We don't want to talk about the farm. Haven't you heard any news lately?"

The patriot shook his head violently. Of public news he had a horror. Everything was lost. The country was ruled by perjurers and renegades. All the patriotic virtues were dead. He struck the table with his fist and then remained listening as tho the blow could have roused an echo in the silent house. Not the faintest sound came from anywhere. Citizen Scevola sighed. It seemed to him that he was the only patriot left and even in his retirement his life was not safe.

"I know," said Peyrol. "I saw the whole affair out of the window. You can run like a hare, Citizen."

"Was I to allow myself to be sacrificed by those superstitious brutes?" argued Citizen Scevola in a high-pitched voice and with genuine indignation, which Peyrol watched coldly. He could hardly catch the mutter of "Perhaps it would have been just as well if I had let those reactionary dogs kill me that time."

The old woman washing up at the sink glanced uneasily toward the door of the salle.

"No!" shouted the lonely sansculotte. "It isn't possible! There must be plenty of patriots left in France. The sacred fire is not burned out yet."

For a short time he presented the appearance of a man who is sitting with ashes on his head and desolation in his heart. His almond-shaped eyes looked dull, extinguished. But after a moment he gave a sidelong look at Peyrol as if to watch the effect and began declaiming in a low voice and apparently as if rehearsing a speech to himself: "No, it isn't possible. Some day tyrans will stumble, and then it will be time to pull it down again. We will come out in our thousands and—*ça ira.*"

Those words and even the passionate energy of the tone left Peyrol unmoved. With his head sustained by his thick brown hand he was thinking of something else so obviously as to depress again the feebly struggling spirit of terrorism in the lonely breast of Citizen Scevola. The glow of reflected sunlight in the kitchen became darkened by the body of the fisherman of the lagoon, who mumbled a shy greeting to the company from the frame of the doorway. Without altering his position Peyrol turned his eyes on him with a frown.

Catherine, wiping her hands on her apron, remarked: "You come late for your dinner, Michel." He stepped in then, took from the old woman's hand an earthenware pot and a large hunk of bread, and carried it out at once into the yard. Peyrol and the sansculotte got up from the table. The latter, after hesitating like somebody who has lost his way, went brusquely into the passage, while Peyrol, avoiding Catherine's anxious stare, made for the back yard. Through the open door of the salle he obtained a glimpse of Arlette sitting with her hands in her lap gazing at somebody whom he could not see but who he had no doubt was Lieutenant Réal.

In the blaze and heat of the yard the chickens, broken up into small groups, were having their siesta in patches of shade. But Peyrol cared nothing for the sun. Michel, who was eating his *soupe* under the pent roof of the cart-shed, put the earthenware pot down on the ground and joined his master at the well encircled by a low wall of stones and topped by an arch of wrought iron on which a wild fig-tree had twined a slender offshoot.

After his dog's death the fisherman had abandoned the salt lagoon, leaving his rotting punt exposed on the dismal shore and his miserable nets shut up in the dark hut. He did not care for another dog, and, besides, who was there to give him a dog? He was the last of men. Somebody must be last. There was no place for him in the life of the village. So one fine morning he walked up to the farm in order to see Peyrol. More correctly perhaps to let himself be seen by Peyrol. That was exactly Michel's only hope. He sat down on a stone outside the gate with a small bundle, consisting mainly of an

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

old blanket, and a crooked stick lying on the ground near him, and looking the most lonely, peaceful, and unsupported creature on this earth.

Peyrol had listened gravely to his confused tale of the dog's death. He, personally, would not have made a friend of a dog like Michel's dog, but he understood perfectly the sudden breaking up of the establishment on the shore of the lagoon. So when Michel had concluded with the words, "I thought I would come up here," Peyrol without waiting for a plain request had said: "*Très bien*. You will be my crew," and had pointed down the path leading to the seashore. And as Michel, picking up his bundle and stick, started off waiting for no further directions, he had shouted after him: "You will find a hunk of bread and a bottle of wine in a locker aft to break your fast on."

THESE had been the only formalities of Michel's engagement to serve as "crew" on board Peyrol's boat. The rover indeed had tried without loss of time to carry out his purpose of getting something of his own that would float. It was not so easy to find anything worthy. The miserable population of Madrague, a tiny fishing hamlet facing toward Toulon, had nothing to sell. Moreover, Peyrol looked with contempt on all their possessions. He would as soon have bought a catamaran of three logs of wood tied together with rattans as one of their boats; but lonely and prominent on the beach, lying on her side in weather-beaten melancholy, there was a two-masted tartan with her sun-whitened cordage hanging in festoons and her dry masts showing long cracks. No man was ever seen dozing under the shade of her hull, on which the Mediterranean gulls made themselves very much at home. She looked a wreck thrown high up on the land by a disdainful sea.

Peyrol, having surveyed her from a distance, saw that the rudder still hung in its place. He ran his eye along her lines and said to himself that that craft would sail well. She was much bigger than anything he had thought of, but in her size, too, there was a fascination. It seemed to bring all the shores of the Mediterranean within his reach, Baléares and Corsica, Barbary and Spain. Peyrol had sailed over hundreds of leagues of ocean in craft that were no bigger. At his back in silent wonder a knot of fishermen's wives, bareheaded and lean, with a swarm of ragged children clinging to their skirts, watched the first stranger they had seen for years.

Peyrol borrowed a short ladder in the hamlet (he knew better than to trust his weight to any of the ropes hanging over the side) and carried it down to the beach, followed at a respectful distance by the staring women and children, a phenomenon and a wonder, as it had happened to him before on more than one island in distant seas. He clambered on board the neglected tartan and stood on the decked fore part, the center of all eyes.

At the bottom of the open hold there were lying a little sand, a few broken pieces of wood, a rusty hook, and some few stalks of straw which the wind must have carried for miles before they found their rest in there. The decked after part had a small skylight and a companion, and Peyrol's eyes rested fascinated on an enormous padlock which secured its sliding door. It was as if there had been secrets or treasures inside—and yet most probably it was empty. Peyrol turned his head away and with the whole strength of his lungs shouted in the direction of the fishermen's wives, who had been joined by two very old men and a hunchbacked cripple swinging between two crutches:

"Is there anybody looking after this tartan—a caretaker?" At first the only answer was a movement of recoil. Only the hunchback held his ground, and shouted back, in an unexpectedly strong voice:

"You are the first man that has been on board of her for years."

The wives of the fishermen admired his boldness, for Peyrol indeed appeared to them a very formidable being.

"I might have guessed that," thought Peyrol. "She is in a dreadful mess." The disturbed gull had brought some friends as indignant as itself and they circled at different levels, uttering wild cries over Peyrol's head. He shouted again:

"Whom does she belong to?"

The being on crutches lifted a finger toward the circling birds and answered in a deep tone:

"That's the only ones I know." Then as Peyrol gazed down at him over the side he went on: "She used to belong to the Escampobar. You know Escampobar? It's a house in the hollow between the hills there."

"Yes, I know Escampobar," yelled Peyrol, turning away and leaning against the mast in a pose which he did not change for a long time. His immobility tired out the crowd. They moved slowly in a body toward their hovels, the hunchback bringing up the rear with long swings between his crutches, and Peyrol remained alone with the angry gulls. He lingered on board the tragic craft which had taken Arlette's parents to their death in the vengeful massacre of Toulon and had brought the youthful Arlette and Citizen Scevola back to Escampobar, where old Catherine, left alone at that time, had waited for days for somebody's return—days of anguish and prayer—while she listened to the booming of guns about Toulon and almost with a greater but different terror to the dead silence which ensued.

PEYROL, captivated by the sensation of some sort of craft under his feet, indulged in no images of horror connected with that desolate tartan. It was late in the evening before he returned to the farm, so that he had to have his supper alone. The women had retired; only the sansculotte, smoking a short pipe out-of-doors, had followed him into the kitchen and asked where he had been and whether he had lost his way. This question gave Peyrol an opening. He had been to Madrague and had seen a very fine tartan lying perishing on the beach.

"They told me down there that she belonged to you, Citoyen." At this the terrorist only blinked.

"What's the matter? Isn't she the craft you came here in? Won't you sell her to me?" Peyrol waited a little. "What objection can you have?"

It appeared that the patriot had no positive objections. He mumbled about the tartan being very dirty. That caused Peyrol to look at him with intense astonishment.

"I am ready to take her off your hands as she stands."

"I will be frank with you, Citoyen. You see when she lay at the quay in Toulon a lot of fugitive traitors, men and women, and children too, swarmed on board of her, and cut the ropes with a view of escaping, but the avengers were not far behind and made short work of them. When we discovered her behind the Arsenal, I and another man, we had to throw a lot of bodies overboard, out of the hold and the cabin. You will find her very dirty all over. We had no time to clean up."

Peyrol felt inclined to laugh. He had seen decks swimming in blood and had himself helped to throw dead bodies overboard after a fight; but he eyed the citizen with an unfriendly eye. He thought to himself: "He had a hand in that massacre, no doubt," but he made no audible remark. He only thought of the enormous padlock securing that emptied charnel-house at the stern. The terrorist insisted:

"We really had not a moment to clean her up. The circumstances were such that it was necessary for me to get away quickly lest some of the false patriots should do me some carmagnole or other. There had been bitter quarreling in my section. I was not alone in getting away."

Peyrol waved his arm to cut short the explanation. But before he and the terrorist had parted for the night Peyrol could regard himself as the owner of the tragic tartan.

NEXT day he returned to the hamlet and took up his quarters there for a time. The awe he had inspired wore off, tho no one cared to come very near the tartan. Peyrol did not want any one. He wrenched off the enormous padlock himself with a bar of iron and let the light of day into the little cabin, which did indeed bear the traces of the massacre in the stains of blood on its woodwork, but contained nothing else except a wisp of long hair and a woman's earring, a cheap thing which Peyrol picked up and looked at for a long time.

The associations of such finds were not foreign to his past. He could without very strong emotion figure to himself the little place choked with corpses. He sat down and looked about at the stains and splashes which had been untouched by sunlight for years. The cheap little earring lay before him on the rough-hewn table between the lockers and he shook his head at it weightily. He, at any rate, had never been a butcher.

Peyrol, unassisted, did all the cleaning. Then he turned *con amore* to the fitting out of the tartan. The habits of activity still clung to him. He welcomed something to do; this congenial task had all the air of preparation for a voyage which was a pleasing dream, and it brought every evening the satisfaction of something achieved to that illusory end. He rove new gear, scraped the masts himself, did all the sweeping, scrubbing, and painting unassisted, working steadily and hopefully as tho he had been preparing his escape from a desert island; and directly he had cleaned and renovated the dark little hole of a cabin he even slept on board.

Once only he went up on a visit to the farm for a couple of days, as if taking a holiday. He passed them mostly in observing Arlette. She was perhaps the first problematic human being he had ever been associated with. Peyrol had no contempt for women. He had seen them love, suffer, endure, riot, and even fight for their own hand, very much like men. Generally with men and women you had to be on your guard, but in some ways women were more to be trusted.

As a matter of fact, his countrywomen were to him less known than any other kind. From his experience of many different races, however, he had a vague idea that women were very much alike everywhere. This one was a lovable creature. She produced on him the effect of a child, aroused a kind of intimate emotion which he had not known before to exist by itself in a man. He was startled by its detached character. "Is it that I am getting old?" he asked himself one evening as he sat on the bench against the wall looking straight before him, and she had crossed his line of sight.

He was himself an object of observation to Catherine, whom he used to detect peeping at him through half-opened doors or round the corners. On his part he used to stare at her openly, and enjoy the impression he produced on her, a sort of curious awe. He had an idea she did not disapprove of his presence at the farm, where it was plain to him she had a far from easy life. That had no relation to the fact that she did all the household work. She was a woman of about his own age, straight as a dart, but with an old face. One evening as they were sitting alone in the kitchen Peyrol said to her: "You must have been a handsome girl in your day, Catherine. It's strange you never got married."

"PEYROL'S EYES ROAMED ALL OVER THE SHORES OF THE BASIN, FOR HE COULD NOT DIVEST HIMSELF OF THE IDEA THAT THERE MUST BE MORE ENGLISHMEN DODGING ABOUT"

Digitized by Google

Original from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

She turned to him under the high mantel of the fireplace and seemed struck all of a heap, unbelieving, amazed, so that Peyrol was quite provoked. "What's the matter? If the old moke in the yard had spoken you could not look more surprized. You can't deny that you were a handsome girl."

She recovered from her scare to say: "I was born here, grew up here, and early in my life I made up my mind to die here."

"A strange notion," said Peyrol, "for a young girl to take into her head."

"It's not a thing to talk about," said the old woman, stooping to get a pot out of the warm ashes. "I did not think, then," she went on, with her back to Peyrol, "that I could live long. When I was eighteen I fell in love with a priest."

"Ah, bah!" exclaimed Peyrol under his breath.

"That was the time when I prayed for death," she pursued in a quiet voice. "I spent nights on my knees up-stairs in that room where you sleep now. I shunned everybody. People began to think I was crazy. We have been always hated by the rabble. They have poisonous tongues. They gave me a nickname: '*la fiancée du prêtre.*' Yes, I was handsome, but who would have looked at me if I had wanted to be looked at? It was my luck to have a fine man for brother. He understood. No word passed his lips, but sometimes when we were alone and not even his wife was by, he would lay his hand on my shoulder gently. From that time to this I have not been to church, and I never will go. But I have no quarrel with God now."

THERE were no signs of watchfulness and care in her bearing now. She stood straight as an arrow before Peyrol and looked at him with a confident air. The rover was not yet ready to speak. He only nodded twice, and Catherine turned away to put the pot to cool in the sink. "Yes, I wished to die. But I did not, and now I have got something to do," she said, sitting down near the fireplace and taking her chin in her hand. "And I dare say you know what that is," she added.

Peyrol got up deliberately.

"Well! *bonsoir*," he said. "I am off to Madrague. I want to begin work again on the tartan at daylight."

"Don't talk to me about the tartan! She took my brother away forever. I stood on the shore watching her sails growing smaller and smaller. Then I came up alone to this farmhouse."

Moving calmly her faded lips, which no lover or child had ever kissed, old Catherine told Peyrol of her days and nights of waiting, with the distant growl of the big guns in her ears. She used to sit on the bench outside longing for news, watching the flickers in the sky and listening to heavy bursts of gunfire coming over the water. Then came a night as if the world were coming to an end. All the sky was lighted up, the earth shook to its foundations, and she felt the house rock, so that, sitting alone on the bench outside, she jumped up and screamed with fear. That night she never went to bed. Next morning she saw the sea covered with sails, while a black-and-yellow cloud of smoke hung over Toulon.

A man coming up from Madrague told her that he believed that the whole town had been blown up. She gave him a bottle of wine, and he helped her to feed the stock. Before going home he expressed the opinion that there could not be a soul left alive in Toulon, because the few that survived would have gone away in the English ships.

Nearly a week later she was dozing by the fire when voices outside woke her up, and she beheld, standing in the middle of the salle, pale like a corpse out of a grave, with a blood-soaked blanket over her shoulders and a red cap on her head, a ghastly-looking young girl in whom she suddenly recognized her niece. She screamed in her terror "François, François!" This was her brother's name, and she thought he was outside. Her scream scared the girl, who ran out of the door. All was still outside. Once more she screamed "François!" and, tottering as far as the door, she saw her niece clinging to a strange man in a red cap and with a saber by his side, who yelled excitedly: "You won't see François again. *Vive la République!*"

"I recognized the son Bron," went on Catherine. "I knew his parents. When the troubles began he left his home to follow the Revolution. I walked straight up to him and took the girl away from his side. She didn't want much coaxing. The child always loved me," she continued, getting up from the stool and moving a little closer to Peyrol. "She remembered her aunt Catherine. I tore the horrid blanket off her shoulders. Her hair was clotted with blood and her clothes all stained with it. I took her up-stairs. She was as helpless as a little child. I undressed her and examined her all over. She had no hurt anywhere. I was sure of that—but of what more could I be sure? I couldn't make sense of the things she babbled at me. Her very voice distracted me.

"She fell asleep directly I had put her into my bed and I stood there looking down at her, nearly going out of my mind with the thought of what that child may have been dragged through. When I went down-stairs I found that good-for-nothing inside the house. He was ranting up and down the salle, vaporing and boasting till I thought all this must be an awful dream. My head was in a whirl He laid claim to her, and God knows what. I seemed to understand things that made my hair stir on my head. I stood there clasping my hands with all the strength I had for fear I should go out of my senses."

"He frightened you," said Peyrol, looking at her steadily. Catherine made a step nearer to him.

"What? The son Bron frighten me! He was the butt of all the girls, mooning about amongst the people outside the church on feast-days in the time of the King. All the countryside knew about him. No. What I said to myself was that I mustn't let him kill me. There was the child up-stairs which I had just got away from him, and there was I, all alone with that man with the saber and unable to get hold of a kitchen knife even."

"And so he remained," said Peyrol.

"What would you have had me to do?" asked Catherine steadily. "He had brought the child back out of those shambles. It was a long time before I got an idea of what had happened. I don't know everything even yet, and I suppose I will never know. In a very few days my mind was more at ease about her, but it was a long time before she would speak and then it was never anything to the purpose. And what could I have done single-handed? There was nobody I could condescend to call to my help. We of the Escampobar have never been in favor with the peasants here," she said, proudly. "And that's all I can tell you." Her voice faltered; she sat down on the stool again and took her chin in the palm of her hand.

"ARLETTE GLANCED ON ALL SIDES, EVEN AT THE WALLS, BEFORE SHE SAT DOWN"

As Peyrol left the house to go to the hamlet he saw Arlette and the patron come around the corner of the yard, walking side by side but as if unconscious of each other.

That night he slept on board the renovated tartan, and the rising sun found him at work about the hull. By that time he had ceased to be the object of awed contemplation to the inhabitants of the hamlet, who still, however, kept up a mistrustful attitude. His only intermediary for communicating with them was the miserable cripple. He was Peyrol's only company, in fact, during his period of work on the tartan. He had more activity, audacity, and intelligence, it seemed to Peyrol, than all the rest of the inhabitants put together.

EARLY in the morning he could be seen making his way on his crutches with a pendulum motion toward the hull, on which Peyrol would have been already an hour or so at work. Peyrol would then throw over a sound rope's end, and the cripple, leaning his crutches against the side of the tartan, would pull his wretched little carcass, all withered below the waist, up the rope hand over hand with extreme ease. There, sitting on the bit of a fore-deck with his back against the mast and his thin, twisted legs folded in front of him, he would keep Peyrol company, talking to him along the whole length of the tartan in a strained voice and sharing his midday meal, as of right, since it was he generally that brought the provisions slung round his neck in a quaint flat basket.

Thus were the hours of labor shortened for Peyrol by shrewd remarks and bits of local gossip. How the cripple got hold of it it was difficult to imagine, and the rover had not enough knowledge of European superstition to suspect him of flying through the night on a broomstick like a sort of male witch—for there was a manliness in that twisted scrap of humanity which struck Peyrol from the first. His very voice was manly and the character of his gossip was not feminine.

He did indeed mention to Peyrol that people used to take him about the neighborhood in carts for the purpose of playing a fiddle at weddings and other festive occasions; but this seemed hardly adequate, and even he himself confessed that there was not much of that sort of thing going on during the Revolution, when people didn't like to attract attention and everything was done in a hole-and-corner manner. There were no priests to officiate at weddings, and if there were no ceremony how could there be rejoicings? Of course children were born as before, but there were no christenings—and people got to look funny somehow or other. The very boys and girls seemed to have something on their minds.

Peyrol, busy about one thing and another, listened without appearing to pay any attention to the story of the Revolution as if to the tales of some intelligent islander on the other side of the world talking of bloody rites and amazing hopes of some religion unknown to the rest of mankind. But there was something biting in the speech of that cripple which confused his thoughts a little. Sarcasm was a mystery which he could not understand. On one occasion he remarked to his friend the cripple as they sat together on the fore-deck munching the bread and figs of their midday meal:

"There must have been something in it. But it doesn't seem to have done much for you people here."

"To be sure," retorted the scrap of man vivaciously. "It hasn't straightened my back or given me a pair of legs like yours."

Peyrol, whose trousers were rolled up above the knees because he had been washing the hold, looked at his calves complacently. "You could hardly have expected that," he remarked with simplicity.

"Ah, but you don't know what people with properly made bodies expected or pretended to," said the cripple. "Everything was going to be changed. Everybody was going to tie up his dog with a string of sausages for the sake of principles." His long face, which, in repose, had an expression of suffering peculiar to cripples, was lighted up by an enormous grin. "They must feel jolly well sold by this time," he added. "And of course that vexes them, but I am not vexed. I was never vexed with my father and mother. While the poor things were alive I never went hungry—not very hungry. They couldn't have been very proud of me."

He paused and seemed to contemplate himself mentally. "I don't know what I would have done in their place. Something very different. But then, don't you see, I know what it means to be like I am. Of course they couldn't know, and I don't suppose the poor people had very much sense. A priest from Almanarre—Almanarre is a sort of village up there where there is a church——"

Peyrol interrupted him by remarking that he knew all about Almanarre. This, on his part, was a simple delusion because in reality he knew much less of Almanarre than of Zanzibar or any pirate village from there up to Cape Guardafui. And the cripple contemplated him with his brown eyes, which had an upward cast naturally.

"You know! For me," he went on, in a tone of quiet decision, "you are a man fallen from the sky. Well, a priest from Almanarre came to bury them. A fine man with a stern face. The finest man I have seen from that time till you dropped on us here. There was a story of a girl having fallen in love with him some years before. I was old enough then to have heard something of it, but that's neither here nor there. Moreover, many people wouldn't believe the tale."

PEYROL without looking at the cripple tried to imagine what sort of child he might have been—what sort of youth. The rover had seen staggering deformities, dreadful mutilations which were the cruel work of man: but it was all amongst people with dusky skins. And that made a great difference. But what he had heard and seen since he had come back to his native land, the tales, the facts, and also the faces, reached his sensibility with a particular force, because of that feeling that came to him so suddenly, after a whole lifetime spent amongst Indians, Malagashes, Arabs, blackamoors of all sorts, that he belonged there, to this land, and had escaped all those things by a mere hairbreadth. His companion completed his significant silence, which seemed to have been occupied with thoughts very much like his own, by saying:

"All this was in the King's time. They didn't cut off his head till several years afterward. It didn't make my life any easier for me, but since those republicans had deposed God and flung Him out of all the churches I have forgiven Him all my troubles."

"Spoken like a man," said Peyrol. Only the misshapen character of the cripple's back prevented Peyrol from giving him a hearty slap. He got up to begin his afternoon's work. It was a bit of inside painting, and from the fore-deck the cripple watched him at it with dreamy eyes and something ironic on his lips.

It was not till the sun had traveled over Cape Cicié, which could be seen across the water like dark mist in

CONTINUED ON PAGE 99

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

A Hitherto Unpublished Photograph of the Prince

Photograph by Guttenberg Manchester

The PRINCE of WALES
The Greatest Democrat of Them All

By GENEVIEVE PARKHURST

YOUNG in the Salon at Paris at the Spring showing was the portrait of a slender suntanned lad in polo-togs—white shirt thrown open at the neck, white-suede trousers, and patent riding-boots. Of all the pictures shown—and there were hundreds upon hundreds of them—none was so popular as this. A mixed crowd of men and women, old, young, and middle-aged, rich, poor, and merely comfortable, stood continuously before it.

"It's because he's a prince," said some, cynical, even while they themselves were drawn to it time and time again.

But it was not because it was the portrait of a prince. There were portraits of other princes and of kings and queens and princesses too—dozens of them—in full regalia. It was because it was the picture of Edward David Windsor, who, first of all, before being Prince of Wales and a budding king, is just a gay and gallant youth, with honest, wistful eyes, a healthy, smiling mouth, and a lithe, young body—the kind of youth that all mothers and fathers would have for sons, young women for sweethearts, young men for comrades.

For it is not enough nowadays for a man to be a king, or a lad a prince, for him to have the affection of the people. Times have changed, and kings and princes are often without honor in their own country and the world at large. To be well beloved of the people they must themselves be of and for the people. Edward, Prince of Wales, is just that—a democrat, if there ever was one—bred at least, if not born.

We in America all felt this when he visited us three years ago. Even those who were indifferent to his coming gave way to enthusiasm for his boyishness, his air of just being "plain common folks" like the rest of us.

I can remember standing on the street corner in New York city the day of his arrival. Crowds had gathered to greet him. At my side was a bitter, little soul, wizened and grizzled. In her hand was a Sinn Fein flag, and she waved it about, muttering angrily to herself. And then the Prince of Wales was driven by—a simple, smiling boy in khaki. The flag fell in limp hand to her side. "Sure he's just a broth of a boy," she murmured more to herself than to any one.

When I was in London this Summer I found it was the same with him at home. Wherever I went, even among those who have grown out of old ways of political thought, there was that real affection for this lad who will some day be their King.

This unbounding loyalty piqued my curiosity. What sort was His Royal Highness, Prince of Wales? What his character—his manner of life? Was he different? Or was he just a nice, simple, every-day young person who thought and felt and acted as nice, simple, every-day young persons do?

After asking myself these questions I proceeded to find out their answers—a thing that sounds impossible, and no doubt it is with most royalty. But it was not

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

with this young man. A letter sent through a friend to his private secretary and controller, Sir Godfrey Thomas, brought swift answer, and in two days I went right to St. James's Palace, the home of the Prince. I saw where and how he lived. I was presented to him and talked with him. Through the courtesy of others whom I met I was enabled to see him at close range at the races at Ascot, on the polo-field at Ranelagh, and when he opened the International Air Congress in the Great Hall of the Institution of Civil Engineers, Westminster. I visited ex-service men in the hospitals and talked with them about their Prince.

Without Pomp or Ceremony

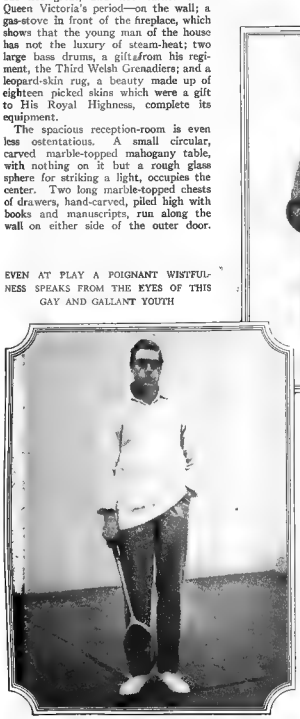
I FOUND that he is different from the common run of those born in high places because he is a true democrat. He is different from the common run of all young men because he works harder than most of them. Above all, he is different in having a sense of service which bids him set aside himself and the things he wants to do (because he is just a natural, fun-loving young person) for the grave cares and duties which his birth has thrust upon him. It is no fun to be Prince of Wales. If he gets any fun out of it, it is because his sense of humor and his vigorous capacity for enjoying life transcend the burden of his position

At St. James's I was struck at once by the entire lack of pomp and magnificence. There were two guards at the quaint old archway—it was built in 1532 and is attributed to Holbein—which gives entrance to Ambassadors' Court, where stand another two guardsmen in scarlet coats and high black bearskin grenadier hats. But in front of York House, where the Prince lives, stands only a genial British bobby.

York House, picturesque as it is, is a simple enough dwelling for a prince! Tucked away in the corner of the great court, it boasts no imposing entrance. One step up to a tiny portico and there you are at a dark-green door with a brass knocker. It is not opened by an austere and liveried footman who looks at you as if you were a mere worm, but by a gentlemannered man servant with a line of service medals across his chest. With a smile of welcome he asks you to sit down in the reception-hall—a name far too lofty.

About twelve feet square, it has a mahogany and leather settle at the base of the staircase leading up to the Prince's living-quarters. A Strasbourg clock; a marble-topped table, upon which was a large and elaborately decorated drum; two oil-paintings—good but not great, and not earlier than Queen Victoria's period—on the wall; a gas-stove in front of the fireplace, which shows that the young man of the house has not the luxury of steam-heat; two large bass drums, a gift from his regiment, the Third Welsh Grenadiers; and a leopard-skin rug, a beauty made up of eighteen picked skins which were a gift to His Royal Highness, complete its equipment.

The spacious reception-room is even less ostentatious. A small circular, carved marble-topped mahogany table, with nothing on it but a rough glass sphere for striking a light, occupies the center. Two long marble-topped chests of drawers, hand-carved, piled high with books and manuscripts, run along the wall on either side of the outer door.



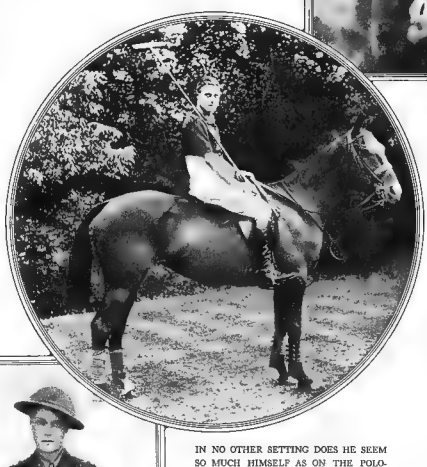
EVEN AT PLAY A POIGNANT WISTFULNESS SPEAKS FROM THE EYES OF THIS GAY AND GALLANT YOUTH

A small table in another corner; some eighteenth-century chairs in white and dull gold, upholstered in mellowed green damask; a settle of the same period and design, and a mellowed Wilton rug are its furnishings.

Giving off this room and leading to the dining-room is another large room, used by the secretariat, and sometimes by the Prince when he has an hour or two at home—which is not often. It is the coziest room in York House—much like any comfortable country-home living-room. A deep divan, covered with white, shiny chintz with pink roses, is drawn before the Adam fireplace. There are deep, over-stuffed chairs with the same covering. Rose hangings at the windows, old prints on the walls, a soft-toned rug, trophies of the field and the hunt and personal pictures, a table with magazines and books, a bookcase—and there you have manifested the kind of person who occupies it.

The wide white staircase leading to the Prince's living-apartments is relieved by two old English tapestries. His formal reception-room is done in green damask. The furniture is in dull gilt and cream of a period I do not know. On a table in a corner is the armor of a Japanese Samurai, a highly prized gift from the Mikado of Japan.

MAKING SPEECHES, AS MANY AS SIX A DAY, IS A PART OF THE BURDEN PUT UPON THE PRINCE



IN NO OTHER SETTING DOES HE SEEM SO MUCH HIMSELF AS ON THE POLO-FIELD AT RANELAGH

HIS PERSISTENT ATTEMPTS TO BE UNDER FIRE BROUGHT HIM OFTEN IN THE DANGER ZONE

His sitting-room is small and comfortable, the furniture in old mahogany of Chippendale design. A broad desk, literally covered with papers, is at one end. A portrait of his mother, Queen Mary, hangs on one wall. On the table and console are photographs of his sister and his four brothers. A spacious and handsome bedroom could be his for the wanting. He prefers the small dressing-room into which it opens.

A dining-room and servants' quarters complete the establishment—not an imposing or ambitious one for the future monarch of a great empire.

It was here in this palace, the home of generations of royalty, that I learned the meaning of that ancient phrase, "the courtesy of kings." Every letter is answered the day it is received. Every appointment is kept on time to the dot, and if one is kept waiting for as little as five minutes—as happened to me once in my several appointments with Sir Godfrey Thomas—one is received with sincere apologies and explanations. The open mind with which my questions were met, the pains taken to make things easy for me, the attention and politeness accorded, sent my memory back by contrast to my war sieges with some of our fashionable women, when rows of footmen in gorgeous liveries lined pretentious hallways, and interviews were granted with imperious condescension.

In manner the Prince of Wales has the ease and straightforwardness of any well-bred boy plus that intangible quality, charm. This he has to a high degree. He shook hands with me as if he meant it. He smiled the same way. We discussed no weighty subjects. Neither did he say that America is the greatest country in the world and its girls the prettiest. Mostly we talked about the polo match the day before, and he expressed genuine concern because it had been a miserable day and, in order to see him play in the private practise game, I had had to sit out in a cold mist. He did say that he hoped to play polo in America some day—and that he hoped it would be soon.

As an index to his mind his polo game stands out. He is not steadily a brilliant player. Often for a long period he does nothing at all, and one thinks he is not going to do anything. Then unexpectedly, at a critical moment for his team, he makes a dash and with telling stroke sends the ball through the goal. Mentally, I am told, he is the same. He is not constantly clever. No one is at twenty-nine without being didactic or erratic. But he has a ready wit and often surprizes wiseacres with his understanding.

But the best thing about him is his sporting spirit—the true spirit of democracy. When he first played polo those who played with him were inclined to leave the field to him. He soon put a stop to this, declaring that the game be played by rule and that he be allowed to score only by his merits.

In no other setting does he seem so much himself as at Ranelagh, a country club famed the world over for its beauty and its historic interest. It was built for Queen Anne during the reign of her father, King James II. In the room where the seven conspirators plotted the latter's downfall, sending word to William of Orange that the time was ripe for his coup, the present Prince of Wales and his fellow polo-players have their quarters.

A Study in Contrast

THE club-house was the Kit-Kat Club where Joseph Addison, Sir Richard Steele, and other wits of the early eighteenth century foregathered. The turf, once ground under the feet of the second Duke of Buckingham as he fought a duel with the twelfth Earl of Shrewsbury and killed him, is now a putting-green. Upon the club-house wall hangs the fateful sword. Beverley Brook, the last stream in England to be the natural habitat of the beaver, ripples at one end of the polo-field. Grassy downs of that unreal English green sweep gently up to groves of beech and elm, or to shadowed lakes where white and black swans glide gracefully about.

It was a study in contrast—the sight of the young Prince of to-day, in his white-wool sweater, open at the throat, his white trousers and brown-leather boots, chatting easily with his friends or with his groom, often with his head thrown back in hearty laughter, and the thought of his forebears, centuries ago, proud, imperious,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 95

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

"GLADIOLA CAME OUT TO ADMIRE HER SON IN HIS CAR"

"The Joob Street Blues"

Orpheus's Lyre, They Say, Could Stir the Rocks and the Trees; but Look What Mr. Wimbleton Piffey Had Pulling Him to the Imperial Colored Tonsorial Parlors!

By T. S. Stribling

Illustrations by J. C. Shepherd

A ROAR of jazz, care-free but strenuous, burst from the entrance of the Imperial Colored Tonsorial Parlors and roamed up and down Joob Street for at least two blocks in both directions.

The ramping music checked a gangling negro boy with a lunch-basket who hurried through the street, captured him, marched him more and more slowly, until at the entrance of the Imperial Colored Tonsorial Parlors it stopped him dead.

As the youth peered into the doorway four fat barbers came to silence with a mighty flourish of music. The most abdominous one, a mighty yellow man, who performed the strange feat of singing bass and simultaneously playing the treble on his fiddle, succeeded in stopping the fiddle along with the others, but his voice rumbled on for a moment or two as if some one had shouted down into a cistern and it required time for the echoes to die completely away.

The silence, when it was established, was as impressive in its way as the noise had been. It sounded like a large empty silence that awaited impatiently for the human blemish in the doorway to remove itself so that it might be off again into its harmonious clangor.

"Want uh ha'cut, Wimb?" asked the head barber briefly.

Mr. Wimbleton Piffey felt in his pocket and discovered the fifteen cents necessary for a haircut in the Imperial Colored Tonsorial Parlors, but second thought warned him, if he stopped one barber to work on his head, he would disorganize the whole quartet, and it was music he was really purchasing; an excuse for loitering and listening. He investigated this point.

"I don' guess thwee uv you-all could play without de oth'n."

"Now look heah, black boy," hurried the big yellow barber gravely, but not ill-temperedly, "business is business, music is music, an' a ha'cut's fifteen cents."

This strange mingling of definition and price-list overawed young Mr. Piffey. He stood fingering his nickel and dime and attempted to answer with a gravity becoming the occasion.

"Is 'at de bes' you kin do, Mistuh Haidus? I'se got a powahful small haid."

This answer told Mr. Haidus that Wimbleton had the fifteen cents, so he became less abrupt and more diplomatic.

"Yeh, but it's fuller of brains 'an a butcher-shop, Wimb, an' you sho' does right to keep it trimmed up an' lookin' good. 'Han'som' is as han'som' do.'"

Here the head barber swung his cloth from his chair, shook it out with a complimentary flirt, and prepared to tuck it around young Mr. Piffey's neck.

Wimbleton moved slowly toward the chair, trying to hatch up some other objection. He perceived that notwithstanding the plethora of brains attributed to him by Mr. Haidus he had talked himself into a haircut and out of fifteen cents. He placed the coins in Mr. Haidus's yellow palm as he crawled into the chair, for the Imperial is strictly a pay-in-advance institution.

As Mr. Haidus began his operations the silence in the barber-shop grew less reminiscent of music and more an ordinary, every-day silence. It was punctuated by the slow, distant panting of the Florence iron-furnace and the intermittent putter of the fertilizer factory. And these sounds gave Wimbleton a perfectly valid objection to receiving a haircut.

He worked at the fertilizer factory. Its whistle had blown really before he had started from home. If he got in late he might possibly be fired from his job as pickman. The thought made him wriggle in the greasy red-plush chair, and he speculated swiftly on the possibility of canceling his order and getting a refund of his fifteen cents, or some aliquot part thereof corresponding to the outstanding work on his head contracted for, it is true, but as yet unfinished. He was just pondering how to word this request when Mr. Haidus grunted, 'How high?' and directed Wimbleton's attention to a dust-filmed mirror.

This question, *in extenso*, meant how high did Wimbleton want his head shaved so as to leave a little round cap of wool right on top of it. The smaller the cap left, the greater toff Wimbleton would be. The whole situation resolved itself into a query as to how much style Wimbleton thought he could bear. Wimbleton thought he could bear a great deal of style, and indicated a periphery high up. Mr. Haidus fell to work again with his clippers. Then Wimbleton suddenly realized that his opportunity to negotiate a fractional haircut had passed away forever.

The fertilizer factory continued its far-away putter. The boy broke into a slight sweat at the lengthening delay. He twisted and finally asked in a respectful voice:

"Couldn't you hurry up a li'le, Mistuh Haidus?"

Mr. Haidus looked at him in surprize: "Huh—I dunno—I nevuh did—why?"

"'Fraid I'll lose muh job."

Mr. Haidus continued clipping away at his normal speed, interrupting himself to back off and compare Wimbleton's cap of kinks with an ideal cap of kinks situated on the crown of some ideal negro which Mr. Haidus held persistently in mind.

"As fuh as losin' yo' job is conce'ned, Wimbleton," he replied presently, "'rist nuthin', have nuthin',' they tells me."

Wimbleton nodded at his image in the mirror, and the becapped head nodded back at him, "Well, I guess 'at's so."

"An', if you should lose yo' job, Wimb," pursued the yellow man, "bright young man like you is, haid full o' brains, pocket full o' money, mouf full o' elokence, hea't full o' cou'age—even if you should lose yo' job——"

Here Mr. Haidus picked up his razor and became rapt in carving a trench down through the middle of Wimbleton's woolly cap to represent a part, and neglected to complete his sentence. Wimbleton waited, sitting very still under the edge of the razor, but keenly impatient at the lacuna. At last he could bear it no longer.

"Well, what 'ud happen, Mistuh Haidus?"

"What 'ud happen?"

"I mean wid muh haid full o' ——" modesty forbade that he should proceed—"I mean what 'ud happen ef I do lose muh job?"

"Oh—yo' job! Yeh——" Here a new idea evidently struck Mr. Haidus, for he stepped away, closed up his razor, brought the whole operation to a stand, and asked earnestly:

"Say, Wimb, kin you rattle de bones?"

Wimbleton stared back. "You means kin I shoot craps?"

"Nachelly you kin shoot craps," said Mr. Haidus with some faint satire; "I ain't reflectin' on yo' accommodations as a gen'l'man. I mean knock de bones?" Here Mr. Haidus illustrated silently with his razor.

"Why, I reckon I kin; 'tain't hard. Why?"

"Well, we was wishful heah in de Impe'ial to git a bootblack to kindah drop in wid ouah qua'tet an' knock de bones an' ding a bell an' boom a drum."

Wimbleton stared. A tickling sensation of gathering glory folded his body like a robe. His eyes expanded. He was about to slide out of the chair with the haircutting-cloth hanging about his neck, and perhaps embrace Mr. Haidus's corpulent form, but he was stopped by the barber saying

"A LANKY BLACK FIGURE APPEARING AND DISAPPEARING UNDER THE GLARE OF EACH SUCCEEDING STREET-LIGHT, LEGGING IT FOR THE DOWN-TOWN DISTRICT"

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

"FOUR FAT BARBERS CAME TO SILENCE WITH A MIGHTY FLOURISH OF MUSIC. THE MOST ABDOMINOUS ONE, A MIGHTY YELLOW MAN, PERFORMED THE STRANGE FEAT OF SINGING BASS AND SIMULTANEOUSLY PLAYING THE TREBLE ON HIS FIDDLE"

impersonally: "I want to git some boy. I got some musical uffecks in my min' dat they ain't no way to git 'cep'n' wid a ding an' a boom an' a rattle."

"Mistuh Haidus—" Wimbleton's voice shook with an internal commotion. "E-ef you is willin' to trus' me in yo' qua'tet——"

"I'll try yuh," said the head barber; "tryin' ain't trustin'." And he returned to finish the part he was shaving in Wimbleton's wool.

The black boy sat still enough under the razor, but his fancy danced and pirouetted. He saw himself an adjunct of this harmonious barber-shop; his wool forever in a neat round cap with a meticulous groove down its center, and with bells and drums and bones he would soar away amid plangent jazzes. Then a speck, a gravel, a little stone of reality galled the back of his Pegasus. The necessity of his wages at home occurred to him. The rapt face in the dusty mirror changed and looked at Wimbleton apprehensively. Then he wafted his eyes around at Mr. Haidus.

"Mistuh Haidus," he asked gingerly, "how much pickin's is they in this job?"

"Pickin's?"

"Yeh, how much de las' boy pick heah evah day?"

Mr. Haidus seemed disappointed. "I was lookin' fuh a lovah uv music, Wimbleton, not fuh a lovah uv pickin's."

"The only why I mentioned it," explained Wimbleton hastily, "is because muh mothah an' sistah is depen'in' on my two an' a quatah a day, what I gits at de fuhtuhlizah fact'ry to keep 'em out'n de wash-pot."

Mr. Haidus nodded. "Well, Wimb, we kain't combat wid no sich prices as dat."

"Well, couldn't you gimme a idee what you kin combat wid, Mistuh Haidus, so's I could tell muh mothah an' sistah it was *nhbout* de same?"

Mr. Haidus paused in his shaving to scratch his own head. "W-e-ll, you kin tell 'em it's *about* de same. You gits two an' a quatah a day at de fact'ry—well, if you knock off de two you jest about got de figgah heah."

COMPLETE discouragement settled over Wimbleton. "My fo'ks'll nevah stan' fuh that, Mistuh Haidus. I'm 'fraid you knocked off de wrong en' uh dat figgah to hol' my mammy's 'tention."

Mr. Haidus took a twisted green bottle of powerfully scented bay rum, deluged Wimbleton's scalp, and then manhandled the boy's head jiggling it in.

"Well," he said, looking up and talking at the ceiling as all barbers do at just this period of their practise, "I allus follows de rule, Wimb: 'speck nuthin' an' git whut you 'speck,' so I ain't disappointed; but in case you should lose yo' job at de fact'ry, remembah yo' ol' 'cevig'us' frien' heah at de Impe'iul Tonso'iul waitin' fuh ju; come jine de lightfoot jazz." Here he whisked off the neck-cloth and turned Wimbleton out on the world with a highly decorative scalp bearing a part that would not be denied by any amount of brushing.

Wimbleton promised to remember his old "cevigorous" friend and moved to the door with the self-consciousness of the newly barbered. As he passed out into Joob Street again, a crash of music followed him, caught him up in its oscillating rhythm, while four negro voices soared away against the tempestuous phrasing of the jazz.

Wimbleton tore himself away and pursued his course to the fertilizer factory. It lay over a stretch of low bare hills that separate old Florence and East Florence, Ala. This open space is more or less grass-grown and full of sunshine, and into it Joob Street merges without any very adequate definition. Around this intercity hiatus circle the mills and factories of the two towns.

Wimbleton Piffey entered its stretch with the barber-shop chords still thrumming through his head. The low hills were so very sunny, the sky so very blue, that they seemed a sort of continuance of the harmonies that still dreamed in his ear. But on the horizon stood the chimney of the fertilizer factory, with a smudge of smoke, a kind of break in the song.

The implications of that smoke-stack filled the black boy with a positive physical nausea. Underneath it he would have to swing a pick till his shoulders ached and his nostrils would be filled with the prickle of acid. And for a little less money—two less—he could be dinging and drumming the whole blessed day.

A melancholy seized Wimbleton as he approached the unhappy place, but this in turn gave way to a certain curiosity as he saw the glint of a distant motor-car appearing and disappearing over the low hills, moving out of old Florence toward the factory.

The car could contain no one except the owner of the factory, a Mr. Walter Dalrymple. Then Wimbleton knew that he was getting to work very late indeed because Mr. Dalrymple never came to the office until exactly at ten o'clock.

This alarmed Wimbleton. He quickened his step with some vague notion of slipping around into the acid-shed, getting a pick and starting to work secretly, so when the foreman eventually did see him he would simply be there, picking away, and no man might say whence he came or when he started.

Wimbleton developed this plan as he hurried along. Once in, he wondered whether it would be best to be discovered working quickly or working slowly, or whether it would not be an inspired plan to fling his pick down the moment he laid hands on it and go take a long drink of water.

And yet, after all his planning, he might get caught and fired. Wimbleton then began deciding what he would do in this event. Wimbleton's genius leaned more toward the administrative than the executive. If he got fired he could— Then he recalled Mr. Haidus's offer of a musical career in event he lost his job at the factory.

This thought intrigued the youth. If he really should lose his place it would *now* be no fault of his. He was *now* hurrying the best he could and planning the best he could. His mother might blame him for stopping at the barber-shop for an uncertain length of time, but that was past and irrevocable. He couldn't help that *now*. Right *now* he was hurrying along, trying to keep his mother and sister out of the wash-pot, doing his best. This was all he was chargeable with. Over the future and the past man has no power, but the present is his own!

Then a certain moral feature of this contretemps dawned in Wimbleton's mind. Was he doing right to deceive the foreman? His mother always advised him to do right if he wanted to go to heaven, and he did want to go to heaven in event he was forced to leave this very agreeable earth. Perhaps he would better not sneak in, after all, but simply walk up like a man and take his chance of being forced back to the barber-shop.

Just then a still more exotic notion took his fancy. He wondered what would happen if he should walk up to the factory to go to work at exactly the same time the boss came in. Suppose they both came in together, he, Wimbleton, afoot, the boss in his car, to go to work together—he wondered what would happen.

And Wimbleton began accommodating his pace to that of the distant car, timing simultaneous arrivals as best he could.

FLORENCE, Ala., is a sedate burg of some ten or twelve thousand favored beings who live pleasant lives in old Colonial residences among groves of magnolias. One need hardly go further and say that Florence is filled with the very oldest and most aristocratic of northern Alabama families, some of whom have run to seed and a few have run to kale.

Mr. Walter Dalrymple belonged to this last fortunate few. To illustrate, his riding-nag was Lady Gay, sired by King Hal (2.01) out of Marie Antoinette (2.00⅗), and Lady Gay could almost show her trim heels to Walter's runabout, out of the De Blissier factories (8,500 flat).

There was a certain connection between the Piffey family in Joob Street and the aristocratic Dalrymples on Magnolia Boulevard. Wimbleton Piffey's grandmother had been a Dalrymple; that is to say, the elder Dalrymples had owned a negress named Sukey, and when the cut was made in our American social fabric that dispossessed the Dalrymples of this piece of personal property, said personalty became Sukey Dalrymple by force of custom. Aunt Sukey Dalrymple, when she was alive, thought that the Dalrymple family had migrated into northern Alabama straight out of heaven, but that they were a high-tempered set of angels.

Aunt Sukey had a daughter named Gladiola Dalrymple, who turned out to be a very religious negress, and when Aunt Glad read about Abraham in the Bible she always visualized old Mr. Cyrus Dalrymple: stiff wing-collar, black cravat, long bobbed hair, long-tailed coat and all.

Thus the generations grew earthier, and to-day Wimbleton Piffey merely thought of Mr. Walter Dalrymple as wearing the sportiest clothes in Florence, and also as having some vague sort of claim on himself. It was a tenuous, indefinable claim, but it existed. Theologically, Wimbleton imagined that if he, Wimbleton, led a more or less upright life and died at about the age of seventy (Wimbleton was convinced that no negro man ever toned

CONTINUED ON PAGE 87

Digitized by Google
Original from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Tumbling Run

McCreight's Dream of How a Bullet-hole Would Look in the Back of Miss Dorsey's Blue Dress Becomes an Ugly Obsession

By Elsie Singmaster

Illustrations by James E. Allen

"THERE WAS A LOUD REPORT, BUT THE SHOT WENT WILD, AND HE TOPPLED BACKWARD WITH A SHRILL CRY, AND TUMBLING RUN CLOSED OVER HIM"

THE May morning was sultry, and the sky, to one who could get an unbroken view, a superb and ever-changing panorama. To the west, from behind South Mountain, the first foot-hills of the Alleghanies, rose cloud after cloud, as tho from a vast conflagration, whose lower masses of flame and darker smoke were wholly out of sight. Occasionally during the morning a few drops of rain fell into Tumbling Run. For the most part, however, the gusts rolled on east or north, sending back only faintest rumblings from the distance as they broke over Carlisle, a cluster of eight or ten houses, or over Harris's settlement on the Susquehanna, where there might be as many as twenty-five.

Tumbling Run had as yet no name and had been seen by no white man. High up in the thickly wooded hills lay a plateau about fifty acres in extent, with a slight slope toward the west. The surface-drainage, added to the waters of several springs, formed a large mountain brook which poured down in a rocky channel. From the plateau itself it dropped twenty feet into a deep basin. From there it seeped and dripped downward to gather to itself the bubbling waters of other springs and plunge over rocks and among giant roots, its way obstructed by fallen trees against which silt and masses of sodden leaves formed a thick barrier. Its age-long erosion had excavated a ravine in the hillside and turned it into fairyland, with music of running water and tapestries of rich moss and flowers.

In a circle whose center was the fall, and whose radius measured many miles, there were at this moment only two human beings. Both were tall and sinewy, the one copper-hued, clad in breech-clout and moccasins, his dirty hair wound into a knob on the crown of his head; the other almost equally dark of hue, dressed in moccasins, deerskin leggings, homespun hunting-shirt, and coonskin cap. His face and arms and legs were almost as dark as those of the Indian, but at the edge of the tanned surface showed the white skin of the European. Each carried a clumsy, accurate flint-lock rifle of backwoods manufacture, which, placed upright, would have reached his chin.

The Indian, whose name is lost in antiquity, belonged to the tribe of Iroquois, once the terror of all living men from the Mississippi to the sea, now shorn of their strength as a nation, but still a scourge to other tribes and to the whites.

The white man, whose name was Donald McCreight, was Scotch-Irish, one of the advancing throng of pioneers who were taking possession of valley after valley. He was thirty-five years old and, after many love-affairs with women of his own race, and even with a half-breed, he had settled upon a wife, Ellen Nissley, a German girl at present with her parents in Harrisburg. He was now seeking some well-watered, fertile spot upon which to build a cabin. Tho he had passed many suitable places he kept on his way with the mind of one to whom the unseen is always the more attractive, the next valley always the Happy Valley, until he finds that, too, a prison.

Neither of these men, moving toward the broad ridge down whose western side plunged Tumbling Run, knew of the existence of the other and still less of his approach. Both were brave, ruthless, unscrupulous, and each hated his unsuspected neighbor with a deadly hatred, sharpened by justifiable fear.

The Indian knew that settlers were daily crossing the Susquehanna and establishing themselves in the wilderness, and he was abroad for the simple purpose of picking off any that he might see. He had no respect for them as single fighters; coming one by one, they could be destroyed. They had no woodcraft; the forest darkened their eyes and tripped their feet. It was only their vast numbers which he feared. When one family was tortured and destroyed there appeared another. Before them the game fled and the trees fell, and without food and his familiar breastwork the Indian could not fight. The warrior, now making his lithe way toward Tumbling Run, did not believe there were bullets enough in all the world to kill the strangers. But of those he had he meant to make good use.

Donald McCreight hated with an equal hatred. He looked upon all Indians as cunning, treacherous beasts of prey, to be exterminated like vermin, and he had already killed a score, receiving for their scalps a bounty from the colony. Aware that he might be watched, he proceeded with caution, which even his enemy might have admired. He took naturally to the woods, and danger gave spice to this homeseeking adventure.

BOTH the country through which the Indian approached Tumbling Run from the west and that through which McCreight approached from the east were thickly forested. Only where the streams cut narrow alleys in the lowlands, or where here and there a mass of rocks thrust itself up upon the peak or out upon the side of a ridge, were the ranks of trees broken. Chestnuts, oaks, maples, hickories, aspens, enormous poplars, and giant white pines and hemlocks mingled their lofty crowns. The deciduous trees were putting out their leaves in innumerable shades of green and fawn and gray and delicate rose.

Along the streams and where the forest was thin on account of lack of fertility or the thinness of the soil over the rocks, or in apertures created by the crashing down of some enormous giant which carried its fellows with it, flowers abounded, from the most frail to the most hardy—violets of many varieties, tiny irises of palest blue and deepest purple, rosy, delicately marked moccasin-flowers, deep-blue vetch, and above these low-growing beauties, laurel and azalea, rhododendron and hawthorn, wild crab, Judas-tree, and dogwood.

Through the forest still crept or stalked or lumbered a very few of its first possessors, wolves, cougars, and bears. Fish abounded in the streams and wild pigeons still darkened the sun in their migrating flight.

Some time after noon on this May day the Indian and his approaching enemy each had a bite to eat, the Indian a bit of smoked meat and a few grains of parched corn, the white man a thick chunk of hard bread. Each chewed the tender shoots of wintergreen by way of dessert, and drank from the nearest stream. They were at this time only a few miles apart, but between them lay the broad and lofty ridge whose western side was drained by Tumbling Run.

The Indian intended to climb to the summit and look toward the east, and then retrace his steps. He was fairly certain now that the rumors he had heard were false—no white man had penetrated hither. McCreight meant to surmount and cross the ridge. The ascent on his side was steep and comparatively smooth, and he began to climb, his shoulders bent. He saw in imagination a stream, meadow, a cabin of unhewn logs with a woman sitting on the door-step and a child playing about her feet. Within the house would be a puncheon floor, a stone fireplace, a rough table, and a few chairs.

He did not let himself look long upon this pleasant mirage, knowing that a moment's absence of mind might mean death. Several times game tempted him to shoot, but he restrained himself. He went on steadily, now through a semitwilight, now through a sunny open space, where he heard a faint cheep of birds. The forest had for the most part, except when the wind swept the young leaves, the silence of empty space.

In the middle of the afternoon he came out upon the plateau on top of the ridge and stood panting. He had made the last steep fifty feet in one continuous progress,

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

The Excitement-Eaters

Telling of the Feverish Reckless Doings of "Little Eva" and Others Who Struggle to Find the Kick in Things

By Dorothy Speare

Illustrations by Hibberd V. B. Kline

Complete in Four Instalments—Part Three

Synopsis on Page 18

SINCE the Villiers dinner-party Evadne had been less hard to entertain. She went out a great deal, leaving Jerry to her own devices and with ample time to ponder upon many things which lately had been disturbing her. With the passing of the first year of marriage her eyes were opening, and the first glimmer of light revealed a shocking fact. She was not happy.

But Jerry's training had taught her the futility of dodging facts. She had learned that her only course was to face them, change them if possible, or make the best of them.

If she was not happy it was because her love for her husband and his love for her were not enough. Love was the fuel of the universe, but not the food. What, then, was the food?

The order of established things—the regular round of domesticity and social activities supposed to keep a woman happy and contented, to keep her alive and keen for life day after day—did not suffice for Jerry. Did they really suffice for the others of her set?

Why were none of the other young married girls any happier? Cora had voiced their discontent that evening at Elsie's dinner-party; and tho the details of her particular dissatisfaction might differ from the others the restlessness was universal.

What had Phil meant by "breaking the colt to run in harness?" Did one have to be broken in spirit in order to trot quietly through life? But Phil could not have meant that! Moreover Phil was not that type of man—not the type to really want to see his wife "broken" and "harnessed." Her valor was something he had loved in her. And yet—Jerry was startled at the thought—was she all that Phil really wanted her to be? Was she honestly trying to be all that he had a perfect right to demand his wife to be? As Jerry's own eyes began to open she could see that Phil's had never been closed; that he had weighed questions, made his own decisions—and loved her.

His, then, was the greater love. Hers had been merely the hero-worship of a "poor little rat" whom he had tempered into a refined human being. Her love was selfish; it cried out against petty disillusionments, slight concessions, but Phil's forgiveness and comprehension had never failed her. Even now his devotion circled her with a cordon of strength.

Selfish love! That was what hers had been, no matter how great she had felt it to be. That was why it did not satisfy her now, why she was seeking something else. But her spirit was her own. One had to keep something! She opened the book on her lap. It was a volume of Browning.

> Be a god and hold me
> With a charm!
> Be a man and fold me
> With thine arm!
>
> Teach me, only teach, Love!
> As I ought—
> I will speak thy speech, Love,
> Think thy thought.
>
> Meet, if thou require it,
> Both demands,
> Laying flesh and spirit
> In thy hands!

Jerry put down the book. There it was, the whole of love: and her husband was both man and god. There had been a moment of soul-ecstasy the evening that Jerry had overcome her fear and told Phil of her afternoon at the hotel-party. Then they had been in complete harmony.

But instinctively some part of her was crying out against the poem. To be as one—to think as one—filled her with terror. A final submission of spirit seemed as overwhelming as the thought of infinity after death. And yet love alone was not enough! Where, then, lay the way out? Where lay the way out for any of them?

At the sudden screech of a motor-horn Jerry jumped to her feet and ran to the door. Cora White was just stepping down from her car and as she saw Jerry framed in the doorway she smiled brightly, almost eagerly, it seemed to Jerry

"Are you awfully busy, Jerry, or might I dash in for a moment?" she hailed Jerry blithely.

"Come on in," Jerry responded, and, as she watched Cora climb out of her runabout, she noted that Cora was looking well. An extra allowance of rouge sat high on her cheek-bones and fought for supremacy with windburn. She was dressed in elaborate afternoon garb of black-and-white cobwebby material that made her look almost theatrical. Jerry glanced down at her own plain linen model as she led the way back to the living-room. Had Cora made all this drag to call on her? If so, she supposed the proper thing was to serve tea; but it was Lace's afternoon off. And since Jerry herself had suggested to Lace that she might devote her leisure hours to designing gowns on paper for Jerry to criticize, she would not disturb Lace even in an emergency.

Once in the living-room, Cora sat down and solved the tea problem by drawing a silver flask from the bead bag that dangled from her arm.

"My dear, do you mind getting me a glass? I need this more than my thirsty tongue can tell you. Bring one for yourself, too."

Jerry brought in a single glass and waited while the dainty Cora consumed a stiff drink. Jerry could feel the beads of perspiration on her forehead; she hadn't realized what an ordeal this would be.

Cora sat back in her chair and leisurely surveyed her friend.

"I've just had one of the good old fights with Fred, and the only thing that could pep me up was to put on my best clothes and leave the house; it's in an awful mess, but I didn't feel like fixing it up to-day. Is Phil playing golf this afternoon?"

"No," Jerry replied; "he didn't come home at all. He and Bob Carter are working on a case and Phil won't be home till late. I'm a law widow." She came to an abrupt halt, remembering Willie's designation of Cora. Cora laughed easily and took the words from her mind.

"Well, I'm a golf widow—always, every week-day evening till dark, every Saturday afternoon, all day Sunday without fail. None of the girls can tie that!"

"My cousin Evadne says that the only answer is to learn to play yourself," Jerry murmured. Cora shrugged her beautiful shoulders.

"When we were first married it wasn't necessary. Then the baby came and now—now it's a point of pride with me not to learn."

"I wish I knew how," said Jerry simply.

Cora stared at her a few minutes without comment. Then she burst forth:

"I like you, Jerry. Do you want to know something? I was awfully pleased the other night at Elsie's dinner, when you asked me to come around some time. And here's another thing: I think Elsie was a little cat about that dress. I don't see how you could have worked it, but it was awfully clever and decent of you, and even if it was almost a professional trick, as Elsie keeps saying, what's that against any one? I wish to goodness some of the rest of us could do one thing well enough to be accused of being a professional at it."

Jerry laughed, but made no comment. Cora waited a minute and then continued:

"We all knew she intended to send the thing back—that is, all of the girls. You can't tell men a thing like that, tho, without getting accused of being catty."

She gave Jerry a sidelong look, but Jerry still sat in silence. Cora sighed again and poured herself another ration from the silver flask. Then it was Jerry's turn to sigh.

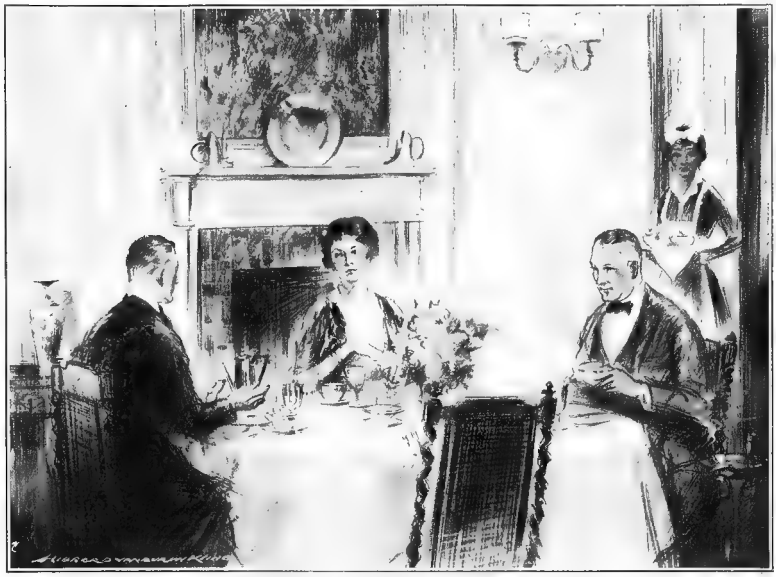
"Fred came home to lunch to-day. He usually goes right out to the club Saturday afternoons and has lunch there before he plays golf, so, of course, I wasn't expecting him. The house was all googly—with a baby and a nurse one really never can settle down to anything approaching neatness. And this morning I didn't feel like flying around. You know how you don't some mornings?"

Jerry nodded with enthusiasm.

"I'd been trying some new hair-stuff on my scalp. It smells like I'd hate to say what, but it's supposed to grow it in bushels, and my hair's been falling out ever since baby came. That's what having babies does to you—ruins your teeth and hair. Believe me, I'll have to forget a lot about having this one before I'll ever have another!"

"'YOU WENT TO CHARLETTE'S!' JERRY EXCLAIMED. 'DO YOU KNOW WHAT I THINK OF YOU? I THINK YOU'RE A SNEAK AND A BLOODSUCKER'"

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY



"SITTING OPPOSITE MRS. CARTER, LISTENING TO HER LOW VOICE, AND TALKING TO HER WITH THE VORACITY OF A MAN WHO HAD BEEN STARVED AT HOME"

Cora stared ahead of her, eyes momentarily shadowed. She brought herself back with an effort.

"Well, anyway, I had on the hair-stuff and an old kimono, and the house was messy, and Fred heaves in and finds me sitting down to a couple of orange-blossoms as the only nourishment in the house! He certainly was mad. It was just because he was hungry. But he had the nerve to say that my setting myself up to orange-blossoms was the last straw, and he wished I'd show some sense as a married girl and stop such nonsense once and for all. Did he ever consider cutting it out himself?" She brandished her glass in indignation at the recollection.

"Men think they can do anything and then order us to do as they darn please! I told him that, and we had a nice loud scrap, in the middle of which the baby started yelling like a buzz-saw, and Fred swore and left, banging the door—off to the club—the way you always read about the husbands doing. Believe me, I wasn't going to stay at home and pick up the house and smooth down the baby after that." She looked appealingly at Jerry. "Now, do you blame me?"

"Well," Jerry temporized, "I certainly can feel for you about the house, because that's where I lose a few tricks, too. I hate the dust-chasing game. But from experience I can tell you it's one of the things that you've got to make up your mind to bother about."

"It wasn't the house, he said, so much as my hitting it up that was getting on his nerves. I told him I wouldn't do it so much if I wasn't bored to death with nothing to do. He said, 'Well, *get* something to do!' Just like that—as if it was the simplest thing in the world. He said he was tired of seeing able-bodied girls sit around complaining that they were bored! Get something to do! Easy, isn't it?"

Jerry picked up the book she had dropped on going to the door and passed it to Cora, open at the place where she had been reading. "See what you think of that!"

Cora took it with a little exclamation, "Browning—how funny!—no one reads him any more—too mid-Victorian for words!" For a moment she knit her brows over the selection, holding it close to her eyes. "I should wear glasses, but you know how they look, so I only put them on when I read and, of course, I don't carry them around with me." Then she raised her face with a little laugh. "Isn't that just like those times? Nowadays women have more individuality. More quality—and everything. Fancy the man telling the girl what to *think*!"

"It might be a relief if she didn't know how to think," Jerry suggested.

Cora pushed the book away.

"I might have gotten a thrill over that if I'd read it when I was first married. We were married in war-times, you know, just before Fred went over, and I stayed here Red-Crossing and went through all the rest of the usual war-marriage idea. I never cared anything about him until the War came along. Then we made the jump, and he was overseas a year. I was happier then than I've ever been in my life. Sounds awful to say, but I was doing something—I was some use—and Fred and I felt sort of glorified to be married and separated. When he came back things quieted down. Somehow, you know, things don't stay romantic when you live with each other day in and day out and have a sense of humor. The whole reason of romance's exit, I suppose, is too much of a good thing. You're both there all the time; there's nothing more to look forward to, no spice, no uncertainty, no anything that used to give you such a kick."

"Kick! There it is again," said Jerry. "Why always look for a kick in everything?"

"Why not?" Cora returned. "I'm so bored I could die."

"Every time you say it you get more so," Jerry returned.

Little Eva created a diversion at this by tapping in, tinily trig in spotless sport clothes that made Jerry conscious of her own rumpled linen dress and of Cora's elaborate costume.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. White," she chirped, with her pretty air of deference that was so depressing to the young married girls. "Cousin Jerry, I'm going off on a basket picnic with Johnnie Overton and the Clarkes and all the rest of the young people. We're going in buggies. Don't you think that's a refreshing idea in this day of fast living?"

They watched her as she made her delicate way from the room, and heard the tinkle of her voice outside in response to boisterous masculine hails. With one accord they went to the window and viewed a procession of carriages departing down the drive. The Overton stables were justly famous, and it was a pretty sight, made more alluring by the laughter and chatter that floated back to them. The two girls stood in a little silence until the last carriage had rounded the curve. Then:

"Why didn't Johnnie ask me?" Cora fretted. "It looks simply marvelous. They'll have the cutest time. Johnnie used to be one of my heaviest suitors before I was married, but now he hardly ever bothers to cut in at a dance. That's one of marriage's worst blows."

Jerry made no reply. She, too, would have liked to be included; the party looked most merry. Cora pounced upon the expression in her face.

"Don't you see what I mean? Doesn't it give you a peevish feeling to see all the young girls step out while you sit at home and watch them and—you're not a young girl any more just because you're married?"

"Blah!" Jerry remarked.

"I don't notice you do much sitting at home."

"I do a lot more than I want to. Fred's business and golf leave him ready for a pipe and a paper and all the rest of the quiet-evening-at-home stuff just when I'm ready to step out and whirl around. But all the girls are in the same boat, more or less."

"I know," said Jerry. "I was trying to figure that out

All That Has Gone Before

MRS. PHILIP LANCASTER, popularly known as "Jerry," a leader of the younger married set in Eastport, who has come up through all phases of life from newsgirl to messenger and later designer in the famous Charlette's dress-making salon, despite her natural fund of common sense, for some reason unaccountable to herself feels disposed to "bust out" occasionally. One of these outbursts results in unpleasant publicity in the Eastport *Gossip*.

Steve Mitchel, an old friend of Jerry's, confesses to a fondness for Ruth Taylor and an affair with a mill girl, Lace O'Brien, which causes a break between him and Ruth. Jerry's sympathetic efforts to help Lace and later to save Steve from himself by making a flying visit to New York and risking her reputation at a lively stag party result in still more publicity in the distasteful *Gossip*. Comments on her conduct in this paper devoted to the wild doings of her set cause Jerry to make unpleasant comparisons between herself and Mrs. Carter, the wife of Bob Carter, Philip Lancaster's partner, and the type of woman Jerry believes Philip should have had for his wife.

Jerry's peace of mind is further disturbed by the arrival of Evadne—"Little Eva"—Philip's cousin from Boston, a gay young thing who has caused her mother a nervous breakdown trying to keep track of her. As a matter of entertainment for herself and friends, Little Eva invites Lace O'Brien, whom Jerry has taken into her home as a domestic to teach her dressmaking, to a typical Eastport party.

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

the other day. The only solution is for us to work so hard at something or other that we're all in at the end of the day."

Cora laughed.

"You're awfully funny. Tracy said the other day that you had a dry wit, like his. Of course, some one passed the obvious remark that they were glad to hear there was something dry about Tracy. Too bad he pours it down so. If he could only do it in moderation. But, honestly, every time you see him nowadays he's floating around in midocean."

"I like Tracy," said Jerry. "He seems to get a lot more out of life than people who sit around and glum over the responsibilities of it, even if he is riding for a fall."

Cora was beginning to be restless, as she always was after five minutes in one spot unless in the company of a man.

"Well, I've got to go—want to ride up with me? We can drop by and see what's doing at the country club."

Jerry followed her as she drifted to the door. A familiar bloated car had just settled itself in the driveway; from it was clambering a figure in white flannels with a familiar bloated face.

"Tanky!" Cora's voice was a pæan of welcome. "How did you find me?" She flew to meet him, while Jerry stood on the door-step. Lazily Tanky approached, shaking a pudgy finger at Cora.

"You dog!" he called out to her. "I've been tracking you down for hours—and hours—and hours! H'lo, Jerry!"

After her first involuntary joy Cora's attitude had merged into apparent indifference.

"Just in time to take me home, little one, only you'll have to drive behind in your car. We'll get a lot of kick out of that."

"You are not going home," Tanky informed her, "except to doff your car. Your spouse has gone on a bat with prancing steeds and everything. Therefore we go on a bat."

"Do you mean to say," Cora demanded, "that Fred has gone on Johnnie Overton's picnic?"

"Sure has," Tanky affirmed. "I was out at the club when Johnnie gathered 'em all together and drove off. And says I to myself, Cora and I will have a nice little spite party on the strength of this."

"We certainly will!" Cora spoke with conviction as she climbed into her car. "I might stand his golf, but when he starts darting around on parties where I'm not even asked I'm entitled to some whirl myself!" She thrust her head out of the car. "I've had a great time, Jerry. Wish you could get hold of some one and come along with us."

"Can't you come anyway?" Tanky invited faintly as he climbed into his car. Jerry shook her head.

"Phil will be home soon now. Have a good time!"

The two cars whirled off down the drive, and Jerry went into the house. Evidently the White family scrap was to be continued with interest.

Cora's restlessness seemed too futile. Jerry wondered in case she herself ever had a baby, would the time hang as heavily on her hands. There was this about babies, tho: they might be nerve-racking and all that, but they were never boring.

Here was Cora complaining that she had nothing to do with her time; Cora longing for careless ways of débutante days, blind to any new vista that marriage might open. Jerry wasn't sure that she blamed Cora entirely—when Fred left her so much of the time. He seemed deliberately trying to cut adrift.

She thought of Cora on the night of the Villiers dinner-party, bored and pretty, turning to flirtation with Tanky with an eagerness that would have been pathetic if it were not so out of place. Where would it all end? Then her thoughts turned to Willie with a spurt of apprehension She had said nothing yet. That squib without names in the *Gossip* had brought forth no comment in her circle—at least no comment that had reached her ears. The unusual fact that Willie had not used names must mean something.

She wondered over the reason of his pursuit of Evadne. It appeared to be as sincere as it was sincerely combated by Little Eva. Phil swore that Willie had fallen in love with Evadne. This Jerry could hardly believe, knowing his secret activities. But with that possibility eliminated his motives perplexed her. At any rate she was determined to say nothing and await his next move.

While she was still wrestling with the problem of Willie the telephone rang and Phil's voice greeted her. He was at the Carters', working over a case with Bob; he was going to snatch some supper over there and would not be home until late that evening.

Jerry said, "All right," and hung up. What else was she to say? Her throat had gone dry, her temples pounded. For a moment of passionate resentment she had longed to cry out to her husband that she would rather be treated as his door-mat than have him dining with the Carters, sitting opposite Mrs. Carter, listening to her low voice, and talking to her with the voracity of a man who has been starved at home. Jerry caught herself up.

"What a selfish fool I am! Jealous all over again! And jealousy is the most selfish thing in the world!"

Then there followed a debate between her two selves.

"Jealous! But that's not the way I feel. It's because I know Mrs. Carter's got what I haven't, and I know Phil knows it! I'm not jealous of *her!*"

"What do you call it then? If you had her soul you wouldn't be afraid of her intellect, which is no better than yours if you'd give yours half a chance!"

"There you go on that old soul-stuff again!"

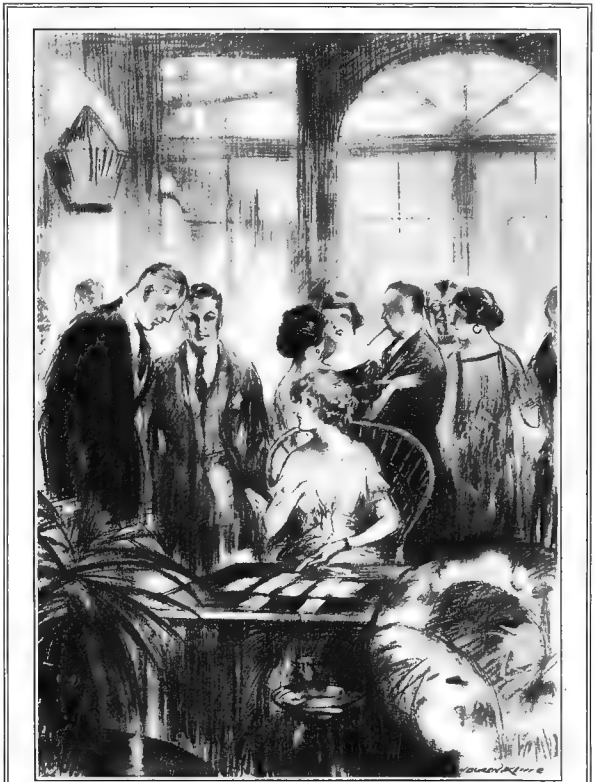
And Jerry flung away and suffered.

She did not fall asleep until she heard Phil come in; and then she did not speak to him, for she had nothing that could be said.

Late in the night a vague dream aroused her, and she lay for some moments listening to Phil's regular breathing. Outdoors she could see the ray of the porch-light, left for Evadne, casting an arc into the shrubbery. While she was idly speculating on the hour, the clock downstairs chimed an answer. Three! And Evadne was not home.

Her involuntary alarm startled her. But three o'clock was nothing nowadays, and it never had been anything for her. She had always disregarded the hours of day and night in her days of excitement-eating and sensation-seeking. But she had lived in the city. What could the crowd be doing on a buggy-riding picnic that lasted until three in the morning? There was any one of a million different things they might be doing. She could remember her own days of reveling. She almost wished that she were off with them herself.

Then sleep clutched at her, and she fell back into its grasp.



"HIS GAZE HAD NOT ONCE DEVIATED OR LOST ITS LOOK OF PLEASURE. LITTLE EVA CURSED INWARDLY. WHAT HAD MADE HER PULL HER HAIR ALL OUT AND GET HER NOSE TO SHINE?"

"EVA, have you ever thought of me as a husband?"

Eva and Johnnie were driving smoothly over the State road from Coopers-town to Eastport. Echoes of mirth came from the carriages behind; so far the party had been one of the best. They had feasted in a field that was thicketed with daisies. Then they had driven to a road-house and danced riotously until one-thirty, when the road-house became narrow-minded and showed signs of closing.

Willie, of course, had to be in the party, but Evadne had turned her fairy back on him and striven to forget his existence.

Little Eva was glad that Lace seemed to be having a good time. Fred White was giving her a rush, and the rest of the young men were kind enough to pay her some attention; which Eva knew they would not have done if they had not been favorably impressed. To be sure, there was no occasion to ridicule Lace's manners. She had managed her fork quite well and seemed to dance just as the rest did. In fact she conformed to their customs, which was a disappointing surprize.

And now they were all driving through the highway, which was practically deserted at this hour of the night, and filling the deep country silence with efforts at singing in harmony, each carriage taking a different part in a different key. Evadne and Johnnie had been trying to think up the next number on the buggy-ride program, since every one else was too merry to stoop to serious invention.

Johnnie's sudden question startled Little Eva. Of course she had been trying to get him into her net, the elastic net of most girls of her age—not that she liked him especially. But to have a man give you a rush and not make him to commit himself during the process classes a girl as an amateur. Eva liked to bring most of the young men about her to a state of declaration, because they were much easier to handle after they had proposed. You knew where you stood then, whereas the man knew his status less than ever. After he had been reduced to a pulp, simple and convenient to handle, a girl was left free to pass on to her next problem, and a poor girl's life was so full of problems anyway.

But Johnnie was known to be very difficult and elusive. Therefore this question, coming after all her work upon him, almost unnerved her. She peered into his face with her baby eyes and gave response in her sweetest childlike tones:

"Of course, Johnnie, you have been the hero of my maiden's golden dreams. But I think you might have spared me and not spoken of it."

"Now, listen; don't get funny. That's the trouble with you—you're always tripping the light fantastic at a serious moment."

Johnnie spoke with some irritation, which Eva viewed

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

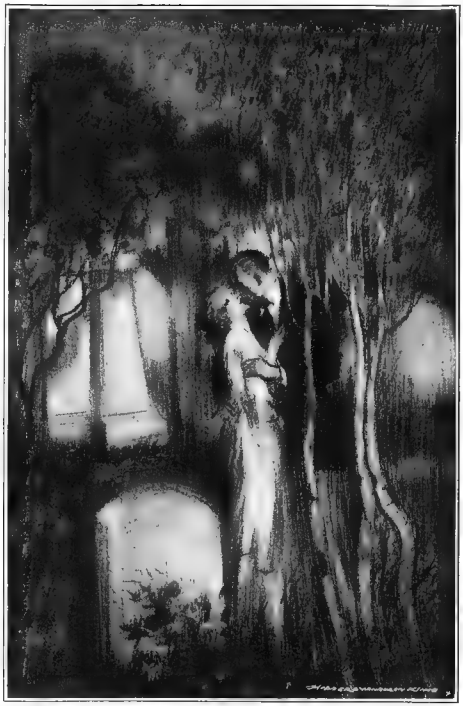
with delight; delight concealed beneath her bland, angelic countenance. Did not Johnnie know that the flip line was, after all, the surest? The young man of to-day was so wary, so afraid that anything he might drop in an idle moment would be used against him, that the only way to beat the system was to receive his every remark with buoyant humor and toss it back to him, unbelieved, and laughed at. It was an almost infallible method once the young man in question was moderately interested. First, he would laugh, too, and let his statement pass without combat, or wax humorous himself; gradually he would become annoyed; and then he would grow grimly determined to be believed at any cost. Johnnie had reached the annoyed stage, Eva thought; hence this surprize which called forth all her powers of control.

"Well, what do you want me to do?" she inquired; "hang on your words? They aren't heavy enough for that."

He ignored this.

"I wish, Eva, that we were—oh, in love with each other and all that twitter. Do you think you could fall for me?"

"No," Eva responded sweetly. "You've too— too— I dunno what, but, anyway, you are."



"'I'VE BEEN THINKING OF THIS FROM THE FIRST MINUTE I MET YOU—AND YOU KNOW IT!' HE SAID, HOLDING HER TIGHTER THAN EVER"

"Funny." Johnnie slacked his reins and looked at her almost piteously. "That's the way I feel about you, too; yet you give me more of a thrill than any one I've struck so far in life. Listen, Eva; let's pretend we're in love with each other. What do you say?"

A pause while the horses trotted easily, and Eva regarded him with quiet speculation behind her wide blue eyes. Johnnie grew uneasy.

"Of course," he stipulated, "you understand, this is not a proposal."

"Oh, really?" Little Eva's voice had the bite of a candy lemon-drop. "I'm glad you explained. You see, I've never had one and I was getting all excited!"

"There you go again, flying off the point! Put your brain to work on the question at hand. I've made a proposal—" he gulped over the dangerous word—"a proposal that we pretend we're in love with each other. What do you think about it?"

It was an old line—so old that Little Eva felt at least a hundred as she listened. There were many and devious ways of leading up to man's dark designs, but Eva knew them all. Johnnie's beginning had been deceptive and enticing, but now she was treading on familiar ground. Things like this were what made her feel her age.

Her answer had all the sweet ingenuousness of a child; transparent as water it flowed forth; but the water was so deep one could not see to the bottom.

"I don't see why we should, Johnnie; do you? As long as we're *not* in love with each other."

"Well—it might come then. All of a sudden. How do you know?"

"I know that you make me realize that the night, as well as ourselves, isn't as young as it used to be," Eva retorted, and disentangled her hand from his, which had left the reins in search of hers. "Stop it! Will you? You're getting boring."

They were in the outskirts of the town near a hillside which was being cut up into a community of small houses, and Little Eva turned to look at them. Before Johnnie had a chance to reply to her last attack she seized the reins and brought the horses to a standstill.

"Johnnie Overton! Look at that sign—will you?"

The sign at which she pointed was a large white billboard put up by the real estate company that was developing the hill. In flaring black letters a foot long it read:

GROUND BEING TAKEN UP RAPIDLY
RESERVE YOUR SPACE HERE NOW
Apply to us——

then followed the name of the firm.

"Well, what of it?" Johnnie demanded a trifle sulkily.

The people in the carriages behind them had also reined up and were calling out questions. Evadne leaped down and rushed to the sign-board.

"Listen, every one!" she cried in her sweet, childish voice. "We're going to transplant this sign by the front gate of the cemetery!"

The whoops of enthusiasm that greeted her proposal made her aware that she had stumbled upon a *coup d'état*. With modestly castdown eyes she stood aside while the party swarmed about her, and the more enthusiastic young men started work without even a look up and down the road to see that the coast was clear. They were moderately near an arc-light which had made the message of the board clear to Evadne. In almost a breath the sign-board was uprooted, and in another the party was off again, rolling down the highway in waves of laughter.

The cemetery was only a short distance away, in a long-deserted stretch of road. It was the work of only a moment to plant the sign-board in the middle of the gateway beneath the stone arch of the entrance. This done, their fancy roved more freely. It was Janet Clarke who had the next brilliant idea.

"I think it'd give us an awful kick to go in and sit upon the gravestones," she suggested.

Eva was unhappy that she herself had not conceived this brilliant idea, but she realized that she must not be grasping, and they all trooped in.

It was a solemn hour to enter a graveyard—nearly three o'clock, that blackest, most breathless of moments. The only sound that greeted them as they pushed forward was the croaking of the bullfrogs in a distant pond. Dark shapes rose before them in the night. They greeted them familiarly, delighted with the novelty of the situation.

Johnnie discovered that one of the distant bullfrogs when grunted at would indignantly reply and in fact go to any measure to have the last word. Several of the young men lost themselves in a rhapsody of grunting, perfecting the bullfrog note, receiving deep bullfrog curses in reply. Eva finally wearying of this childish pastime, started to walk away with the young man who happened to be at her elbow. Suddenly she made the awful discovery that her companion was Willie.

She stopped short.

"I'm not going back to the carriages at all. I want to——"

"Want to sit here on this gravestone and wait for the others?"

"No, I do not," she responded with dignity. "I want to go back to the others."

"You're not going back. You're going to sit here with me until they come. Do you hear?" His hand shot out and closed on her arm as she turned.

"Stop shouting, then; I'm not deaf!" Eva snapped and sat down with a jerk. When force is to be used, always anticipate it by giving in. It was the only way, Little Eva had found, by which frail woman could preserve her dignity.

"There are a few things I want to know," Willie was saying. "One of which is why have you ducked me every chance you could get?"

"Because I don't like you," Little Eva gave response without hesitation. "Nowadays a girl is supposed to have some freedom of choice."

"You don't like me because I told you the truth about yourself. I suppose no one ever before told you what was wrong."

"Now listen!" Little Eva's voice was steely. "We're not going over all that old stuff again. You are alone in your glory with your opinions and you can stay there."

"I'm going to explain something to you, and you've got to listen until you get it sifted down. You are a perfect example of a successful girl of to-day. Don't interrupt; I am not giving you a compliment. I've been making a study of conditions."

"You never made a study of anything."

"That's right, comment intelligently now and then, just to show you're listening. As I was saying, you are a successful girl. Who does what makes a successful girl? The girls themselves! They work up their lines, their styles, their make-ups, and flash 'em on the men, saying, Here is the latest thing. And the men take from the mess presented the things that appeal to them. Did you ever realize how helpless men are in this particular?"

"Not in this particular, no; but we'll have to go back a bit," she pressed on; "women always have had to set the pace. You know that."

"There's the question of ideals and morals. Men will do anything that women will let them do. If the women don't keep them jacked up, if the most popular girls of the day are like you, if you are an example for other girls, if you have to be man's ideal woman, what are we all coming to?"

Little Eva got up. Willie's voice grew monotonous in the darkness, and it was too near morning to keep up an interest in argument.

"We're all coming to a world that's going to be much more interesting than it used to be. I've dropped a pearl, which you may meditate over. And now—I'm going back."

Arms from the dark suddenly, swiftly made her prisoner, and Willie flung her to him. His lips found hers in a long, ruthless kiss, and for the first time she felt the situation become interesting. Who would have dreamed that Willie would behave like that? One never really knew a man's character until he——

Willie was muttering along, not relaxing his stranglehold.

"I suppose you knew all the time why I was talking to

Digitized by Google
Original from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

you so. I fell for you right off—and I always swore I'd never fall for a girl like you. That's why I've been trying to get a ray of light inside you—that's why I was trying to change you—because I'm in love with you!"

"Stop it!" gasped Little Eva perfunctorily.

"I will not!" he retorted, holding her tighter than ever. "I've been thinking of this from the first minute I met you—and you know it!"

He kissed her again, and for a few moments longer held her to him in the darkness. She was undismayed. Long, long ago, when she was young, she had lost her pet illusions.

A sudden augmenting of the distant voices startled them, and they fell apart and listened in silence. The voices were approaching; evidently the party was breaking up.

Willie was the first to speak.

"You've kissed men before." He made the statement with calm positiveness.

She laughed.

"Your method of procedure was not without signs of practise yourself. I suppose that's different, tho. Men used to demand an unkissed girl, but she went out with the War, Willie dear."

"All I want to know," he said sullenly, "is this: If a kiss means as little to a girl as it does to you, what is love going to amount to in the future?"

"It always meant so little to the man—now he can take some of his own medicine," she told him. "Did you expect me to say I was in love with you, to excuse my kissing you, like you excused your—um—maneuvers with me? I don't want you to come around any more, ever again, Willie. Your methods are not safe and sane for the growing girl."

"You needn't fool yourself that this is the end," he rejoined hotly. "It's only the beginning! I didn't want to fall for you, but it happened—and I'm going through with it!"

"All right, but you go alone. Read them papers!" and she turned swiftly in the direction of the bullfrog grunts that were approaching.

Janet and Andy were complaining loudly that they had to get up early and meet a cousin who was coming on the morning train. It was inconsiderate of him, but then he had the artistic temperament, or something, they understood—played the piano and all that stuff. They could see no way of getting out of meeting him in the morning.

It was poky riding home. Evadne hated anti-climaxes, and this was inevitably one. Johnnie was depressed because he was afraid that certain members of the party were in no condition to drive their horses. He was also depressed because Little Eva had refused to hold hands with him, and such refusals always took the joy out of an evening. Evadne understood all this and became reflective.

"It certainly shows up a man's disposition to be out all night with him," she remarked.

By way of answer Johnnie whipped the exhausted horses and brought her up the Lancaster drive in a clatter of hoofs. She regarded his peevishness without alarm. He would be around the next day, just the same. Fred White helped Lace to disembark from his carriage—which was crowded with several members of the Useless Club—and good nights were said, shouted, and sung by all with blithe disregard for any one who might be sleeping within a radius of two miles.

Evadne stayed at the door for a few minutes with Johnnie as they engaged in the regular formula of when—shall I—see—you again? Why—don't—you call—me—up? Well—save—to-morrow—night—anyway. It is a formality that can not be gone through with except at leave-taking; an earlier approach is bad form and makes both parties to the arrangement weary of the idea of a next meeting. Besides, it gives the girl something to work for, the youth something to lead up to. So, altho this could have been arranged at any time during the long evening, they now held up the carriages and titivated with words for a while longer.

When Eva finally said good night and came inside she looked around for Lace. Eva was curious to get her side of the party. Really she had not had much enjoyment out of Lace. Now as further disappointment Lace had slipped away and gone to her room without waiting for Evadne. Well, it *was* rather late, and Lace had to get up and throw breakfast together. Eva stifled a yawn and turned off the lights. On her way up-stairs she employed her spare time massaging her scalp with the tips of her fingers. The late hour of this party was assuredly dissipation that might hasten the dread baldness.

ON THE morning following Evadne's buggy expedition Jerry arose at eight with her usual difficulty and went down to the kitchen to instruct Lace in the art of making pancakes—a surprize for Phil. The kitchen was empty. No sign of Lace save a paper-covered novel face down on the table. Jerry was annoyed. She had had to awaken Lace several times before. This reform business was not so easy as one looking on from the outside might suppose. Jerry climbed the two flights of stairs that led to Lace's room and knocked on the door.

There was no response. Then she banged on the door and flung it open. A made-up bed attacked her eyes; a room bare and desolate, stripped of all personal belongings and no Lace.

Jerry strode forward into the room, and her eye lit on a piece of paper pinned to the electric-light cord hanging from the ceiling. She snatched it and read, in Lace's painfully legible writing:

DEAR MRS. LANCASTER: I am going away. I cant stay in Eastport any more. This is not because of you and I cant thank you for what you have done. I am taking the clothes we made with me and will pay you for them some day. I am going to New York to Charlets and am going to tell them you sent me. I hope you do not mind and please dont bother about me any more. LACE O'BRIEN.

P. S.—My real name is Mary O'Brien. I named myself Lace to be fancy.

Jerry stared about the room in a tornado of perplexity. What could have made Lace leave when she had two weeks more and had professed herself to be so happy with things as they were?

The answer that knocked at her consciousness was instinctive. Somehow, somewhere, Evadne was concerned in this—Little Eva who had brought Lace the paper-covered novels and regarded her as one would a pretty butterfly pinned in a glass case. She turned and went swiftly downstairs, bursting into Evadne's room without taking the trouble to knock. She knew Evadne would be asleep.

Some fluffy, sand-colored ends of hair were all that protruded from the peaceful depths of the bed. Jerry went over and spoke loudly:

"Evadne! Wake up—do you hear me?"

The hair-ends twitched and almost sighed as Evadne buried her face deeper into the pillow. Jerry seized her shoulder and shook it decisively. Little Eva rolled over and blinked up at her. Her face was flushed with much-needed slumber; her eyes were drowsily babyish; she looked incredibly young and innocent as she lay there.

"O—oh, Cousin *Jer*-ry! Is the house on fire, or what?"

"Lace has gone," said Jerry curtly. "I just went up to her room and she's packed and cleaned out, leaving a note for me to say she can't stay in Eastport any longer. I've got no light on the subject, and I thought perhaps you might throw some."

Under her level gaze Evadne wriggled, and the expression in her eyes changed from open frankness.

"Why—I'm—" she procrastinated, "I'm so sleepy I can't think——"

"You're so sleepy you've spilled the fact that you know something about it," Jerry remarked. "And I'd advise you to tell me everything you know." She waited patiently, regarding her with menacing brows. "What's more, I can see perfectly well that there's something about this business you're not telling. I know where Lace has gone, and I'm going after her to-morrow to get her story, so you might as well put your tale over first."

Evadne received this communication with signs of alarm; then she sighed and settled back on her pillow.

"There—now I'm awake. Why, it's this way about Lace, Cousin Jerry: I came down into the kitchen last night and saw her looking lonely and reading the novel I gave her, so I invited her to come along on the party."

"You—*what?*"

Evadne blinked some more. She was beginning to look very uncomfortable.

"I asked her to come along. And she went and had a good time for once in her life."

Jerry, gone a chilly white, sank into a chair by the bed. "You—you took her with you on that picnic?"

"Yes, I did," Evadne spoke with some impatience. "I thought it was a very cute idea—and so it was—at that time."

Silence while Jerry assimilated this staggering information. Then questions poured forth.

"Tell me everything that went on—tell me! Don't miss a trick."

"It was a good party," Evadne began, vaguely defensive. "We went to the poplars and danced—and Fred White gave her a rush, and all the other boys were nice to her—and then we drove around and sang and went into the cemetery. I transplanted a real-estate signboard in the gate of the old bone-yard, and we went in and sat around and talked and then we came home. That was all there was to it."

"Much wet floating around?" Jerry inquired. Evadne wriggled again.

"We-el, every one had their bit. You know all those people better than I do. And we had Janet and Andy Clarke with us, anyway. Chaperons and everything."

For a fleeting moment Jerry tried to think why it was she did not consider Janet and Andy, or any married couple in their circle, in the light of chaperons; then she returned to the subject in hand.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 69

"'YOU RAN OFF BEFORE I HAD A CHANCE TO SPREAD THE LATEST GORE, WHICH DUTY HAS TO BE ATTENDED TO BY SOMEBODY WE HAVE GOT TO UNITE AGAINST THE OLD PEOPLE'"

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

The Judge

"When Little Men Come into Great Power They Go Mad," She Cried as She Paid Her Fine with Her Engagement Ring

By

PAUL LEE ELLERBE

Illustrations by Forrest C. Crooks

"'YOU ARE NO COURT. YOU ARE JUST A LITTLE MAN USING THE LAW TO HELP YOU IN YOUR PRIVATE QUARREL,' WAS EMILY'S DEFIANT CHALLENGE"

HALF an hour earlier than usual the Honorable Victor Lafayette Pryde crawled out of his bed and nightshirt. Being a Judge of the United States District Court even in his nightshirt—to which he clung tenaciously in the face of styles and pajamas—his Honor was a little bewildered by the pleasant tingle which titillated through his gaunt body while he garbed himself. His fingers trembled as never before while he knotted his severe cravat in front of the gilt mirror that hung between a photograph of himself and a bronze bust of Justinian beside his dresser. He was fidgety, thrilled as no Judge should be.

The most important day of his important life was at hand. At nine o'clock that very morning he was to meet Emily MacGowan at the train. At one o'clock, after court had adjourned for the day, he would take her to luncheon at Elms View; and there he would arrange with her for the announcing of their engagement and for fixing the date of their marriage. This done, and speedily too, he would drive her through the pleasant vales around the town for precisely two hours, after which he would go home and read briefs. At eight o'clock in the evening he would assemble the ten most prominent citizens and their wives around his dinner-table, where, at the psychological moment, he would reveal pretty Emily, his childhood playmate, as the soon-to-be Mrs. Pryde.

While this was going on the Caxton Club would be holding its semiannual meeting to vote in new members. The president of the Caxtons, old Billings, would there arise and enthusiastically recommend the Judge. He would dwell pointedly on his Honor's immense power, on his political and legal standing, and—right delicately—on the advantages accruing to the club in having the United States District Judge on its roster. The club would then vote in the Honorable Victor Lafayette Pryde. For what old Billings said went in social and business circles, precisely as what the Judge said went in court.

Each great man had ruled for twenty years over his particular universe. Each had ever shown toward the other those courtesies and favors which one god owes to another god. When Billings's enormous factories had been imperiled by a hasty ruling of one of the many War Boards in 1917, the Judge had stayed the Government's predatory arm. And when, after years of austere aloofness, the Judge had delicately conveyed to Billings that it might be well for him to join some good club, Billings had instantly nominated him at the Caxton, which was far and away the most exclusive institution of its kind in the State. Billings had done even more. He had rounded up all the more powerful members, the big manufacturers and the corporation lawyers whose fortunes hung more or less upon occasional court rulings. And he darkly corrupted the nominating committee to submit the Judge's name ahead of sundry prior applicants.

The Judge smiled faintly at his own image in the mirror beside Justinian as he recalled how his progress toward a wife and social standing had progressed with the inexorable precision of natural law. It made him feel more keenly than ever that he was a sort of god ruling the destinies of mortal men. It confirmed his oldest and deepest conviction. He was no mere Victor Lafayette Pryde, American, white, age fifty, son of an Indiana carpenter and a Kentucky schoolma'am. He was The Law! He was a divine instrument of justice, one of that splendid lineage with Moses and Solomon, with Solon and Justinian. In him there dwelt an impersonal power which lived, thought, and acted apart from the scheming, cheating, defaulting, money-grabbing rabble of shopkeepers, grocers, machinists, and farmers who make up the thing called the people.

It had ever been his duty, as well as his joy, to manage the people in a stern, detached manner. He rode over them mercilessly, a judicial Juggernaut. He did his best to cure Americans of their scandalous disrespect for law and their flippancy in the presence of Judges. Take that ridiculous affair on the court-house steps some years back. How he had driven those money-changers from the Temple of Justice with a clear crack of his whip!

Coming to court, he had found the steps of the Judge's Entrance packed with the Executive Committee of the City Club, all seated and trying to look pleasant and important in the face of a huge camera. The Judge went forward on his rightful and appointed path as any agent of unalterable law would have done. Then from an upper step a certain whippersnapper of a law student by the name of Roger Vaughan called out: "I say, Judge! Would you mind waiting a minute? We're having our pictures taken for the Sunday paper. It'll only take a minute."

The marshal happened to be crossing the street. In his coldest bench tones the Judge said: "Mr. Marshal, clear the court-house steps!"

They were cleared in a silence as thick as that which hangs between the stars. And the Judge marched in, his eyes glittering as coldly as Winter stars. Young Roger Vaughan muttered his half-articulate fury, but the Judge ignored it. He had turned to the marshal and said: "*De minimis non curat lex!*" And the marshal had laughed uproariously, as he always did even when he did not understand the Judge's wit.

Well, they had frothed for a season. Vaughan had talked rather indiscreetly. A cheap newspaper paragrapher had perpetrated his usual silly gibes. And then, almost overnight, the whole business had been forgotten. That was the way with the rabble! As for the men of substance who had been remotely involved in the affair, they saw a great light. It came over them that the Judge was a personage apart. They found that he cared nothing for the opinions of common folk. They learned that the Judge of the United States District Court was serenely independent of the people and immune against all the ordinary mischances and adversities which afflict mankind.

Millionaires, Senators, Governors, yes, even Presidents were mere foam upon the face of things in comparison with Victor Lafayette Pryde. The masses might flick their political leaders into oblivion whenever they so chose. A turn of the stock-market might strip even Billings of his possessions. But he, Pryde, the agent of unalterable law, had been appointed for life. The nation had endowed him with the powers of a Pharaoh. And he could be stripped of these only by the ponderous machinery of the Congress, which never creaks and grinds to such ends.

The very building which the nation had erected for him announced the inviolable majesty of its occupant. A glorious structure of granite and marble it was! A monument to endure the millennia! Its thick Ionic columns looked down on the cheap brick stores of the flanking streets as the Sphinx looks down upon flippant tourists. In its immense corridors, through which three automobiles might have driven abreast, the Judge breathed the air of heaven and exulted in a stillness that was never shattered by the cries of the market-place. Here dwelt eternal forces, immutable principles, all of which the Judge applied to mundane affairs with the exalted joy of a high priest. High above the world he dispensed justice in a colossal court-room blazoned with Latin inscriptions, beneath which spread the massive carven desk and rail, adorned with two silver pitchers and a deep-blue velvet curtain. And it mattered not to him what the plain people of the city of Sherwood thought about him.

THE Judge patted his sleek hair and studied his own noble figure in the mirror once more. Then he went down to breakfast in the great house which he had built as nearly like the Federal Building as his architect would allow. As his man servant brought in the coffee-tray the Judge spread out a much-creased letter beside his plate and ran through it over and over, as if it were a difficult brief. But it was not that. It ran thus:

DEAR LAFE: Your beautiful ring came last night, and I am wearing it now. I quite understand why you could not bring it in person. A Federal Judge can not drop his work to deliver engagement rings, of course. But I can drop mine, thank goodness. So I shall run down to Sherwood day after tomorrow to talk things over with you.

We have not seen much of each other since we were little tots, Lafe, dear. And I feel terribly the need of getting acquainted all over again. The beginning we made at the convention last year was wonderful, but you know and I know it was only a beginning. I respect you and admire you enormously, old friend. And I think I love you and want to marry you. But I can not be sure until you and I have talked over lots and lots of things.

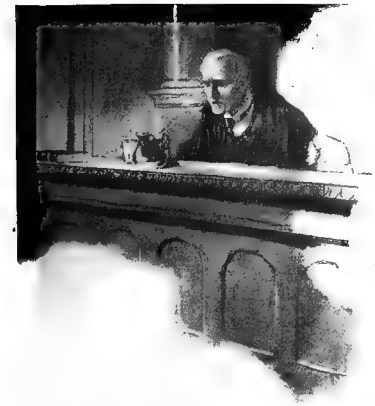
We are not youngsters any more, Lafe. We can not make ourselves over. I must take you as you are, and you must do the same with me. That is one of the penalties of marrying so late in life, isn't it? And that is why we must both be very sure of ourselves before we go too far. While you have been on the bench all these years, I have been knocking around the world, doing a little bit of everything and not much of anything. I have helped Brother Tom start his ranch, have organized newsboys' clubs, have conducted a party of old maids through Europe, have done Red Cross work through the War, have run for Alderman (and been licked at it!), and messed generally into things. I am afraid you may find me a little free and easy, Lafe. But I can stand it if you can. And I promise you, before we go any further, that I shall not try to force any of my personal tastes and habits on you.

Good night, dear boy!

EMILY.

Every line of that precious letter stirred up a whirlwind of memories. Even that "Dear Lafe!" It gave the Judge an odd twist. Nobody had dared call him Lafe in twenty years. The nickname came down from days long past when a little girl stood twisting her pigtails while she gazed in awe at a slim adolescent. The slim adolescent was posed in front of the little girl's mirror, stroking the all but invisible down on his upper lip, and announcing that he was going to be a lawyer. First a lawyer, then a Judge! And as he said that, he eyed himself in the mirror and repeated solemnly the words: "Judge Pryde! Judge Pryde!"

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY



Thirty-odd years had passed since that day. Soon afterward the MacGowans had gone West; and he had not seen Emily nor heard from her until a year ago, when the Judge had attended, quite accidentally, a Social Service Convention. A woman was speaking as he tiptoed in late. She attracted him curiously, him who had always looked upon women as the Court looks upon Mary Roe. She wasn't pretty, but she had a clean, swift vigor and a genuine directness of speech and gesture which the Judge had seen only in certain masterly lawyers. Suddenly a turn of her head and an odd fling of the arm set him tingling with obscurely sweet memories. Eagerly he thumbed through the program. Yes, it was Emily!

She was pleading for funds for a settlement house, pleading with consummate skill to an audience that had evidently been "touched" to death. The money trickled in thinly, slowly. She was going to fail. Then the Judge arose, hardly knowing what he was about. He made himself known to her in a speech that quivered with suppressed emotions and hung together with iron logic. It was the wind of romance shrieking through the beams of a steel tower and vibrating the entire structure in wild music. He swept the house

As the money poured in he mounted the stage. She came to him, her cheeks ablaze with double joy. She seized his hands and cried: "Why, Lafe Pryde! You're a darling!"

He held her hand an instant longer than Immutable Law is supposed to remain in physical contact with anything human. Her words and her frank delight dizzied him. He was horribly afraid, in the midst of his thrill, that the audience would laugh at the spectacle of a Federal Judge being called Lafe and darling in public. But the audience did nothing of the sort. It only applauded.

He had to leave that town the next morning. Home again, he felt for the first time in all his career a sickening loneliness. He walked the streets of Sherwood, solitary, friendless, shunned save by men on business bent. This business of being the incarnation of justice on earth began to have its drawbacks. The Judge peered wistfully into the bright windows of homes beneath the drooping elms. Then he went to his lonely house and wrote a long letter to Emily. She replied quickly. Missive followed missive.

HE TUCKED the precious letter into his pocket and set out for the railway-station. On his way he rehearsed the argument he would use to persuade Emily that their engagement should be announced that very evening. Unerringly he drove to her central doubt. They had seen little of each other since childhood, she had said. She cherished the fear that they might have grown up too different in tastes and habits. Well, what of it? All people differed. And, after all, he did not want a wife exactly like himself. He needed a dear companion, a social manager; and she had confessed in her letters to a deep dread of a lonely old age, as well as to a keen ambition to find a field of wider usefulness.

"I can manage her all right!" The Judge smiled. "It's only a womanly whim, this fear of hers. And I——"

The train roared in, and the Judge dropped the rehearsal. He spied her on the platform of a Pullman, looking about for him. And his heart leaped like a boy's.

Before he could reach her through the thick crowd, she had alighted and handed her bag to a runt of a boy. The redcap had more than he could manage. He set his bags down and puffed helplessly. Then Emily laughed at him, picked up her bag, and strode toward the Judge.

"Porter!" The Judge snapped and looked about, thoroughly indignant. Then he spied a passing gatekeeper. "Here you! Get that valise from the lady with the blue hat. And quick!" And he twirled a half-dollar between his fingers.

Then she saw him and waved a hand girlishly. "That's nice of you. It is awfully heavy, that bag!" Then as the man grumbled that he wasn't a porter and wouldn't stand there forever, she waved at him: "Oh, run along! We can manage it, I guess!"

The Judge frowned at the unruly gatekeeper. He would have said something harsh to him, but Emily caught her old friend's hands and cried: "My! But I'm glad to see you! Are you glad to see me too?"

"Gladder than I've ever been to see anybody." The Judge lost himself in the deeps of her honest, tender eyes.

"I wish," she laid a hand on his arm, "that you could adjourn the world the way you adjourn your court, so that we could sit right down here and talk for a year!"

"I'll be doing that soon!" he laughed and quivered. "But not to-day, alas! Let's jump into that taxi over there and ride and talk till I go to court."

"Oh, dear!" she laughed. "I can't be that romantic! I must have breakfast first, Lafe. There was no diner on that train. And I'm starving. Come on into the lunch-room. And you talk while I devour pancakes!"

She picked up her ponderous bag. The Judge snatched it from her with a savage frown at the unruly gateman, who stood at his post grinning impudently at his Honor's discomfort.

"The Sherwood Hotel is only six blocks away, my dear." He spoke with the kindly sternness of a father reproving a reckless child. "And there is a taxi waiting——"

"Pooh! We can't waste time that way." Emily warbled and marched on through the swing-door of the odorous lunch-counter, while sundry drummers and jitney-operators eyed the pair with languid curiosity. "You've only a few minutes free before court. And I'm too hungry to wait for a fancy hotel waiter to rustle grub for me. And I've so much to say to you."

She hopped upon a stool between a simmering coffee-urn and a pyramid of weary, wrinkled oranges. The Judge squirmed at the sight of her, waving familiarly at the waiter and commanding a plate of sausage and pancakes. In his embarrassment he held the huge bag on his lap while he sat down beside her. And he looked furtively around the room, inwardly praying that nobody there knew him.

"Why! What's the matter?" Emily scanned him gravely. "You look like a bootlegger caught with the goods. I promise you there isn't even a flask in my bag."

The Judge gaped helplessly at her. "I—I—I wasn't—I did not think that," he babbled. "Of course you would never embarrass me that way."

"Well, what is worrying you then?" She attacked her coffee and watched him sidewise. "Oh! It's that bag, of course! I'm awfully sorry! It——"

"Oh, no! Not that!" he smiled stiffly. "It's just this awful place! Taxicab-drivers, negroes, Italians. It isn't nice. It's hardly proper for you—for me, a Federal Judge—" His words dried up on his parched lips as a couple of Mexican railroad-hands slunk into the place and sat down within smelling range.

"Oh, fudge, Lafe!" Emily laughed tenderly and squeezed his arm. "Don't worry over that on my account. I'm used to it. I've eaten in lots of worse places than this in my day. Fact is, I guess I'm a lunch-counter person."

"Nonsense!" He cocked his gray head at her solemnly. "Don't forget that your family is one of the oldest, the most aristocratic in——"

"Now, Lafe! You stop joshing about my family!" She set down her cup with a sharp tinkle. "The MacGowans are exactly as old as all the other families on earth. Ever stop to think, Lafe, that every family must go back to some nice big hairy fellow sitting in a tree-top? And as for our being aristocrats, well, if father ever heard you say that, he'd get out the old family shotgun, and the body would be shipped back East for burial. Indianapolis papers please copy! Say, Lafe! We're about as aristocratic as dandelions. Oh, waiter! Fill it up again!"

As she waved a spoon at the scurrying waiter the Judge sickened at the pit of his stomach. If there was one asset that could not be dispensed with in the wife of a Federal Judge it was dignity, dignity, dignity! And here was this lovely, firm-featured woman, this beautifully alive creature of his heart wigwagging at a Greek in a greasy apron, making fun of her own ancestors, calling her lover Lafe! All of a sudden his thirty years of training and his whole mass of ingrowing habits rose like a tidal wave to overwhelm the painful situation. He almost cried aloud: "All right, my dear! I know you've been rather free and easy. But I'll change you! I'll make a lady out of you! Whether you like it or not!" But he didn't say it. He merely set all of his muscles, released all of his impulses in that direction. And the deed was as good as done.

He eyed his watch. "Dear me!" he sighed. "I've only fifteen minutes. The calendar is badly crowded this month. I must be in court early. It's a shame——"

"Oh! I want to see you on the bench in all your glory," Emily cried excitedly. "Remember the day you posed in front of my mirror and slicked your hair and stroked the fuzz on your upper lip and called yourself Judge Pryde?"

"I—er—don't recall that just now," the Judge stammered truthfully; for the god in him would never allow such a memory to thrust its leering visage through the curtains of his mind. "And—m'm—as for your coming to court, I suggest that you wait till to-morrow. To-day will be very stupid. We have only some dry, technical matters to consider. I have to spend this morning listening to details concerning the title to a tract of coal land——"

"That does sound duller than a movie," Emily shrugged her shoulders. "And I suppose it would be more sensible of me to get unpacked and write some letters I've delayed and see some friends while you're busy. By the way, do you happen to know whether Roger Vaughan is in town?"

"Vaughan? Vaughan?" The Judge started. "I dare say he is! I believe he is connected with some law firm."

"He's hung out his own shingle. He told Tom so when he visited us on Tom's ranch last Summer."

"I didn't know you knew Vaughan." The Judge eyed her narrowly while he strove to divine from her face and manner whether by any mischance that impudent young man had been gossiping with the MacGowans about that affair on the court-house steps.

"Oh, Tom's known him a long time." She smiled so tenderly that the Judge rejoiced: it was clear Vaughan hadn't been babbling. "He's a dear, isn't he?"

"H'm. Well, I wouldn't call him that." The Judge arose stiffly. "He's rather impertinent. I'm sure he'll never succeed brilliantly at the law. Emily, I dislike running away from you this way. But, you know, it can't be helped. I'll call for you at the hotel at one' oclock. We lunch at Elms View. Then we drive for two hours. At eight dinner at my house. And, my dear, I am planning to announce our engagement then."

"Whew! That's pretty fast work, Lafe!" She flung

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38

"'WHY! WHAT'S THE MATTER?' EMILY SCANNED HIM GRAVELY. 'YOU LOOK LIKE A BOOTLEGGER CAUGHT WITH THE GOODS. I PROMISE YOU THERE ISN'T EVEN A FLASK IN MY BAG'"

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

It Isn't Done

Yet Sometimes Our Wild Impulses Are the Keys Which Unlock the Door to Real Happiness

By Stephen Morehouse Avery

Illustrations by L. Evans Parcell

ONCE when you were little, your mother and father took you out to dinner, didn't they? And you sat at the table in your ruffles and pink sash and, in a disinterested way, heard the grown-ups say how cunning you were.

But you weren't thinking about being cunning. You were wondering, "What was gonna be dessert?" Weren't you?

And finally when a big, frothy lemon pie was set before your muddie's and pop's hostess, you wriggled with joy. No apology for pie was necessary in those days. You watched everybody get his pie and then you received yours, and you ate it with your fork, tho you'd rather have had a spoon.

Suddenly you noticed that your pie was gone and that all the others had some left. Of course there was more pie on the pie-plate and maybe, if you looked at the pie-plate, the lady would—well, maybe she would. And if she didn't, you'd ask.

Then you saw that look in your muddie's eye. It said, "Don't ask for more pie!" Perhaps muddie didn't like it that you had not been able to get all the meringue into your mouth. Some of it caught on your face. Muddie would scold if you asked for more. So you didn't.

All the evening and all the way home you wished you had asked. You thought how happy you'd be if you had. But you didn't deserve to be happy, any more than any of us do who think too much of scoldings and too little of pie.

One would naturally think that "other piece of pie" hadn't much to do with Coralie, but it had. Not that Coralie suggested lemon pie. Indeed not. She suggested meadows in the sun, touched delicately with color, and then darkened softly with the sort of dusk that cools the edges of little woods at evening. She was that sort of person, not pieish at all. But all her life—how vast a time when one is twenty!—she had been longing to have things and to do things, and than not having them or doing them, just because of a restraining voice. And it wasn't muddie's voice saying, "Don't do it." It was that less definite, more awe-inspiring voice, whose dictum was, "It isn't done."

"'DAD TOLD ME YOU WERE GOING, AND NOT TO COME BACK WITHOUT YOU'"

Coralie inhabited that sphere of life where people don't do, or rather don't get caught doing, anything that isn't done. So it was but to be supposed that a girl of spirit at the end of her second season out was more or less unhappy, probably disillusioned, certainly bored. When she rode in the park she wanted to loose her hair, throw up her hands, and spur her mount into the morning breeze. But she didn't. Something whispered, "It isn't done." And she knew when she golfed that with a decent stance, feet freely apart, she could put her lithe young strength into her swing and drive as far as some of the men. But why discuss it? It isn't done.

Coralie, attractively *en négligé*, was thinking of these things as she abstractedly consumed toast and coffee in the breakfast-room with her mother. She wished the season would end and they could go to the water.

"What sort of an affair did the Trents offer last night, Coralie?" asked her mother. Mrs. Templeton did not like to see her daughter lose enthusiasm. It worried her.

"Oh, a deadly dinner-dance," replied Coralie. "I thought I'd perish."

"You mustn't talk that way, Coralie. The usual ones there, I suppose?"

"Of course. The same men, very suave and a little stupid; the same girls with their determined animation and silliness, I the silliest of them all. Duncan McKaye, bless his heart, was the only human one there. He has the charming grace to be occasionally embarrassed. Duncan is a dear. I wish——"

"What, dear?" Coralie's mother had a news sense.

"Oh, nothing, Mother. I was just thinking," evaded Coralie. "What is in the book for to-night?"

"The Blewetts, I believe. What are they having?"

"Another dinner-dance. What else could it be? Barbara Blewett said she wanted us to meet that literary person, Creighton Vorhees, the sort probably that save all their cleverness for their books."

"Is Duncan going to be there?"

"I hope so," said Coralie. "He may tell me I'm pretty and then blush and mean it. He feels as misplaced as I do."

"You like him pretty well, don't you, Coralie?"

Coralie laughed. She and her mother understood each other. Rare thing, too. "Please don't plan, Mother, dear. He is interested mildly in business, greatly in sports, and not at all in girls. He is going to try for the State golf affair at Archmont this Summer. A remarkable golfer, you know. He likes me a little because I know a dead-stop mashie from a cleek."

"What are you going to wear, dear? The orchid and yellow?"

"That's too demure. I think I'll wear the black-and-scarlet gown I had for the Spanish party. I feel scarlet to-day and I believe I could almost enjoy myself in that. I could flame a little."

"Oh, yes," smiled Mrs. Templeton. "Of course you could. Just the thing for a bizarre occasion like the Spanish party, but not for a regular dinner-dance. Much too stagy, don't you think? That sort of thing, you know, isn't done."

Coralie sighed. "I suppose not," she said.

Some way or other Coralie staggered through the Blewetts' dinner. She was placed with Howard Shapleigh and managed an occasional laugh in response to his pseudosmart comments. Of course she smiled a lot. One does at dinner—whether there is anything at which to smile or not. It's part of a dinner, the smile.

Up toward the head of the table sat the literary man, forty, thinnish and worn, evidently with the strain of trying to live by being clever. But he had good eyes that blinked and now and then glittered at the corners as tho he were being amused. Coralie would have liked to watch him more closely, but each time she glanced up their eyes met, and it confused her slightly. Barbara was asking him something about writing.

"I can hardly comment upon a subject about which I know so little," he smiled. Which was what one might expect from a literary man.

AFTER dinner they danced. Of course they danced, most of the men clumsily, most of the girls gracefully. The evening wore on in the usual way.

Finally the literary man took Coralie away from Ned Drewes. They danced once around the floor of the Blewetts' expansive home and then stopped by a sort of mutual consent. "I'm tired of ruining slippers and offending Terpsichore," said the literary man. "Let's go somewhere and be comfortable."

They climbed to the second landing of the great staircase and chose a seat behind some palms, quite secluded. Coralie breathed a sigh of relief.

"The rebel spirit feels better?" he asked.

"The rebel spirit?" Coralie raised her brows.

"Yes. You are very tired of dances and dinners and all that, aren't you?"

"I am indeed," confessed Coralie. "But you are not supposed to guess it."

"Your veneer of gaiety is quite transparent to one who looks. And I took the liberty of looking at dinner. You and young McKaye are the only ones who are not content."

Coralie was mildly interested. "You are rather keen, aren't you?"

"Oh, no," he said. "Only I feel as you do and I'm forty. I am quick to recognize the rebellion of the spirit. Perhaps it is because, consciously or unconsciously, I search for material."

Coralie rested back easily. Some of the tightness of things relaxed in this sympathetic atmosphere. "If I could only tell you how utterly tired of it all I am, how oppressed! These sleek men and these—girls, of whom I am one! Why do I go on with it?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

To every reader of Pictorial Review

Get a can of Campbell's Tomato Soup today. Heat separately the contents of the can and an equal quantity of milk or cream. Be careful not to boil. Add a pinch of baking soda to the hot soup and stir into the hot milk or cream. Then serve immediately. If you wish to give an extra touch of daintiness and attractiveness, serve it in bouillon cups topped with whipped cream. Many prefer to use evaporated milk for an especially rich Cream of Tomato.

Cream of Tomato made with Campbell's! One of the most delicious and nourishing dishes you could place on your table. As easy to prepare as it is tempting to the appetite! Serve it today!

Juicy, ruddy tomatoes plucked from the vines just when the sun has ripened them to their most delicious perfection! Strained to a fine puree, blended with fresh country butter, seasoned to give the flavor its most delightful tastiness! This is Campbell's Tomato—that most famous of all soups!

I know the way to make you gay
And sparkle with delight
On Campbell's fine we'll surely dine
So bring your appetite!

21 kinds
12 cents a can

Digitized by Google
Original from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

"Probably because it is the proper thing," he suggested.

"That is it, the proper thing," she agreed, a little bitterly.

"And it wearies you to do the proper thing?"

"You seem to know that it does," said Coralie.

He laughed. "The proper thing eventually wearies every one, I think. Do you have impulses?"

"Yes. Wild ones."

"Do you ever carry them out?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because generally the thing I want to do—isn't done."

His more or less casual attitude changed to one of interest.

"Now, do you know," he said, "that hits upon a theory of mine. Those impulses are keys to happiness. Inevitably they turn out as the things that should have been done. Yet we never learn."

"I don't think I understand," said Coralie.

He thought a minute and then blushed. "I am interested enough to give you an example," he said. "I find you very lovely to look upon. You would be more effective in red and black or something——"

Coralie sighed for the Spanish dress. He went on.

"—but you are very lovely as it is. And I, tho a litterateur, am fairly human. I am strongly impelled to kiss you. I want to do it."

She started, but he made no move, and continued.

"Now all the conventions and my own natural shyness deter me. I am afraid you would make a scene. I am afraid you would think I was a smart old man trying to be cute. I am afraid you would think I was sentimental, instead of only reacting humanly to your loveliness. I want to kiss you, but I'm afraid. So I don't. That is the end of such impulses, isn't it?"

Coralie's feeling of relief was short-lived.

"But this is different," he said. "You see?" He bent to her lips and kissed her. "Now we will see," he concluded, smiling at her discomposure, "that my impulse was the right thing to do."

For an instant Coralie was dumfounded. She flushed. Was he taking advantage of her or really trying to prove something? She looked into his face and saw that it was the nice face of a nice man. She supposed she ought to be angry, but she didn't want to be. So without thinking any more about it she smiled.

"That was a very queer thing for you to do," she said, "but—but I believe I liked it. I think your theory is right." And they both laughed.

They stayed behind the palms for an hour and a half and talked about impulses and conventions. He was much in earnest. It was interesting.

When finally they decided they must go down, the literary man said as he rose, "You see, it was the right thing to do. We have both been happy and amused and I've forgotten that I'm not twenty-five. We have saved ourselves from a dull evening, just because I did something that I was scared to death to do. I hope you will not forget."

"I'm going to be a new person," declared Coralie.

He smiled. "We old hulks, you know, looking back a bit and wondering why we haven't been as happy as we expected to be, sometimes think we understand the reason. If I have suggested something to you which will make you happier, it will be a great satisfaction."

"You're a nice man," said Coralie. "I shall buy all your books."

"That will be very kind. Now whom shall I send to you? Mr. McKaye—perhaps?"

"Oh, please!"

THE next afternoon Coralie went shopping. She loved to shop. Perhaps she would buy something. Anyway she was feeling in fine vein, spirit free, atop of the world, for she was going to do—oh, just anything she wanted to and could. It was a delightful attitude of mind.

But, after all, things seemed rather usual. The chauffeur put her down, and she went about exploring the shops in quite the normal way. After a couple of hours she found something she could buy with a clear conscience. It was a coat of gray-suède leather trimmed with fur, very pretty, and useful, of course. "I can wear it so many places," mused Coralie, "in the roadster and—in the roadster and—well, it *will* be a very sporting thing for the roadster."

Then she realized that she was tired and started back toward the car. A step down the avenue she passed the gaudy entrance of a picture palace.

A little chap, perhaps twelve, was standing there in rapt contemplation of a feverish poster announcing "The Dare-devil." He was planted with his feet apart, slouchy cap, fat cheeks, knickers, scuffed-up shoes, his hands boring into his pockets and his eyes boring into the poster, a perfect picture of desire.

Coralie knew what he wanted. He wanted to see "The Dare-devil," and only a basic lack of funds prevented. She wanted to take him in herself. Of course she hadn't time and she was too tired and the chauffeur was waiting. Of course she couldn't do it. Then she remembered. She stopped thinking about reasons why not and thought only about the want. She wanted the little fellow to see "The Dare-devil" and she wanted to see him see it. She stood beside him a moment looking at the poster. "I certainly would like to go see it," she said.

He surveyed her coldly. "Well, I ain't holdin' you, am I?" he demanded.

"I haven't any one to go with," persisted Coralie.

He looked up from the poster in annoyance. "Beat it, chicken!" he said. "I ain't got no dough fer shampane 'n' orsters. I ain't old enough fer you."

Coralie blushed. "I don't want champagne and oysters. But it looks like a good picture and I have money enough to take us. Wouldn't you like to see it?"

He studied her briefly. Then his gaze fell. "Course," he said. "Wouldn't you?"

"Course," said Coralie. "Let's go in."

Together they entered the dark hall of mystery where the high-pressure shadow-life feeds the hungry fancy and one forgets that outside there are trams and taxis, people and policemen, in the commonplace light of day. Coralie's escort suggested that they sit "close to it," and they found seats up front. Almost immediately he forgot her existence and let free his heart to beat in the breast of the Dare-devil. Coralie covertly watched him.

And it was fun to watch him go through fire and flood with the desperate hero, to see excitement flash in his bright eyes, to see him thrill and twist his cap to ruin. It was enough to show Coralie that she had been right in doing something which a day earlier she would not have done. The thought pleased her.

The picture drew to its climax, what the director of it would have called "the big moment." The boy leaned forward. He was tense. His hero stood on a wide veranda in the moonlight. He was about to take the girl of girls into his arms. Through the shrubbery, his evil weapon flashing in his hand, crept the stealthy "villun." Coralie feared the boy was going to shout a warning, and she rested a steadying hand on his arm for an instant.

Without taking his eyes from the screen he reached vaguely over until his rather grimy little boy's hand gripped hers. Then came the two revolver flashes in the night which meant a dead villain and a happy hero. The boy subsided, and soon it was over.

WHEN they were blinking outside on the pavement, he looked up to her. "Now I'm gonna take you home," he declared. "You're a reg'lar kid, an' just to show you I ain't no piker I'm gonna take you home. I got enough fer my own car-fare."

"That is good of you," said Coralie seriously, "but it won't be necessary."

"I'm gonna do it, tho. I wouldn't leave you widout a feller after you been such a reg'lar kid. I ain't dat kind of a guy."

"All right," she laughed. "Only we can go in my car. It's just a step."

His eyes grew round. "I wondered—I kinda thought you was big-league stuff."

As they sped on up-town Coralie asked his name.

"Bud Brown," he said promptly. "What's yours?"

"Mine's Coralie Templeton. What do you do all day, Bud?"

"I'm in business. I caddies. I guess I'm about the best caddie ther' is."

"Don't you go to school?"

"Oh, yes," he admitted. "I got to. But school is only a side-line wid me. Th' teacher don't know nuthin', not even a floater from a sinker." Her laughter encouraged him.

"You know," he bubbled on, "my guy, my boss, the guy I caddies fer all th' time, says girls is like usin' th' wood in th' field, a uncertain shot. I'm gonna tell 'im I found one that's straight down the course."

"Is he a nice boss?" They were almost home now.

"Best ther' is," avowed Bud. "Takes me ever'where he goes. He couldn't do nuthin' widout me, tho."

"Who is he?" asked Coralie.

"Mister McKaye, a reg'lar guy. Mr. Duncan McKaye, the longest driver in th' world, I guess."

Coralie was unprepared. She flushed. "Why, Bud! I know him! He *is* a reg'lar guy, isn't he?"

Bud was surprized. "You know 'im an' he said that about girls? Well, I'll tell 'im wot I thinks of 'im."

"I hope you will." The car pulled up before her home. "Good-by, Bud," said Coralie. Over his protest she kissed him and then told the chauffeur to drive him home.

It didn't seem to trouble Coralie that she had to go in and dress for another party. She didn't mind. She sang. She had done something she wanted to, and it had turned out to be most perfectly the thing that should have been done. A kindly thought for the literary man passed through her mind. But mostly she was thinking of another man, "the longest driver in the world."

And she went to the party in the dress of black and scarlet and flamed the whole evening. That was fun too.

TWO persons lived in the McKaye home. One of them was a young man and the other was an "old boy." Father and son—they laughed together at many things, themselves and life. They were in the living-room after dinner with their coffee and tobacco. The old boy was contemplative. Finally he put down his cigar. "Duncan," he said, "this somber old house cries for a mistress. What are you going to do about it?"

Duncan laughed. "Get one, I suppose, Dad. I have been thinking about it. There is a girl I have known awfully well for two years, but we've had such fun together that I've not wanted to spoil it."

"Is that so? Well, you can just forget her. I've found one for you. You won't have to worry about it any more."

"You are as bad as my caddie, Dad," laughed Duncan. "He has picked one out for me, too. Only he had the grace to pick the one I had been thinking about myself. She found him down-town and took him to the movies, and he is convinced that she is the ultimate in womankind."

"But she is one of the tribe that dine and dance and talk vaguely about nothing. That's not what we want."

"She is quite different," interposed Duncan.

"Oh, yes, I know; but she is a pale picture compared with the girl I've found for you."

Duncan began to be seriously alarmed. "Since you force me to it, Dad, I'll tell you that I already care for the girl I mentioned."

"I already care for the girl I found," flared the old boy. "Just a little incident too, but it stamped her. I was driving to lunch to-day and we were caught in a street blockade. It was windy, and my hat blew off. The crowd laughed and I was much embarrassed. We were blocked in and no one made a move to get my hat! There was a girl there, held up by the jam. I saw her hesitate an instant and then impulsively she stepped into the street and picked up my hat. The crowd mocked her, but she ignored them beautifully—stood there brushing my hat with her handkerchief like a queen. Now what do you think of such a girl?"

"Depends on the girl," said Duncan. "What did you do?"

"I was delighted to ask her into my car and to take her to lunch at the club. I haven't enjoyed a meal so in years. She was clever and sensible and such poise! My boy, she has blood."

Duncan began to be alarmed.

"I told her I wanted my son, Duncan McKaye, to know her. She said she had heard of you and would be very glad."

Duncan was annoyed. "Who in the world is she?"

"Templeton—yes, that's it, Templeton. I've forgotten the first name."

The old boy could not understand why Duncan should so suddenly rise and go poking among those magazines.

In the month preceding the Templeton Summer migration to Archmont Coralie lived in a realm of happiness unprecedented. Every time she wanted to do something, forgot to be afraid, and did it, things turned to gold. And Duncan himself, contrary to his habit, began riding and golfing with her. He had even done a theater with her, and several times he had been on the point of saying something very wonderful. But he was too embarrassed to go through with it.

"'DUNCAN!' SHE DEMANDED, 'WOULD YOU ASK ME NOW? I WANT IT TO BE *NOW*'"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 49

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

How do they accomplish it?

The women who give their skin the hardest wear manage to keep their faces young long after other women have grown old and unattractive

The actress gives her complexion harder wear and demands more of it in return than any other woman. She must keep her skin fine and clear though she covers it with cosmetics. It must be fresh in spite of late, weary hours.

How does she accomplish this? By careful study of her skin she has discovered the *two indispensable things* it needs to keep it in the fresh, beautifully supple condition she demands.

First the perfect kind of cleansing at night that leaves the face soft and clear as lovely spring flowers are soft and transparently fine—every bit of dirt, every trace of cosmetic, every shadow of weariness, taken away. Then the exquisite morning freshening that keeps the skin flowerlike through the day and also guards it completely from every coarsening thing.

These are the two fundamentals of skin loveliness, the two essentials that keep the skin young and lovely for years longer than any other method.

For these two things many well-known actresses depend on the two entirely different creams that Pond's developed especially for this method of keeping a woman's skin young and fresh—Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream.

The perfect cleansing—the delicate freshening and complete protection. With Pond's two creams, no hateful dullness, no harsh dryness, nor premature lines can mar the skin. Beautiful actresses of the stage and the screen tell how wonderfully smooth and fresh these two creams keep their skin.

And many other women write such enthusiastic letters as these:—

"Pond's Cold Cream takes out the dirt that clogs the pores. Also by gentle massaging with the cold cream I find there is no place for wrinkles to come in my face. I have been a constant user of Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream for over ten years. Although I am thirty years old my face looks twenty and I think I owe it to the use of Pond's Two Creams."

Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

Charming Peggy Wood, now playing in "The Clinging Vine," says, "Pond's Cold Cream cleanses easily and leaves my skin feeling fresh. Then the Vanishing Cream really protects and is a lovely base for powder."

Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

Mae Murray, one of the most alluring of screen stars, says, "I have found that Pond's Two Creams give the complexion a lovely freshness and smoothness."

Allyn King, a Follies beauty, says, "Pond's Cold Cream leaves my face fresh and stimulated. Pond's Vanishing Cream I use to hold the powder and freshen the skin."

Raymor Studios, Chicago, from Paul Stone Bureau

Evelyn Gosnell says, "Pond's Vanishing Cream keeps my skin soft and holds the powder for hours. Pond's Cold Cream keeps it always clear."

SEE WHAT THIS FAMOUS METHOD WILL DO FOR YOU

Do this every night. With the finger tips or a piece of moistened cotton, apply Pond's Cold Cream freely. The very fine oil in it penetrates every pore of your skin. Let it stay on a minute—now wipe it off with a soft cloth. Dirt and excess oil, the rouge and powder you have used during the day are taken off your skin and out of the pores. ***Do this twice.*** Your skin looks fresh and is beautifully supple.

And every morning, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream, covering your whole face. If you wish, rouge—powder. How smooth and velvety your face feels to your hand! Nothing can roughen it. And it will stay that way all day.

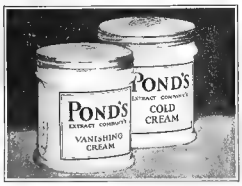
To see how Pond's two creams actually improve your skin, use this method regularly. Buy both creams tonight in jars or tubes. Neither delicate cream can clog your pores or grow hair. The Pond's Extract Company.

The common troubles that make a woman's skin look older—Pond's banishes them

Accumulation of oil and dirt in the pores. Sometimes the oil in your skin accumulates in the glands and attracts dirt and bacteria. Soon your whole complexion has that horrid muddy look. The oil shines through the powder, mixes with it! For this condition cleanse every night with Pond's Cold Cream, which is so light it penetrates the glands and *takes out excess oil and dirt together.* Then every morning put on Pond's Vanishing Cream to protect and keep your face fresh through the day.

Premature wrinkles, scaling, dry shine. These are especially the troubles of a dry skin. To avoid them, keep your skin soft day and night. Cleanse with plenty of Pond's Cold Cream nightly and keep some on over night. Feel your skin relax. Then by day, Pond's Vanishing Cream prevents your skin from drying out again—forms a delicate, sure protection.

Coarsening Sun and Windburn. The daily repetition of weather damage does more to age your skin than any other single factor. For this exposure, use faithfully the nightly Pond's Cold Cream cleansing and in the day the delicate yet sure protection of Pond's Vanishing Cream.



Every skin needs these Two Creams—Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing, Pond's Vanishing Cream to protect and to hold the powder

GENEROUS TUBES—
MAIL COUPON WITH 10c TODAY

The Pond's Extract Co., 121 Hudson St., New York

Ten cents (10c) is inclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Especially in demand now

They who appreciate superlative goodness in foods are, it seems, unnumbered. Everywhere there is a constantly increasing demand for foods which bear the distinctive Libby triangle label.

Especially in demand now are Libby's Catchup—catchup unusually rich; Libby's Chili Sauce—a relish delightfully piquant; and Libby's Pork and Beans with a Tomato Sauce that's truly distinctive in its flavor.

Still, as winter approaches, many larders are filling with Libby's Fruits and Vegetables and other Condiments against the days of entertaining to come. A provisioning doubly wise since these Libby foods of Finer Flavor cost no more than the ordinary.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, 310 Welfare Bldg., Chicago
Libby, McNeill & Libby of Canada, Ltd.
Chatham, Ontario, Canada

Libby's

Catchup
Chili Sauce
Pork and Beans
with Tomato Sauce

Libby's Pork and Beans, Catchup, Olives, Pickles and Kraut are also packed in Libby's Canadian Kitchens

The American Woman

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

They were the sex instinct and those responses of the instinct of self-assertion that show in the form of anger, envy, emulation, pride, ambition, and so on. Above all, to the Puritan, as to Paul, sex was sin.

"Now," Paul declares, "the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these: Adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revelings, and such like; of the which I tell you that they which do such things shall not inherit the Kingdom of God."

And observe that these sins are not sins of action alone; half of them are sins of thought. The instincts were not merely to be prevented from impelling to sinful action; they were to be stopped from getting into the conscious mind as sinful thoughts. They were to be dammed up in the subconscious mind, with all their undrained energy and all their unrelieved tension, and allowed no escape into the conscious mind.

The Puritans, in fact, were attempting what we now know to be practically impossible. The conscious mind can easily control instinctive action; it can not wholly control instinctive thought. It can control the action the more easily if it allows the thought into the conscious mind, where it can drain off the energy somewhat and relieve the tension. The Puritan could not permit himself the safety-valve of this drainage. When his instinctive thoughts came into consciousness they filled him with a fear of eternal punishment, a feeling of guilt, a conviction of baseness, a ceaseless anxiety from which he rarely obtained any secure escape.

This is the key to the Puritan character and to the code of social conduct which he set. At his worst, he had a bad case of "floating anxiety," as physicians now call it. His repressions, in various disguises, leaked into his mind poisonously, and he "blew up" under the strain in an appalling way. At his best, he was likely to be a worried, sour-faced, self-persecuted, joyless hypochondriac. And the Puritan woman was in quite as unhappy a state.

The typical American woman of to-day is the true product of these Puritan founders of the nation. Most often she is brought up, as a child, in a religion that is almost as joyless and repressive as theirs; and no matter what escape she makes in later years by virtue of her adult skepticism, her subconscious mind remains Puritanic and either governs her conduct or punishes her with ill health—and particularly with nervous disorders—if she transgresses against her early training. Even when her religion has not been Puritanic the social code under which she must live—the code which she learns in school and finds all-powerful in ordinary American society when she grows up—is a code that has been set by Puritan traditions and she is commonly wise enough to conform to it and to teach her children to conform.

IT IS interesting to trace some of the items of this social code back to their Puritan beginnings and to see how they helped to make the American woman different from her foreign sisters.

The original Puritans came to a new country where an unconquered wilderness gave them an outlet in physical labor for some of the energies which their repressions had stored up within them. They attributed any failure, any calamity, any ill luck at all, to divine displeasure; and when, in the New World, the colony began to succeed, its prosperity was equally looked upon as an evidence of God's favor. Industry, which produced prosperity, became therefore a public virtue. Idleness, in man or woman, was a dangerous sin.

Indeed, outside of the rites of self-denial, good conduct for the Puritan was chiefly an affair of industry, and the first American woman was above all a competent and exhausted housewife. She has set a tradition, in this respect, for the great mass of American women. She has made them share, too, in our national feeling that prosperity is vaguely a blessing on virtue, that ill luck and continued misfortune imply something like heavenly disfavor. To the typical American woman, as to the typical American man, worldly success has still an almost religious appeal; and in this they are distinctly different from the foreigner who has an aristocratic tradition.

The original Puritans had revolted against every ceremonial device—such as confession and communion—by which the older religions freed the conscious mind from its control of sin; only God could free the Puritan of that guilt, through his conscience. He had revolted also against the belief in a clergy that could interpret for him the Word of God infallibly, and except for the prestige of the elder there was no commanding authority to assure the Puritan that his belief was available to salvation. On top of this, his repressed instinctive impulses continually burst in upon his conscious mind and had to be fought back. He could arrive at no inner peace. His conscience forever accused him.

His prosperity, showing God's favor, left him still uneasy, because worldly prosperity is an uncertain thing, always menaced by disaster. But prosperity earned for him the respect of his neighbors. So did the practise o self-denial. And reputation, being visibly expressed in the regard of the community, was a great anodyne and easement of his inner apprehensions. Hence a good reputation for man or woman became a most desirable thing; the opinion of their fellows gained an abnormal authority over them; and it still has that power in American life to an incredible degree, over both men and women, standardizing them. The oreigner, supported by the aristocratic tradition, has much more patience with indiv dual peculiarities and develops more marked idiosyncrasies.

Since there was among the Puritans no priestly class to act as the authorized interpreters of the Scr ptures it was necessary that every one should have sufficient education to be able to read and understand the Bible. To the Puritans ignorance was the source of superstition in religion and the stronghold of "despotism in politics"; and they "cultivated knowledge with might and main." By so doing they established in America our characteristic belief in the magical power of education, and the American woman has shared in the benefits of that belief. She is allowed to use her mind within much more liberal limits than her foreign sister, altho she is permitted no greater freedom in her conduct.

HERE, then, are three items of our social code, derived from Puritanism, which affect the American woman: our devotion to industry and worldly success, our deference to public opinion which standardizes us, and our belief in education which makes us literate. But these are only vague mass influences that affect character superficially. The American woman is much more profoundly the product of Puritanism than in any such general ways as these. Take her, for instance, as a wife and mother.

She is easily the most important person in America—the American mother. She is far more important than any man. It is chiefly she makes the character of the nation, because it is she who sets the subconscious ideals of its citizens in their infancy before their intelligence develops; and once those unconscious ideals are set it has been impossible in the past for intelligent education to change them. She is a more powerful influence in her home than the foreign mother is in hers, because in America the children are left more in the mother's care. The American husbands are more absorbed in their business or their profession than the men abroad. American children are not so generally taken away from their mothers and sent to boarding-school. The American schoolteacher is usually a woman, and she acts as a proxy for the mother.

Consequently, to the American subconscious mind there is no symbol so potent as the mother image. On the stage, in the motion-pictures, in fiction, in the popular song, she has an appeal far greater than the mother has abroad. In every successful American man's autobiography we find him crediting his success to his mother. On the battle-fields of France the mother image replaced all other love images. It is pathetic to find in Americans of the most distinguished achievement the feeling that still they have not been all that mother expected of them. She is largely responsible for the degree of ideism that is so characteristic of the American mind. She is largely responsible for the greatest defect of the American mind—its failure to face reality. And she derives both these responsibilities from her Puritan tradition.

The Puritan woman used her intellect devotedly in the narrowed occupation of becoming a good wife and mother. The man saw the world as he found it. He had to conquer the physical oppos.tion of nature in a new land and he had to reckon with the facts of human nature also. He accepted human nature as made up of qualities of envy, jealousy, avarice, self-interest, and so forth; and he devised ways of expediency and opportunism to get along with those things in humanity in order that he might prosper.

The woman, being barred from a knowledge of the world as it is, formed a dream world in which she justified her ideals. In her dream world she did not have to compromise with the facts of human nature; they were vices, and they could be annihilated by an act of imagination. She was typically an idealist, as the man was largely a pragmatist.

She was forced to repress her sense of the injustice to herself that she felt in the man's terms of co-operation in marriage, so she made it up to herself by demanding abstract justice in her dream world. And she gave her picture of the world to her children and equipped them with her ideals as the weapons with which to attack reality.

She felt the opposition of reality as an obscure moral danger threatening her husband and her sons, and she saw that danger incarnated in the "bad boy" of the neighborhood who led her sons into mischief. The bad boy, grown up, was equally a menace to her husband, and it was to combat this menace that she became a social reformer. The men of the family accepted her ideals of reform as

CONTINUED ON PAGE 30

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Baltimore's Strong for Morton's

"WHEN IT RAINS IT POURS"

As in other cities, Morton's Salt is the outstanding favorite of Baltimore's 733,000 people. With numerous brands in bag and package to choose from, the more critical select Morton's for its vigorous flavor, for the way it pours in any weather. These two dominant qualities have made it the choice of the nation.

Washington Monument in Vernon Square, Baltimore, on a rainy night.

Good Cooks Use It

USING salt as often as you do in both dining room and kitchen, you naturally want salt that offers you the utmost in flavor and convenience—salt that you can depend on.

Most of the good cooks of the country choose Morton's; they've had experience and know what they're talking about.

They've found Morton's not only economical but a delightful, year around convenience.

Economical, because a little does so much flavoring; the true zest of pure salt many times refined.

Convenient because it doesn't cake or lump in salt cellars or the handy package. It always pours—even "when it rains it pours"; bound to; the cube crystals tumble off one another.

When you're ordering, ask for "Morton's".

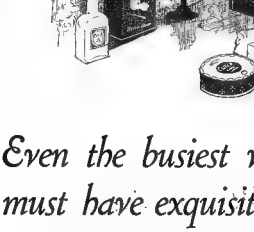
MORTON SALT COMPANY
CHICAGO

Helpful hints on uses of salt

When you have no ice, keep your butter cool this way: place a moist cloth over the dish containing the butter and set it in a vessel of cool salt water. Do not let the water come over the top of the dish. To stiffen white organdie: instead of using starch, rinse material in a strong Morton's Salt solution and iron while damp.

Digitized by Google
Original from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Smooth unbroken cuticle



A quick lasting brilliance

Even the busiest woman must have exquisite nails

JUST TWO THINGS TO DO
AND THE SAFE QUICK WAY TO DO THEM

There is no one so busy as the young mother. Housekeeping—the endless demands of her adorable babies—her own interests—and the social partnership with an ambitious husband. And besides all this, she herself must be always well groomed—attractive—ready for the unexpected.

Thanks to Cutex she can, with only a few moments each week, have lovely well groomed nails. The two simple steps in the Cutex manicure take only five minutes. Performed twice a week they keep the nails exquisite.

First all ragged dry cuticle must be removed and a soft and unbroken rim left in its place. Cutex does this easily and banishes the dangerous scissors forever. Just dip an orange stick wrapped in cotton into the bottle and with it work around the base of each nail. The dead dry cuticle is softened, loosened—rinse the fingers and it wipes away leaving a smooth shapely nail base. Just pass the moist Cutex orange stick under the nail tip and the nails are white and transparent.

Then—bewitching touch for lovely hands—polished gleaming nails. Cutex has lately perfected a wonderful new Powder Polish that gives a charming delicate lustre quickly and easily. It is scented, tinted, velvet smooth. Just shake a little powder on the soft part of the palm of the hand. A few quick strokes of the nails across the palm leaves them lovely—glowing like jewels. And this rose pearl lustre lasts and lasts.

In five minutes these two operations have transformed your nails—even the most neglected ones, to lovely, gleaming things that add to the charm of your whole personality.

Then to keep the nails always perfect—while you are creaming your face at night smooth a little cream into the base of each nail. Your regular cold cream will do though Cutex has prepared a special Cuticle Cream (Comfort) with just the right oils to keep the cuticle soft and healthy.

If you prefer liquid, cake or paste polishes, Cutex has them too. Each is the best of its kind and costs only 35c. Complete manicure sets come for 60c, $1.00, $1.50 and $3.00, at all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada and chemist shops in England.

Introductory Set—
now only 12c

Fill out this coupon and mail it with 12c in coin or stamps for the Introductory Set containing trial sizes of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Powder Polish, Liquid Polish, Cuticle Cream (Comfort), emery board and orange stick. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th St., New York, or if you live in Canada, Dept. P20, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, Canada.

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 12c TODAY

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. P20,
114 West 17th St., New York
I enclose 12c in stamps or coin for new Introductory Set containing enough Cutex for six manicures.

Name _____

Street _____
(or P. O. box)

City _____ State _____

The American Woman

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

worthy aspirations toward making a better world; but, meantime, they had to succeed in the world as it was; and without opposing her ideals they continued to compromise in their relations with reality. That is to say, those did who succeeded materially—the sons imitating the father in conduct even while they subscribed to the mother's hope.

Those sons who followed the mother's teaching and example faithfully—usually because of an antagonism to the father—became idealists and reformers and split away from what you might call the "prosperity type" of American. Anthony Comstock is an extreme example. Others kept enough of the mother's attitude of mind to create that practical sort of American idealism which goes along with hard business sense without conflict.

Among her most recognizable children are the good Americans who leave politics and the hurly-burly of practical government to the realists, and complain that they are exploited and despoiled. In literature they are the melancholy minor poets, or the "escape artists" of our romantic fiction, or the sentimental realists who write the comedies of manners, or the psychologists of the Henry James school who study character in an exhaust-chamber from which all the crude brutalities of life have been withdrawn. In painting they are the poetical landscape artists of the famous American "homeopathic" school. If they revolt in art it is rather a revolt against the artistic conventions and the accepted form—a revolt in manner, not in matter—or it is a Greenwich Village revolt, so self-conscious that it impairs the balanced sincerity of their reflection of life.

They crusade in defense of free verse, and then use free verse as a medium in which to imitate the conventionalized etherealities of Japanese prints. As everyday citizens they have impractical public ideals, to which their politician does only lip-service, with the tongue in the cheek. They profess a private morality which they too often find it impossible to practise, and they forgive themselves their inevitable lapses in conduct so long as they do not lower their standards of pretension. Their idealism is then maintained on hypocrisy; and privately and publicly they suffer unending defeat.

It is in the matter of sex education particularly that the typical American mother, in the past, has given her children the most ineffective weapons against reality. She left her son to get his real education in sex from the "bad boys" of the neighborhood, and the education that he received was furtive, morbid, guilty against his mother's idealism, and haunted by remorse. Out of his remorse arose that adolescent male melancholia which is an almost universal American phenomenon. The remorse either drove in the direction of forgetting in excitement—particularly in the excitement of sowing wild oats—or it reversed toward an expiation of conscience by dedicating life to a high ideal, and so inspired some of the noblest, and many of the most useless, idealistic impulses of American youth.

The daughter received no real sex education at all. Sex was made wholly nasty and abhorrent to her, and all her instinctive thoughts of sex were marked for her as impure. When in the course of her development the unsatisfied instinct created its inevitable tension and emotion, that emotion, divorced from its biological purpose, was felt only as a craving for affection, a craving for romantic love. Its one permitted goal, of course, was conjugality and marriage—but marriage divorced also from its natural purpose, as in the classic instance of the American girl, in Mrs. Edith Wharton's essay, who left her husband when she found that he had only married in order to have children.

THIS ideal of romantic marriage is the great illusion of the American woman. It produces the very common American type, "the disappointed wife"—who finds the illusion shattered by reality—and it is probably the commonest basic cause of American divorce. The difficulty seems to lie in the fact that there is an essential difference between the nature of the sex instinct in man and in woman. In man it is a definite appetite that can be abruptly satiated; in woman it is a more diffuse receptivity that persists. Romantic love in a man is a phenomenon that precedes courtship but tends to disappear with the satisfaction of the sex instinct. Romantic love in the woman does not so end. It persists, as receptivity persists; and, persisting indefinitely in the modern childless marriage, it causes an extraordinary degree of feminine disappointment and unrest in American life.

During courtship this diffuse receptivity in the girl is converted, by force of conscience, into an esthetic emotion which gets its satisfaction in flattery, attention, adulation, and so forth. Love is thought of as pure, but the real source of the emotion is considered something base and defiled. The emotion and the illusion continue after marriage, and the American wife demands from her husband an amount of attention and adulation that amazes the foreigner. She remains, none the less, dissatisfied, because the perceived emotion is no more satisfiable than the crude basis of its origin. In the earlier generations woman was more or less secluded in her dissatisfaction, but the new woman in America has obtained a liberty that compares with man's. She is making the mistake of believing that her instinct can be satisfied as a man's is. Unless she finds some way to gain a conscious understanding and intelligent control of her sex emotions, they promise to drive her endlessly.

One need hardly say that all this is offered in explanation of the American woman, not in criticism of her. She is the inevitable product of American folk-ways, and it is as absurd to criticize folk-ways as to criticize any other natural phenomena. A civilization is like a climate; if you do not like it you can leave it. You can change it no more easily than you can change a climate. And, like a climate, it always has the virtues of its defects.

The home-and-mother type of American woman has been the great stabilizer of American society. If, in her idealism, she ignored certain biological elements in life, she ignored them with fair success; and, being herself successful, she taught such innocence to her children. The core of our society is formed of that innocence. It has made possible the strong foundations upon which the American social system has been securely built, and they are the work of the Puritan mother more than any one else.

In the early days of the nation the home-and-mother type was most valuable to the American man in his quest for prosperity, because it assured a supply of cheap labor for home-making; and it was most satisfying to his craving for dominance, and for comfort and approval. Its success with him made it an American ideal. And, as an ideal, it became fixed by the imitation of the daughter on the one hand, and on the other by the unconscious demand of the son for a wife after his mother's model. He would co-operate only with the girl who was like his mother and who produced a home "like mother used to make." His family and the society of his day encouraged and supported him in his preference.

To produce the qualities of this ideal became the goal of all home training and of all seminary education for girls. The qualities of the ideal set the notion of propriety for women, and propriety grew to be that form of feminine equipment which would best gain marital co-operation. In time, conscience itself became attached to propriety as a sort of feminine religion, so that to-day the typical American woman's fear of impropriety equals the typical American man's fear of business failure, and both fears are founded on religious fear in the subconscious mind. Propriety has attained sanctity. It has extended itself to social conventions and to conventions in dress. The shame of being unfashionable, in the typical American woman, is now commonly indistinguishable from a pang of conscience. And the fear of impropriety has made her, when she revolts against her "man-made world," a much more prim and conventional rebel than her foreign sister.

It is illuminating to see where this revolt began. In the devoted Puritan wife and mother there was a hidden trend of feeling, an unconscious trend, that was none the less powerful for being hidden and down. Her self-repressions, damming up her ego instincts in subconsciousness, filled in her a reservoir of secret hatred and revolt against marital injustice. Unpaid work, excessive child-bearing, dependency, and lack of property rights became symbols of this injustice, and they produced a more or less conscious reaction which was registered by her daughter in ways which she suppressed in herself. It was registered, especially, by the daughter for whom the prospect of marriage had been made unbearable by the Puritan teaching that sex is sin, and she developed into the second great type in American life, the woman who refused to co-operate with man in order to obtain success.

At first one path only was open to her: she became the New England schoolteacher. At once she was confronted by the obstacles of unequal pay and unequal opportunity. As a teacher she was given only one-quarter of a man's salary for the same sort of work. And she was still dependent on man's approval for success, just as her mother had been, because all avenues to prosperity were controlled by men. She did not have the wife's restraining loyalty to repress her anger at the injustice, and it became a conscious rancor. She revolted. She revolted intellectually, but she remained conventional.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 32

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

What is Your Mark?

IF you have ever laughed over that delightfully whimsical story of Frank Stockton's—"Rudder Grange"—you will remember the tramp who climbed the apple-tree to get away from Lord Edward, the ferocious watch dog.

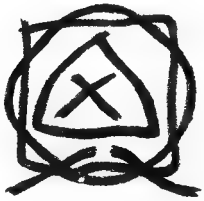
The man of the house, you recall, came to see what the trouble was all about and the tramp promised "if you'll chain up that dog, and let me go, I'll fix things so that you'll not be troubled no more by no tramps." It was a bargain. The next day a curious mark was discovered cut in a tree at the end of the lane. No tramps appeared that summer—to the great wonderment of the household.

Weeks later the man noticed another tramp looking at the mark on the tree. He bribed the hobo to tell him what it meant. And he learned that he had been branded as "a mean, stingy cuss, with a wicked dog" and it was "no good to go there."

* * * *

Every shop, every factory, every business has its mark—so that those who know the signs may read. It is the mark given it by its employees. Be sure of this: there is no way to escape the mark that is deserved—whether good or bad.

You have known factories where every employee hated his work—where constant sullen bitterness and strife were the order of the day—where Jim told Bill, "don't work down at X's place unless you are starving." A *black* mark was the symbol of such a place.



Perhaps you say:
"This is none of my affair."
—But you are wrong! –

It concerns *you*—wherever you are and whoever you are:

It concerns you in all your daily comings and goings—whether you live on a farm and plow the land or whether you live in the city and work in a bank—whether you are the President of your company or its least important employee:

Any general strike affects *you*—even though you are not directly connected with it.

For instance, when the employees of a transportation company go on strike—if you *buy* milk, it may not be delivered; if you *sell* milk, it may spoil on your hands. Either your baby or your pocketbook is liable to suffer. Perishable food may spoil and prices will go skyrocketing. Building materials won't move and work on dwellings and schools will stop.

Not only your luxuries and comforts but also your actual necessities may be cut off *without warning*—when work stops!

And you have known other factories and businesses where the employees were contented, where everything ran smoothly, where strikes were unknown, where it was a pleasure to work. A *white* mark for such a place.

What makes the difference between the two? What gives one a bad mark and another a good mark? The difference is in the business vision and the human kindness of the men at the helm.

* * * *

Business today is undergoing a great change. In this new-day business outlook wise employers do not grind work out of their helpers as though they were machines. A new art has entered business—the art of coöperation.

The employer who has this vision sees the *whole* man he has employed—not just his hands or his brains. He knows that Hands, Head and Heart must all be considered. And the employer who recognizes this art in business finds in practice that the day-to-day well-being of his employees makes for his own welfare.

He knows that every single one of his employees has four sides—physical, mental, social and financial. He provides better working conditions. He enables them to earn enough to live decently. He helps them to save. He enlists their intelligence as well as their skill. He knows that they need recreation. He sees that these wants are met and he goes still further by insuring their lives.

It is the dawn of a new tomorrow in business—the day when employers and employees begin to understand each other and plan together for mutual good. Men at last are learning that Humanics plays as great a part in business as Mechanics and that *happy workers* are the big concealed asset in many a business enterprise.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has searchers constantly at work in all parts of the United States and Canada, gathering data concerning various businesses. It is a giant magnet of business information—a great clearing house of better business ideas.

Every day the Metropolitan receives inquiries from employers for information on what industry is doing to bring employers and employees into closer sympathy by making business more *human*.

One phase of this new concept of business is the importance assumed by Group Insurance. It is life insurance at wholesale rates carried by an employer under one policy covering his employees.

Here in the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company we have found Group Insurance a new opportunity and a new responsibility. Through it we have come in closest contact with hundreds of widely varied businesses whose needs we have studied, which we have been instrumental in helping.

One of our group insurance policies gives life insurance protection aggregating $51,400,000,—the largest ever known in the history of insurance. One sheet of paper with one signature and the names of 42,000 people attached—42,000 people helped to greater health and happiness! It is inspiring!

A fine thing about Group Insurance is that it enables people whose physical condition will not permit them to pass a regular examination to be insured without medical examination. Think of the weight of worry this lifts from the men and women who need insurance most and without it must leave their families unprovided for.

Our Policyholders' Service Bureau has prepared reports covering many of the present day business problems—factory management, safety devices, stock purchasing and profit-sharing plans, housing, sanitation, factory routing, etc. Valuable information of this kind is at your disposal and will be mailed on request.

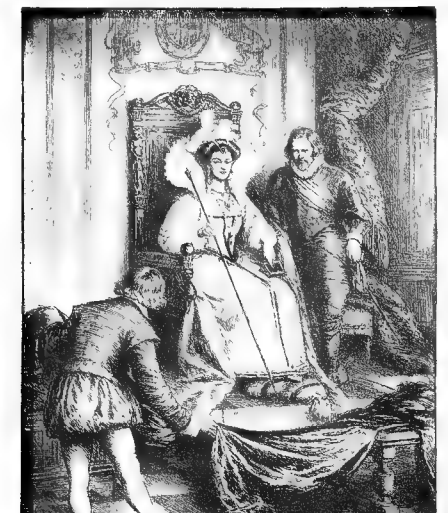
HALEY FISKE, *President.*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in Force, More new Insurance each year

Digitized by Google
Original from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY



ELIZABETHAN ENGLAND REVELED IN COSTUMES OF VARI-COLORED SILKS

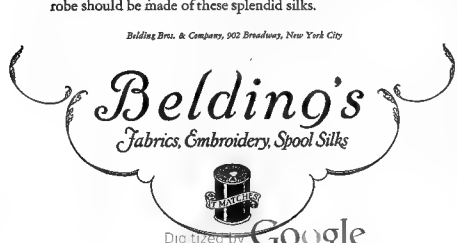
LONDON in the time of good Queen Bess presented a pageant of costumes—fine ladies in high-standing ruffs, tight bodices, billowing skirts and gay gallants wearing knee breeches and slashed doublets faced with bright colors.

The silk merchants whose stalls sheltered in the shadow of old St. Paul's did a thriving trade in rich silks from distant ports but woe to him whose silks or whose services displeased a powerful noble—the Tower was wont to loom up ominously before him!

Nowadays, silks are no longer fabrics for the few, modern manufacture brings their beauty within reach of the most modest wardrobe, and any American woman may boast a wider range of choice than could Queen Elizabeth herself.

But even today fine silks are not to be found in *every* shop, and the woman who would be sure—in advance—of enduring quality will ask for, and buy, only silks with the name "Belding's" woven in the selvage. There are Belding's Silks for every purpose—gowns, linings, lingerie—your whole wardrobe should be made of these splendid silks.

Belding Bros. & Company, 902 Broadway, New York City



The American Woman

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

The ideal of propriety was particularly urgent in her because the danger of infamy to an unmarried woman was greater than to a married one; and in her teaching she emphasized propriety as a worthy goal In that she was typically American and strikingly different from the Continental woman in revolt.

The early temperance movement in America enlisted both the mother who wished to reform man and the unmarried woman who wished to retaliate on him. The failure of the temperance movement and of the campaign for equal pay awakened the American woman to the cause of that failure—which was her lack of the vote. All her free energies then went into the struggle for the franchise. It was a struggle for which she had been well trained, because the franchise could come to her as a gift from the enfranchised man, and the life of the average American woman had been spent in obtaining whatever she wanted in the world from the man who stood between her and the difficult facts of competitive existence.

She obtained the franchise. It is nothing in itself, but it is the key that opens the doors to social reform and to equal pay. It will be used by the woman who wishes to apply her sheltered ideals to the world of reality and by the woman who wishes to use the path of prosperity to escape from psychic anxiety. And they will make a notable revolution in American affairs. They have already helped to make one by their support of prohibition.

In the early days of the nation, then, the outstanding types of American women were these that we have noted. But with the advent of prosperity, tho it did not greatly alter the life of the American man, there came a great change in the life of the mass of American women. Much of the wife's earlier work in the home was taken over by machine industry outside the home; the remainder was largely withdrawn from her and her daughters by the prosperous man's desire to relieve them of labor and to use their idleness as the honorific indication of his success.

The leisured woman's first impulse was toward ornamental intellectuality in the shape of culture, in imitation of the English aristocratic ideal. This was especially true in New England, where the type appeared as the "bluestocking" of the days before the Civil War, and still exists. It was prevented from becoming a national ideal because the American young man, absorbed in the pursuit of material success, found the intellectuality of the "bluestocking" an invidious reproach to his own lack of ornamental culture; and he shunned her.

Her intellectuality barred her from the marital co-operation that was still her easiest avenue to success in life, and intellectuality as an ideal of feminine propriety was gradually driven out of fashion. Parents discouraged it. The humorists ridiculed it. The advocates of higher education for women were put on the defensive to prove that intellectuality was not a bar to marriage, and the intellectual young woman in America to-day usually conceals her attainments from the marriageable young man.

INSTEAD of ornamental culture for women another form of honorific knowledge became the national ambition. That was the acquiring of what you might call "caste marks." The prosperous young man advanced so fast that he could always look above his social station for a wife. His employer's daughter became his ideal. She was "a thoroughbred" to him. She had "class." His preference for her type began to react on girls of his own social station, and they quickly developed marks of caste in accordance with his taste. They began to imitate the clothes and manners of the leisure class, to play the same games, to dance the same dances, to cultivate the same social formalities.

A knowledge of certain high-caste recreations became more important than education. Every American community set up its country club, as naturally as in the earlier days it had built its schoolhouse The circumstances under which golf is played—on the outskirts of the city, with the necessary addition of an automobile generally—made it especially honorific; and it is at present the national American game of the well-to-do and their caste imitators. A few easy forms of ornamental culture acquired merit, as, for instance, music and the opera, now popularized by the phonograph and the reproducing-piano; but, for the most part, intellectual adornment of the old-fashioned sort declined.

The education of the American woman in caste manners was undertaken by the popular magazine and by the woman's page in the daily newspaper. Our famous "Don'ts for Girls" were largely lessons in caste manners; and the woman's magazines devoted themselves especially to instructing her in the ritual of caste dress, caste manners, caste habits in home decoration and the service of meals, caste games, sports, hobbies, manias, and pursuits Recently this sort of education has been greatly aided by the motion-picture and its depiction of the sort of high life that a modest but aspiring female is thrilled to see. The result is a standardization of the American young girl in clothes, interests, and conversation beyond anything that the world has ever seen.

While such imitations of the employer's daughter were progressing in popularity, she was herself advanced in caste acquirement by the aspirations of her father. He was proud to have a girl who looked like a thoroughbred. She was made what the sociologists call a "recipient of adulatory wealth." She developed into the type of the spoiled child of American prosperity. The female seminary of earlier days was supplanted by the fashionable finishing-school; and after the finishing-school a course of European travel perfected her education in acquiring caste marks. For a time the crown and summit of her caste ambition was marriage with a European nobleman, but this exaggeration injured the cult because it antagonized the successful American young men. Moreover, the foreign marriage was rarely happy.

THE American leisure-class girl had become an expert in dominating her father, and she felt the necessity of reducing her husband to a similar state of what you might call affectionate vassalage. For this status neither tradition nor home training had prepared the European man. Conflict followed, and the husband did not yield. Warnings were set up against the foreign marriage, and it became an American maxim that the American men made the better husbands—"the best husbands in the world." They are conceded to be not such gallant lovers as the foreign aristocrat, nor so decoratively intellectual, nor so highly mannered; but they have been better trained in the marital traditions of the spoiled child of wealth, and she can manage them more smoothly.

Meanwhile another influence had been affecting the typical American girl. While she was studying caste as a new form of propriety, her brother was being emancipated from his Puritan conventions in college and in the big cities. The traditional wildness of college boys became an ambition in him. He developed a sort of Oriental fantasy, formed out of fairy-tales and the Arabian Nights of his boyhood, but supported, as a conscious ideal, on the philosophy of Omar Khayyam.

That fantasy realized itself in the pursuit of what might be called "the chorus-girl illusion." It is a very popular illusion to-day. It has overthrown the subconscious image of the mother—as a model for the desired wife—in the minds of many American young men who have had the means to indulge the more extravagant impulses of adolescent excitement. With some of these youths the defeat of the mother has been only temporary; they have returned to the mother image in selecting a wife. But many prosperous American business men married in the chorus-girl illusion, and the competition of the type has been sufficiently strong to make the leisure-class girl modify her caste marks She has been influenced too by the stylish "office wife" with whom a certain "prosperity type" of American business man attempts to realize the Oriental fantasy of his adolescence.

In competition with the show-girl and the stylish stenographer who has adopted the use of the show-girl's lip-stick, the leisure-class girl has discovered that the more nearly she imitates these dashing rivals the more popular she is with the young man of to-day. Her imitation has produced that latest type of American girl, "the wise kid," whose clothes and conversation so appal her elders. She is competing successfully with her rivals in the Oriental fantasy of her adolescent lover, but both she and the young man have overlooked the fact that his Omar Khayyam ideal has no practical relation to the realities of life and marriage. That is something which they both discover when he, as her husband, tries to put her back into the mold of the conventional mother.

She has been assisted in her revolt against Puritan conventions by the War against Germany, which changed the world for the American woman much more than it did for the man. She gets a very curious indication of this fact in the present mode of woman's dress. Since our early Puritan days eminent propriety has required her to hide her legs. The needs of war work, of motor-corps service, and such, broke this taboo, because the long skirt impeded her efficiency. She clings to her new freedom in dress despite all the denunciations of outraged convention. It is the symbol of her escape from male domination—an escape which even children by imitation are making from parental control.

The woman saw the War as the final blunder in man's government of the world, just as the adolescent saw it as the product of the stupidity of his elders. The woman's hatred of war came as a powerful reenforcement of her subconscious hatred of her master. The mother had to give up her habit of protecting her children and send them out to die. The young girl sent her lover. The old dogmas of propriety were upset by the fact that all conduct was proper toward those doomed to death.

The sheltered woman who had relied upon man to protect her and her children—in return for the self-abnegation of which

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36

Digitized by Google
Original from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Distinction for the simple dinner

A simple dish, yet one having true distinction: just a thick slice of Premium Ham baked in milk as directed below. For this is ham unusually tender, with a notable fineness of flavor.

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

Look for this blue identification tag when you buy a whole ham or when you buy a slice

Premium Ham baked in milk

Rub a thick slice of Premium Ham with mustard; place in a casserole and cover with milk. Bake about forty-five minutes in a moderate oven. The milk may be thickened and served as gravy with the ham

Swift & Company
U. S. A.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

The very attractive pattern shown on the floor is Gold-Seal Congoleum Art-Rug No. 524; in the 9x10½ foot size it costs only $15.75

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK
REMOVE SEAL WITH DAMP CLOTH
COPYRIGHT 1922 AND 1920, CONGOLEUM COMPANY, INC.

Fresh as the Morning!

So much of the charm of a bedroom depends upon its air of immaculate daintiness. That's why women everywhere like colorful, sanitary, durable *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs for the floors of these rooms where cheerfulness and cleanliness should reign. And you're sure to find several patterns to match the draperies and cretonnes.

Patterns for Every Room

But these popular rugs come in such a wide range of attractive patterns that it's easy to find one appropriate for any room in the house.

There are richly colored Oriental motifs for living and dining room - delightful floral designs for bedroom—and neat tile and wood-block effects for kitchen and bathroom.

And think of the tedious housework Congoleum Rugs save! They put an end to dusty, tiresome beating and sweeping. All the cleaning the firm, "enameled" surface ever needs is just a few strokes of a damp mop.

Need No Fastening

Another convenience—they lie flat and smooth on the floor without fastening of any kind—never ruffle or curl up at the edges or corners.

Yet with all their beauty, their sanitary, durable and easy-to-clean features, Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs are low in price.

Popular Sizes—Popular Prices

6 feet x 9 feet $ 9.00	9 feet x 9 feet $13.50
7½ feet x 9 feet 11.25	9 feet x 10½ feet 15.75
9 feet x 12 feet $18.00	

The rugs illustrated are made only in the few large sizes. The smaller rugs are made in other designs to harmonize with them.

1½ feet x 3 feet $ .60	3 feet x 4½ feet $1.95
3 feet x 3 feet 1.40	3 feet x 6 feet 2.50

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted.

Look for the Gold Seal

There is only one guaranteed Congoleum and that is *Gold-Seal* Congoleum identified by the Gold Seal shown above. This Gold Seal (printed in dark green on a gold background) is pasted on the face of every genuine *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rug and on every few yards of *Gold-Seal* Congoleum By-the-Yard. It gives you the protection of our money-back guarantee. Look for it when you buy!

"Modern Rugs for Modern Homes," an interesting illustrated booklet showing all the beautiful rug designs in full color, will gladly be sent to you free on request.

CONGOLEUM COMPANY
INCORPORATED

Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago Atlanta
San Francisco Kansas City Minneapolis Pittsburgh Dallas
Montreal London Paris Rio de Janeiro

Gold Seal CONGOLEUM ART-RUGS

Pattern No. 396 *Pattern No. 530* *Pattern No. 516*

Digitized by Google NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Financial Service Stations for Women

By
Louise Wallace Hackney

Decorations by Jessie Gillespie

SMALL producers, like small investors, for some years had no place in our economic scheme of things. We thought in millions; a thousand or so did not interest us. But now that we think in billions we watch the cents. We are learning that it is the tiny grains that make the mighty land. Nowhere has this change of emphasis been more apparent than in the attitude toward woman's hand-work. With the going of so many women out of the home into the factory and office, has come a revaluation of the work of those that remain, financially, socially, artistically.

For many years nobody valued what they did. The more machine-stitched and made-to-pattern an article was the more value it had. A hand-made dress was passed by; a hand-embroidered one might be put away with the family heirlooms—or skeletons. Woman's work was a drug on the market. Nobody wanted what was made in the home.

Even before the War the cult for the factory-made had begun to pass, and the individuality of the maker, as expressed through her product, was again prized—whether in foods or handicrafts—by the discriminating. But in the interim a new obstacle had arisen—the problem of distribution, of getting the buyer and seller together. It had grown so great that only things made in large quantities warranted the necessary expenditure for handling and advertising. The value of *her* article lay in individuality, not in quantity—the antithesis. Matters seemed at a deadlock.

Then the home woman found a way out of the dilemma, a most unexpected one. Too many lessons of the War have been forgotten, but the one she learned over the surgical-dressings table is bearing fruit. It came as a revelation to her, the power that lay in co-operation, in teamwork, in mass-action. She set about using it to reach out and draw to her the things she needed.

Exchanges and Thrift Shops

WOMEN'S exchanges have been in existence for years, both in the big cities and the smaller towns, but they were almost always organized and conducted by the more fortunate women for the less. Such has not been the case with those that have come into existence since the War. They have changed their tone and often their title; and instead of being run by one set of women for another, they are usually run by the women who have the articles to sell, the ones benefited by the sales. They are known as thrift shops, commission shops, "country stores," marketing circles, as well as by the older and more established term of "woman's exchange." They deal in everything a woman can raise and make.

Tucked away in the White Mountains of New Hampshire is one of these post-war experiments that started with scarcely more than the proverbial shoe-string. It is now regarded as one of the regular businesses of the town. Even the inhabitants of Lancaster do not claim a population of more than 3,500, yet their Woman's Exchange, carried on by the local Woman's Club, has done a business of over $7,000 in the four years it has been in operation. The exchange is only open for business for four hours on Saturday afternoon.

Figured in the terms of a business man, its volume of business is phenomenal. On the basis of the standard eight-hour day it has been open for business only 104 full days in the four years, and during that time its average business per day has been nearly seventy dollars. There are few small city shops that can show such a trade. It would mean a yearly business of over $20,000. Of course its actual volume for a four-hour day has never reached any such amount; many of its orders were filled during the week when the exchange was not in operation.

Groton, another New Hampshire town, smaller still, having a population of only 1,000, followed the lead of the Lancaster exchange, and sold $900 worth of baked goods in one year—the main demand of the mill town.

But to return to the Lancaster exchange. It was organized in the Spring of 1919 by Mrs. L. Holton, president of the Unity Club, and Miss Carrie Curtis, first vice-president. Miss Curtis became chairman of the exchange committee and has been its moving spirit ever since. They were assisted by a committee of eight, serving in couples on each successive Saturday. They used in the beginning, and have continued to use a counter in one of the grocery-stores as their "exchange."

The first day the members of the committee furnished most of the articles themselves; then by degrees other women of the town contributed, until now they have a hundred regular consignees. They advertised their opening not only in the local paper, but by having a "tea" and inviting the entire town to come. Being New Englanders, their first success was with baked beans and brown bread. Gradually they added French pastries, canned goods, preserves and pickles, knitted goods, layettes, table-runners, and other fancy-work to the staple cooked goods "found in the pantry of every good New England housewife," to quote Miss Curtis.

In Summer they sold vegetables and flowers as well. The exchange "grew and grew and grew like the turnip behind the barn," as the New Hampshire saying is. Now the members even supply the Christmas wreaths used in the churches and homes from the evergreens and firs in the yards of the various women, and cater for weddings and parties.

Their organization is very simple. In the beginning about all they had was the "will to do." Their equipment consists of a trunk in which they store the fancy-work articles between Saturdays. The women who supply the foodstuffs are expected to call after the exchange closes each Saturday and remove any of their goods left unsold. The only "overhead" is the cost of the necessary bags, string, and cartons for the beans. Different grocers have loaned them counters; but now they have settled down at one grocer's, as it seemed better business to have a definite location. The merchants favor the exchange, for they say it "brings business and crowds."

A committee of two women serves each Saturday, one having charge of the foods, the other of the handicrafts. No one but the committee knows who contributes the various articles. Each consignee is given a number with the first letter of her last name—e. g., A 30—for identification, and all her articles are so marked. A ten per cent. commission is charged on all articles sold and five cents a month additional on all fancy-work articles left from week to week, to cover handling.

Each Saturday night the pay-envelopes are made out and the commissions deducted. One woman added nearly $500 a year to her income by the work she did in her spare time. A war widow clothed her two little children for school, and an Armenian woman has had her first intimate contact with New England traditions and American ideals through the opportunities her needlework brought her.

Social experiments seem to belong more to big industrial centers than to the country; to the North rather than the South. Yet Southern women have organized and been carrying on for the last three or four years an experiment that may have such far-reaching effects that it will revolutionize the method of marketing woman's work.

In this case it is not a few women's unaided efforts, but one directed by the State—somewhat after the manner in which it is done in Sweden—and comparable in importance with the organization of the California Fruit Growers' Exchange. It is known as the South Carolina Home Producers' Association, which has a brand and label of its own. It is directed from Winthrop College for Women by Mrs. Frances Y. Kline, the special agent in charge of marketing.

The association deals largely in the produce of farm and garden, tho in some sections it handles handicrafts as a side-line. The most remarkable thing about it is that it has succeeded in standardizing women's output so that it is sure to be as perfect as a factory article. It has overcome the home woman's intense individualism and has taught her to follow business procedure. Each woman signs a contract in which she estimates the probable amount she can deliver during the year of Pine Bark Fish Stew, Brunswick Stew, Dixie Gumbo (brands which are in great demand with hotels and restaurants), plum jelly, fig preserve, grape-juice—all made according to recipes furnished by the association, and tested according to its requirements.

The contract calls for a first-class product, put up in standardized sealed containers, labeled with the association brand. Each woman further agrees to submit a certain number of samples at specified times, and not to sell unless through the association.

A commission of five per cent. is charged to cover handling. The selling of the association is in the hands of agents in each county, many of whom are connected with the local chamber of commerce. They handle the produce much as a commission merchant does, assembling the various articles, and selling them in caselots, frequently on regular yearly contracts, to certain hotels and merchants.

Two Hundred Women Co-operate

TWO hundred women in the vicinity of Charleston sold $13,000 worth of produce last year—food that would have rotted on the ground or else not been raised at all had not such a market been found for it. The profit to them, according to the Charleston agent, ranged from seventy-five to one hundred per cent. The advantages gained in more comfortable homes, college education for sons and daughters, as well as the training in business methods, can not be estimated in mere dollars and cents.

They have been able to standardize that most uncertain article of cookery—a cake. One woman in York County, noted now far and wide for her delicious bride- and birthday-cakes, in speaking of her early experience, says: "At first I thought that because my product was a home-made article it could not have that uniformly high quality that factory-made (bakery) goods have, but I was mistaken. I have learned to make my cakes with scientific care and accuracy, and thus obtain a uniform product. Nothing below standard ever goes out."

She has put her finger on the flaw and its remedy in the home-made product. It is so uncertain. Sometimes it is good, and as often it is poor. The purchaser is never sure what he is buying. The necessity for grading and standardizing, for creating a sense of responsibility in the seller for her article, is a lesson only recently learned in the business world.

The woman's exchange as it is organized in the North has not had the same popularity in the South. Its members seem to have preferred what they call curb markets where they sell not only farm and garden produce, but handicrafts and even second-hand furniture—these last two, however, are not so common. These curb markets, or "country stores," as they are frequently called, are organized among the women themselves and officered by a committee chosen from the women of the town in which the market is held and of the surrounding country.

One of the most successful of these is held in the small town of Rock Hill, S. C. The officers of the organization form a committee that grades, prices the produce, and runs the market itself, and behind every article sold is the guaranty of the committee.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 67

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

The Dish

That children count the finest of all breakfast dainties

Quaker Puffed Rice is toasted rice grains puffed to 8 times normal size. Each grain is an airy globule, fragile as a snowflake, as flavory as nuts. The food cells are broken for easy digestion.

Homes never serve a breakfast dainty so ideal, so delicious. Each grain is a confection.

Then blend in every dish of fruit. Crisp and douse with melted butter for hungry children after school. Use like nut-meats on ice cream—also in candy making.

Invented by Professor Anderson, to fit all elements to feed, and to bring new delights to children.

Let no day pass without the joys of Quaker Puffed Rice in some form.

At Night

Whole wheat steam exploded

In every grain of Quaker Puffed Wheat we create over 125 million steam explosions. Thus the food cells are broken so the whole-grain elements can feed.

Serve in bowls of milk for supper or at bedtime. Whole wheat supplies 12 minerals which growing children must have. Also their need of bran. Milk provides the vitamins.

Make these essentials tempting by serving in this delightful way.

The Quaker Oats Company

The American Woman

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

propriety was the symbol—found the reliance misplaced and the propriety so antiquated as the long skirt. She and her daughters are facing a new life, with a new sense of freedom, prepared to compete with man, skeptical of his wisdom in running the world, and amused to discover the power over him which she has obtained by accentuating her sex in her costume.

"The wise kid" is temporarily running amuck. She is attempting to emulate her Omar Khayyam young man in a sexual freedom that is causing serious scandal. In its origin, probably, this revolt is largely an egoistic gesture in her, but it is followed by a destructive remorse rising from her Puritan subconsciousness, and her present condition is rather appalling.

These are perhaps somewhat superficial trends. They are the more showy aspects of the psychology of the modern American woman, and they fill a disproportionate amount of space in the literature and the newspaper discussion of the day. Below such surface phases are basic tendencies less obvious and more important.

The intellectual woman of the leisure class—no longer a mere "bluestocking," altho she still remains within the propriety group—has been released by the suffrage campaign into public activities, and she comes to these with an idealism that has reached the high plane of a religion of abstract justice. She has commonly no interest in marriage and no place in industry, so that she is free to use all her energies in the service of those whom she finds suffering from the injustices and oppressions of the modern social system. She is herself suffering from instinctive repressions, which set her subconscious mind in a tone of anger and revolt. She relieves her psychic mood by projecting it upon the obstacles to her desired reforms, and at the same time she satisfies her religious impulse by worshiping and obeying an abstract principle. She is going to interfere seriously with the devices by which the propriety type of American has exploited women and the weaker sorts of men.

It is the competing woman in industry, however, who is likely to give him the most serious turn. Her mind can outwit his if she learns to take human nature and the world as they are, to develop tolerance and patience, and—until she devises better means—to use the machinery of exploitation and the politics of expediency and opportunism as the man uses them. If she can make marriage a partnership in property rights, with the property divided according to ability, it will follow that her daughter may begin life as a competing woman with inherited capital; as son and daughter would then have parallel careers, and economic conditions would soon change.

AT PRESENT the daughter is brought up to look to approval as a goal, the son to seek prosperity. For him the dollar is the evidence of success, but approval is the coin in which she feels paid. She has been trained to please successively father, brother, suitor, and husband, who show their approval in terms of support; and not to please them depresses her profoundly. As a worker, consequently, she reacts badly to disapproval; she develops excessive loyalty and is exploited by her employer; or she uses her salary to win approval at home or elsewhere, instead of investing it. These habits are the consequence of her training in dependence, and they hamper her.

More difficult for her to overcome are the conscience and idealization involved in her instinct of love. It is her great virtue, and, in competition with man, it is her great handicap. Her love is a force not always within her control. Once it has become fixed on a man, she may find herself enduring all kinds of injustice, but unable to face the loss of her love object. A man, with his sex instinct satisfied, easily turns to his ambition; and altho he suffers much from the loss of an unsatisfied sex object, he readily leaves a wife. The woman continues to love her husband as she loved her sweetheart. It remains to be seen whether a conscious understanding of her instinctive impulses will ever give her a working control of them.

To the intellectual woman in revolt, and the competing woman in industry, the suffrage movement has now added the reforming mother who seeks to use her vote against grown-up bad boys of her husband's world. Her success with prohibition has been a great encouragement to her. She is going to interfere implacably with what William James has called her husband's "moral holidays." She has yet to learn how large an element of the bad boy there is in all men, and how useless is a repressive law or any sort of censorship in regenerating them.

If she is going to insist on her ideals, she will first have to face the facts of human nature as it is and of the world as it is. She will have to educate her children in these facts. In the matter of sex education particularly, she will have to teach them how to control an instinct which now betrays them because they have no intelligent understanding of it. But if she can acquire a mastery of the psychology of the instinctive mind, and apply her knowledge in the education of her children, she can do almost anything she pleases with American life according to the degree and limits of her wisdom.

Hygeia
-the SAFE Nursing Bottle

Are you protecting your baby's health?

Your baby should be fat and healthy too! If he is thin and sickly—look to his food!

And look *most carefully* to the bottle you use in feeding him his food.

Narrow-necked bottles are dangerous. They are hard to clean, and they harbor germs.

The Hygeia Nursing Bottle is the safe, sane, and sanitary bottle to use. It is shaped as straight as a water glass and is as easy to clean.

Its wide mouth makes it possible to reach every part of the inside surface for thorough cleaning. *There are no germ-harboring angles.* The broad, mother-like breast makes weaning an easy matter.

The new, improved Hygeia Nursing Bottle (in circle) is now on the market. *The Breast goes over the cell easily—without effort.* The circular rib, midway in the Breast prevents collapse.

The new food-cell cover is now on sale. *Easy to adjust.*

Write for free booklet "Healthy Babies"

The Hygeia Nursing Bottle Co., Inc.
1410 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

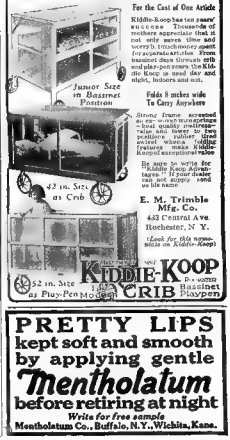
Mothers—Don't use the old-fashioned, dangerous, narrow-necked bottle

The narrow neck prevents cleaning. Every time you use it—over 2000 times a year—you are endangering baby's health and life.

KIDDIE-KOOP Prices
Reduced to $14.75 Up (*Freight Extra*)
Crib—Bassinet Playpen

For the Cost of One Article

Kiddie-Koop has ten years' success. Thousands of mothers appreciate that it not only saves time and worry, it replaces many articles. From bassinet days through crib and play-pen years the Kiddie-Koop is used day and night, indoors and out.



Folds 8 inches wide
To Carry Anywhere

Strong frame screwed and nailed, quality springs, heavy quality canvas, value and lower to two positions, rubber tired swivel wheels, finished mahogany. Kiddie-Koop exceptional value.

Be sure to write for free booklet "Kiddie-Koop Pages." If your dealer can not supply send us his name.

E. M. Trimble Mfg. Co.
423 Central Ave.
Rochester, N. Y.

(*Look for this name-plate on Kiddie-Koop*)

KIDDIE-KOOP
Bassinet Playpen
CRIB

PRETTY LIPS
kept soft and smooth by applying gentle
Mentholatum
before retiring at night
Write for free sample
Mentholatum Co., Buffalo, N.Y., Wichita, Kans.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Where Town and Country Meet

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

Chevrolet enables the city housewife to buy vegetables, eggs, poultry and small fruits, direct from the farmer's wife, fresh and cheap.

Each woman benefits by the exchange as the low prices paid by the city woman are much higher than the farmer can get on wholesale shipments.

In like manner, Chevrolet enables the farmer's wife to buy dry goods, groceries and household appliances not available in country stores.

In time and money saved and health and happiness gained a Chevrolet more than pays for itself, therefore every family, in city or country can afford to own one and should have it.

Prices f. o. b. Flint, Michigan

Superior 2-Pass. Roadster	$510
Superior 5-Pass. Touring	525
Superior 2-Pass. Utility Coupe	680
Superior 5-Pass. Sedan	860

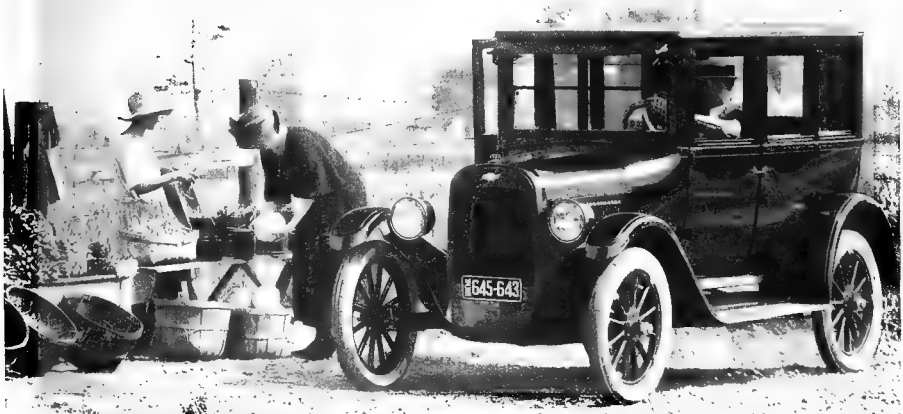
Commercial Cars

Superior Light Delivery	$510
Superior Commercial Chassis	425
Utility Express Truck Chassis	575

Chevrolet Motor Co., Detroit, Michigan

Division of General Motors Corporation

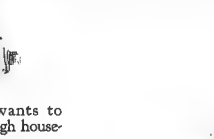
Dealers and Service Stations Everywhere



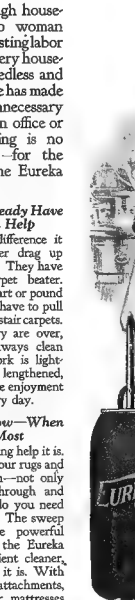
Digitized by Google
Original from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Fall House-Cleaning Is Child's Play—

with the Grand Prize Eureka Vacuum Cleaner. And your cleaning is done even more thoroughly than it was ever done with brooms, beaters, and carpet sweepers



NO woman wants to drudge through house-cleaning. No woman needs to. The exhausting labor and worry which every housewife dreads, are needless and uncalled for. Science has made drudgery just as unnecessary in the home, as it is in office or shop. House-cleaning is no longer a problem for the woman who uses the Eureka Vacuum Cleaner.



800,000 Women Already Have This Wonderful Help

They know what a difference it makes. They no longer drag up dusty rugs and carpets. They have thrown away the carpet beater. They don't pull beds apart or pound mattresses. They don't have to pull down drapes and tear up stair carpets. Their days of drudgery are over, yet their homes are always clean and spotless. Their work is lightened, their spare time lengthened, and they are getting more enjoyment from every hour of every day.

Get Your Eureka Now—When You Need It Most

Consider what an amazing help it is. It enables you to keep your rugs and carpets *thoroughly* clean—not only on the surface but through and through. Never again do you need to lift and pound them. The sweep action brush, and the powerful suction which makes the Eureka such an unusually efficient cleaner, gets the dirt wherever it is. With simple, easily applied attachments, you can renovate your mattresses right on the beds. You can keep your upholstered furniture immaculate, and your drapes and hangings spotless. You can remove the dust and dirt from mouldings, plate rails, baseboards, from behind radiators—from places that the broom and the dust cloth can't even touch. And you can do all this with a fraction of the effort you exert now. You can have more time for the enjoyable things you have always wanted to do. You can guard your health, and lengthen your youth.

Free Trial and Easy Payments

Its cost is surprisingly low, and the easy payment plan on which nearly all dealers sell The World Famous Eureka, makes it possible for every woman to avail herself of its usefulness as she pays for it. Just try the Eureka. We invite you to use it for a few days in your own home, without cost or obligation. Telephone the Eureka dealer near you. Write us, if you do not know his name. He will send you a Grand Prize Eureka for a free trial. Try it in your own home—and learn its great usefulness from actual demonstration. You will be amazed.

EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY, DETROIT, U. S. A.
Makers of Electric Vacuum Cleaners since 1909 (95)
Canadian Factory, Kitchener, Ontario; Foreign Branch 8 Fisher Street, Holborn, London, W. C. 1, England

The Grand Prize
EUREKA
VACUUM CLEANER
"IT GETS THE DIRT"

The Judge

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

back her head merrily. "I—I'm afraid you'll have to wait a few days longer. We've so many things to talk over—like lunch-counters and aristocracy and goodness knows what else."

"Pooh! Such things don't matter at all." The Judge strove to suppress a frown, but failed. So unaccustomed was he to having his decrees thus flouted!

"Why, Lafe! How can you say that?" Her brows went up in honest amazement. "They're what life's mostly made of. Oh, well! We'll argue that at lunch. Run along now. Or you'll be late. You must never, never keep a woman waiting for your work. It's much too big. And we must always help each other, mustn't we? That's what marriage is for."

"Yes, of course!" The delicious throaty quiver in her voice swept the Judge into a swift mood of joy. Gone his irritation over the lunch-room. Gone his pained bewilderment at her easygoing ways. The tenderness that sang in her last words! It belied those words of hers about doubts and delays. These were but the coquettish evasions of a woman in love. They made her all the more attractive, in a way. She had been teasing him. Well, he could endure that. He even liked it a little for the way it stirred his feelings. He hadn't been stirred for thirty years!

"My Lord! But you're beautiful!" he whispered into her ear as he started off. "I'm proud of you! You'll be the most wonderful woman of Sherwood! And—you'll marry me next month!"

She caught his hand again and gave it a cozy squeeze. "Here's hoping!" was all she said.

But the way she said it! The Judge quite forgot his waiting taxicab. He walked out of the station in a queer warm dream of affectionate gray eyes, a soft, white throat, and long years of yet unborn stately dinners, quiet teas, journeys into the southlands, still evenings at home, social prestige—

THE dream still enthralled him when he swung into the street where stood the Federal Building. The sweet sense of possession tingled through every fiber. Everything was going as decreed! Even as it should with a Judge!

Before him gleamed the vast white stone steps that led to the Judge's Entrance. He lifted his excited eyes to the stone lintel into which the United States of America had cut those two words: "Judge's Entrance." After ten years of judgeship Pryde still could thrill at the sight of them. Ha! There was only one Judge! And he was that one! For him had the nation built this mighty marble edifice. And behind his rulings the nation stood, an army with banners, unshakable and omnipotent.

As the Spring sun glinted against those great white columns, and the Spring wind rippled the two sail-wide flags atop the eagle-crested poles, the Judge felt himself again a god ruling the destinies of mortal men. He felt again a curious impersonal power within him, a something like a natural law touching everything within range and being touched by nothing. The old ecstasy seized him on his way up the steps to the door. Then he felt a hand on his sleeve.

It was a chauffeur.

"Mr. Billings is in his car down there." The chauffeur pointed at the curb. "He asks if you'd please step down there and see him. He'd rather not come into the court-house, sir."

The Judge turned sharply. A fresh wave of exultion coursed through him as he saw the mighty Billings beckoning from his limousine. It could mean only one thing. Everything was finally fixed at the Caxton Club. Probably they had held a special meeting and voted the Judge in on the evening just gone. Billings had come to notify him.

His heart drummed a triumphal march against his ribs as he hurried to the curb.

"Better step inside." Billings opened the car door. "I hate like the very devil to come this way, Judge," the manufacturer snapped before the Judge had fairly settled himself into his seat. "But it's your one and only chance."

"Eh?" The Judge sat up tautly.

Billings clenched his fists and scowled at the out-of-doors. "Yeh! I finished canvassing the club last evening," said he. "I swung everybody into line, easy as pie, except that darned fool, Roger Vaughan."

"Vaughan? Vaughan? Is he a Caxton?" the Judge sputtered.

"I wish he wasn't," snarled Billings. "Damn it all! He's no sense at all! Fighting for his fool notions!"

"What are his fool notions, may I ask?" the Judge asked in words of ice.

"I hate to tell you, honest, Judge," Billings squirmed. "He's such a chump! You know I've done all I can for you—even put the thumbscrews on a couple of fellows——"

"Pray do not worry over my feelings!" the Judge smirked grimly. "I am accustomed to hear evidence and to judge matters impartially."

"Well, I'll tell you. Maybe there's a chance you can do something about it. Remember a couple of years ago when you chased a bunch of the City Club fellows off those steps there?" Billings waved at the site of that once famous event. "Well, seems that Vaughan never got over it. He says any man who'd do that isn't fit to belong to any gentlemen's club, and he won't vote for you—so he says, mind you—not even if you get down on your knees and lick his boots!"

"Ha!" The sound came from the Judge with a sinister, dry crackle.

"I told him to let bygones be bygones. Said it was silly to hold a little thing like that against a Federal Judge. But no use! Then I figured maybe I could manage to get him out of town to-night so's he wouldn't be at the meeting. But that wouldn't work. He's got an important case on for to-day. Nothing could budge him short of hitting him over the head. Now, here's why I came around to tell you all this wretched mess, Judge. I thought maybe you might somehow arrange to have a word with him to-day after court and tell him some friends of yours had hinted that he was cherishing that fool grudge about the rumpus on the steps here. You could say that he did not understand. You could say it might tell him it was technical trespass for the bunch to come there to be photographed and you'd been advised to put an end to such things—or something like that. There's a chance it might work. Think it over."

"I think you, Mr. Billings!" The Judge tottered out of the car and extended his hand with a vacant smile. "I shall think it over."

Ten o'clock was thundering from a nearby steeple. It was the hour of opening court. And with the precision of a natural law the Judge strode into the splendid room, bearing a thin sheaf of papers. Attorneys and court officers rose as the top of the judicial shoe crossed the threshold. The two aged bailiffs, resplendent in their official gaudery, shooed the spectators to their feet. The Judge sat down, and everybody did likewise.

Hedged about by the many minions of the law, all so many caryatids upholding the law that upheld him, his Honor settled down upon his regal chair, turning slightly so that his profile stood out sharply against the blue curtain that was his perfect background. In this pose he was at his best, a superb patrician. It was the pose in which the photographer had caught him. It was the very pose which was immortalized in the picture that hung beside the Judge's bedroom mirror near the bronze bust of Justinian.

All these motions the Judge went through without a flicker of thought. They were ancient habits; and, what was more, they had nothing to do with the topic which was rapidly inflaming his mind. He looked at his docket, laid precisely before him by the clerk and opened at the day's business. On the page he read:

In the matter of Abercrombie's Sons & Co. versus Blankenhorn. An action to quiet title to 3 0 acres coal land. On motion of defendant that the case be dismissed. For the plaintiff, Milton Farley. For the defendant, Roger Vaughan.

The Judge read it once, twice, thrice. Then he looked down at the table where the attorneys sat. He saw a wavy-haired, slender, gentle youth fussing nervously through a stack of papers.

"Ha!"

It came from the Judge and startled the clerk, who looked up with wide eyes. Never before had this agent of immutable law laughed in his own court.

THE Judge set his thin lips levelly and narrowed his eyes at Blankenhorn's attorney. Vaughan was conspicuously uneasy. He fumbled through his stack of *Federal Reporters* and dropped a few papers as he tugged them out of his very new brief-bag. The Judge smirked ever so faintly at that fresh feather contraption, as it dawned on him that this was the first time Vaughan had appeared before the United States District Court. Plainly this was the fellow's first important case anywhere; his nervousness betrayed him in that. Of course he did not suspect that the Judge knew what was happening inside of the Caxton Club. If he knew that, he would never have come to court.

Inspecting him as a god might regard a mosquito that had slipped into heaven and dared to buzz around the divine head, the Judge passed from his first white shimmer of bewildered rage to a clear, cold perception of the extraordinary situation. This was the court. Here the Judge ruled as a god in heaven. Here he sat to judge the deeds of men. Here none might challenge his decisions from below. Here thundered the law, immutable and eternal, ordaining the right and crushing the wrong.

The Judge became quiet, gentle, suave in a twinkling. He saw his way before him in a clear, steady light. He would teach this addle-headed youth a lesson. He would give him a new respect for the law and its appointed agent. He would show him the madness of interfering with the cherished plans and hopes of a Federal Judge.

"Mr. Vaughan," he spoke gently. "The Court has read the motion you have filed praying that the action brought against your client be dismissed. Have you anything to say in support of it?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 40

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Do you know that the first signs of age are shown in the skin, and that it is the surest indicator of bodily health?

Is it right, then, that anything so important should be given only chance attention? Yet that is the attitude many women have towards their skin, and it is why they look old at thirty. Remember that a soft, smooth complexion is not to be had after the age of twenty without persistent effort.

Cleanliness is the basis of beauty—yet all clean skins are not beautiful. Sometimes the cleansing has been too rough, but *more often the soap was too harsh.* You cannot be over careful in the selection of your toilet soap. Never purchase any kind because it is cheap. To save at the expense of your skin is misplaced economy.

Give yourself a beauty treatment with Resinol Soap tonight, and you will understand why thousands of women consider it the ideal cleanser. After the rich lather has been carefully rinsed, and the skin gently but thoroughly dried, you will be surprised at its softness, smoothness and delicate glow. But Resinol Soap does more. By power of the Resinol it contains, it builds with each treatment a healthy resistance to germ invasion. As these little parasites are acknowledged to be the primary cause of skin disorders, why not try to prevent their development?

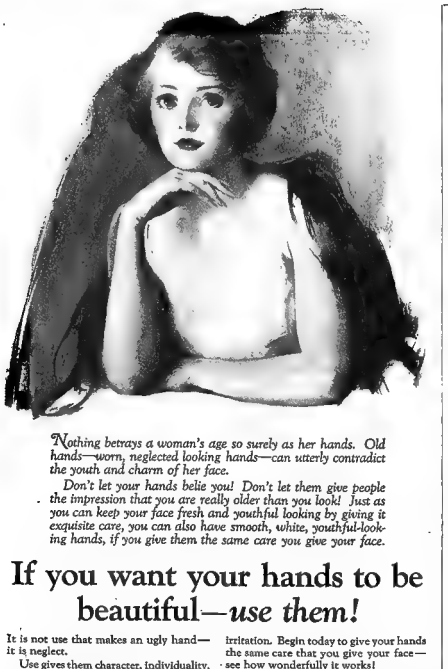
The daily use of Resinol Soap will give you the comfort of knowing that your skin is properly cleansed and protected. Sold by the cake or box at all drug and toilet goods counters.

Write today to Dept. 9-A, Resinol, Baltimore, Md., and ask us for a free trial size cake. Just a post card will do. We want you to prove what we say about Resinol Soap.

"Simply perfection for any complexion"

Resinol Soap

Digitized by Google
Original from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY



Nothing betrays a woman's age so surely as her hands. Old hands—worn, neglected looking hands—can utterly contradict the youth and charm of her face.

Don't let your hands belie you! Don't let them give people the impression that you are really older than you look! Just as you can keep your face fresh and youthful looking by giving it exquisite care, you can also have smooth, white, youthful-looking hands, if you give them the same care you give your face.

If you want your hands to be beautiful—*use them!*

It is not use that makes an ugly hand—it is neglect.

Use gives them character, individuality, sensitiveness, until they are as full of meaning as a human face.

Don't be afraid to use your hands in any work that is interesting to you. But care for them as your most faithful servants. Keep them in perfect condition—keep them smooth and supple, as an artist or a surgeon keeps his hands. If you give them the right care, work will never disfigure them.

TODAY thousands of women have found a way to keep their hands smooth and white as they go about their household tasks, without any fear that housework will age them and give them a rough, neglected look. They use Jergens Lotion *every time they have had their hands in water.* By following this simple rule, they have found that you can give your hands hard use, and yet keep them delicate and smooth and youthful—lovely to touch or look at.

Jergens Lotion is a medicinally correct preparation that does remarkable things in the way of healing any irritation of the skin.

Women have long used Jergens Lotion for their face, to prevent chapping or sunburn and to heal any roughness or irritation. Begin today to give your hands the same care that you give your face—see how wonderfully it works!

See how soft and fine it keeps the texture of the skin—how ideally white! See what smooth, sensitive finger tips it gives you! No more catching on silk or floss—no more painful cracking or uncomfortable dryness.

JERGENS LOTION is delightful to use. It has the delicate fragrance of almond flowers—feels cool and soothing when you apply it—and leaves no disagreeable stickiness.

Mothers find it ideal for a child's skin when it is chafed, chapped or roughened.

You can get a bottle of Jergens Lotion for 50 cents at any drug store or toilet goods counter. Get two bottles at a time—keep one on your bathroom shelf to use for your face—keep another above the kitchen sink, so that it will be convenient whenever you have been using your hands for housework.

Send 6 cents for trial size bottle

For 6 cents we will send you a beautiful little trial size bottle of Jergens Lotion and the booklet "Skin care—Your Skin Should be Freed from the Dangers of Overloading." Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 250 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co. Limited, 250 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.

These hands, so full of sensitiveness and character, are far more beautiful than any "do-nothing" hands could ever be. They have the plastic beauty of sculpture, even in performing an everyday task. Any housekeeper can have beautiful hands if she cares for them in the way indicated above.

The Judge

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

"If the Court please—" The young man leaped to his feet as a pugilist might spring into the ring. His nervousness fell away from him. Coolly he marshaled facts, precedents, laws with a precision and a cocksureness that distressed the Judge. His Honor had not reckoned with this turn of events. His plan had in view the easy crushing of a stage-frightened, callow youth. But Vaughan was that no more! To make matters worse, he spoke in a manner that revealed to the Judge, as well as to the entire court-room, that the speaker considered the whole matter as settled in advance. Without ever saying so, Vaughan conveyed to his hearers that any Judge who was not drunk would instantly dismiss the case of Abercrombie's Sons & Co. *versus* Blankenhorn.

AN OLDER attorney down below nodded approvingly to a neighbor as Vaughan scored a point. Another one, impressed by Vaughan's citations, scribbled them down. The Judge slowly, invisibly drew in the fingers of his right hand and balled them into a blue-veined fist. The impudence of this youth was inside to all law and all lawgivers! If the law were as simple as the fool was making it appear there would be no earthly use for courthouses and Judges! Then, too, this Vaughan was now as self-confident, as thoroughly at ease as he might be at his own dinner-table. His gestures were free and easy. Now and then he smiled graciously.

The gleam of those white, even teeth enraged Victor Lafayette Pryde. To him there had always been something downright indecent about attorneys who were not afraid of him. The law was sacred, and so too his own sacred clay ought to command much more than perfunctory respect. People must tremble before the law; especially young upstarts. Every time a bold attorney came into his court the Judge sought ways of instilling fear into the fellow's heart. Legal ways, of course! Perfectly justifiable ways! He had mastered them all, the Judge had! And far and wide he was famed for his virtuosity in fitting them to each particular offender.

He selected a way now with the nice instinct of a surgeon choosing an instrument for a delicate operation. All his animus had once more evaporated. He was sustained and soothed by the pleasant old conviction that he was acting as the impersonal agent of law.

Vaughan finished and sat down. The Judge denied his motion on a technicality so obscure, so slight that the other attorneys in the court-room wrinkled their old brows and whispered to one another. Toying with the gold chain of his eye-glasses, his Honor contemplated his victim furtively but without an outward sign that the court ruling had been in the least unusual. Behind his teeth his tongue was saying: "I think that will teach the fool not to get in the way of a Federal Judge! This will do him a world of good. It may make a law-abiding citizen out of him."

AS FOR Vaughan, he did not comprehend. He leaned over to the nearest attorney and asked what the ruling had been. The man whispered and shrugged his shoulders. Then Vaughan arose.

"Your Honor, may I ask that you repeat your ruling? I—I fear I did not hear it clearly."

As graciously as a courtier of the old school the Judge repeated the preposterous technicality.

"I—I think your Honor must have misunderstood my argument," Vaughan brightened appeallingly. "The Supreme Court case and decision which your Honor alludes to dealt with quite another situation."

"My hearing is still excellent, Mr. Vaughan." The Judge smiled indulgently, for this youth had played into his Honor's hand by this mad indiscretion of suggesting that a Federal Judge did not know what he was talking about.

Vaughan cocked his head and squinted at the Judge as if he himself had not heard aright. Then in desperation he launched into an elaborate fresh explanation of his own case.

"There is nothing in all that," the Judge whipped in, "that bears on the matter."

Vaughan paled and chewed his lip, while a hush fell on the court-room. All the other attorneys knew what was up now. They had seen it before; only this promised to surpass all previous performances.

"The damned old panther!" muttered the wisest corporation lawyer. But he took pains not to alter the expressionless set of his features, for he feared the Judge with a shrewd professional fear.

"I confess—I do not altogether sense the force of your Honor's decision," Vaughan groped. "So, if your Honor please, I should like to present my client's case from—er—another angle entirely."

"Certainly! Proceed, if you please." The Judge waved a soft hand and smiled sweetly.

Then the whole cat-and-mouse game was repeated. A little frightened now, Vaughan delivered his fresh attack. At its close the Judge studied the Latin inscriptions in the frieze, suppressed a tiny yawn, and then stated crisply that the motion was denied, this time citing another gauzy technicality utterly meaningless to more than half the lawyers present.

Vaughan looked around in dismay. He caught the hidden pity of some men and the thinly cloaked indignation of others. The sweat beaded on his brow. He was losing his first big case—that was what was happening! And under humiliating circumstances at that!

"Your Honor," he quavered, "I am—er—at a loss—I hardly know how to proceed. Is there any other way?—er— Could you advise me how to get my client's case before this Court?"

Pryde removed his glasses and poised them daintily. His supreme moment had come. He was about to make the most of it. "It is not my habit," he spoke with languid dignity, "to advise members of the bar. It is—er—not exactly what I am here for. But, inasmuch as you request it, I am going to break a lifelong rule." There he stopped for a full quarter-minute in a stillness as thick as the ears of the dead. Then he let fall his final words like a branding-iron. "Young man, I advise you to employ a lawyer!"

The other attorneys looked straight ahead without a quiver. The clerk glued his eye to his records. The bailiff gazed at his gavel. Only the scratching of the court reporter's pencil marred the moment.

VAUGHAN opened dry lips soundlessly. He fingered his throat as if to tear away a rope there. Then he went slack all over and began thrusting papers into his new brief-bag with fingers that bungled. That new brief-bag! Little use he would have for it now! He could never practise in this court!

As the young man sank in his chair, his face drawn and white, the Judge looked down without the least outward sign of rancor or glee. Cool, suave, thoroughly satisfied, but not exultant, the agent of immutable law contemplated his victim. Again he had vindicated his faith that right is might! And through his mind there whizzed the thought that, after this lesson, there would be no more opposition to his election at the Caxton Club. If Vaughan didn't possess the common sense to stay away from the meeting that evening, Billings and the rest would see to it that he was kept away somehow. For men like Billings would read the handwriting on the wall. They would understand that a Federal Judge did not propose to stand idly aside and allow bumptious citizens to stand between him and his rightful social connections. To-day's act was not a challenge to Roger Vaughan alone. It served notice on all Sherwood!

"Are there any other matters to come before the Court?" the Judge asked in his routine voice as he bowed toward the other attorneys.

"I want to come before the Court!"

The voice made Pryde jump. It came from out of the shadows at the rear of the room, where the spectators sat. All the retinue of law up in front rustled and turned in their seats, while the Judge strained to see who this interrupter was. A bailiff scuttled toward the speaker, flapping his hands warningly. As the speaker stepped out into the aisle a shaft of light fell on—Good Heavens! The Judge choked. It was Emily!

She brushed the doddering old bailiff aside and squared her shoulders ominously. "Late Pryde!" Her voice rang through the hushed and horrified court-room like a bugle-call in the midst of the litany. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself! Misusing your power for a personal spite!"

"The Court can not permit such—" the Judge ranged, and all his self-control left him. He hadn't been interrupted in twenty years. And no mortal had ever dared to reprove him, let alone address him as Late. Late! Good Lord in heaven! "It can not permit——"

"I don't care what you permit or don't," Emily cut in with a ripple of hard laughter. "As a citizen of the United States I protest against this vicious abuse of judicial authority. And I serve notice on you that unless you stop persecuting this boy I'll go to Congress about it."

THE tension in the room was hideous and racking. Hard old lawyers looked at this stranger with a kind of horror and saw in her face grim lines that had come from looking at ugly things and scheming to stamp them out. As for the Judge, he had no habit of thought or action with which to meet such a crisis adequately. He had only the ancient customs of the law behind him, and in these his mind was embedded as firmly as a fossil clam in a fossil ocean bottom. He stared vacuously at this woman. He did not know her; she could not be little Emily MacGowan. She could not be the soft-mannered, loving creature he had met at the train. She could not be——

His habits slashed through his thoughts. They heard the woman talking on—in court—during a session—not an attorney—out of order—contrary to rules——

"You will pardon me," the Judge's mouth said, "if I inform you that you have no right to be heard in this matter and are wholly out of order."

"Any man has a right to be heard when an injustice is being done!" Emily broke

CONTINUED ON PAGE 49

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Beautiful Women Everywhere

—women noted for their Beautiful Complexions use CARMEN POWDER

Oh! the witchery of a Beautiful Complexion—and you can have it. The same, smooth, delicately tinted complexion which you admire—which everyone admires (perhaps with a teeny bit of envy), for its possessor is most probably one of the more than a million women noted for their beautiful complexions who rely on

CARMEN POWDER

which is distinctively different and better than other powders because it is so fine and so delicately tinted that it blends exquisitely with the complexion, giving the skin that clear transparency and velvety texture that only a perfect complexion naturally possesses. Delightfully perfumed with a rich and delicate odor.

No creams or lotions are necessary as a base, because CARMEN POWDER is soft as down—so fine that it adheres closely—does not "blow off" or give that "spotted look."

Five Shades
White
Pink
Flesh
Cream
Brunette

50¢

How Does Your Complexion Look

When the Light Changes—
When the Dance Becomes Heated—
When the Wind Blows as You Motor?

There is a vast difference, you will find, between Carmen and other face powders.

Carmen, because it blends so exquisitely with both the color and texture of the skin, imparts a fresh beauty that is just as charming under the searching glare of the midday sun as it is under the soft glow of the reception room lamp.

And Carmen, no matter how heated the dance, never yields to perspiration. Though extremely fine, Carmen has "body" enough to withstand moisture. And adhering to the skin as it does, Carmen never blows off—no matter how windy the day or how long the motor ride.

The Greatest Hit in Years Women Everywhere Pronounce

Have the complexion which stands the most critical gaze. Radiantly beautiful under the glare of artificial light or bright sunlight.

Why not enjoy the satisfaction which comes from the knowledge that your complexion is always beautiful—that under all conditions it will stand the closest scrutiny and inspire the most genuine admiration?

The complexion that wins admiration at a glance is produced by CARMEN POWDER.

You will not be "just trying" to improve your Complexion. You will improve it with Carmen.

CARMEN POWDER COMPACTS

the "last word" in powder quality in handy cake form. And at last you can have an article of supreme quality at a reasonable price.

50¢

CARMEN POWDER in Compact Form in handsome metal boxes, with full sized mirror and powder puff. You will like this dainty box of your favorite powder and find it a convenience.

CARMEN POWDER COMPACT BOXES, while containing a generously large cake of powder, are easily carried in the purse or pocket. CARMEN POWDER COMPACTS have the same dainty, delicate odor (a trifle more intensified) as have the regular toilet boxes of CARMEN, and cost just one-half the price of the ordinary COMPACTS.

Shades: White, Flesh, Brunette, "L'Automne"

The new shade, "L'AUTUMN"—now just introduced (only in Compact)—is the result of long experimentation and is not to be duplicated in any other powder.

If your dealer has not yet stocked CARMEN POWDER COMPACTS, we will very promptly mail you the desired shade on receipt of the price.

STAFFORD-MILLER CO., St. Louis, Mo.

"More than a Million" Women Noted for their Beautiful Complexions use Carmen Powder and Compacts.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Simple Aids to Beauty

Some Practical Suggestions to Follow After Your Summer Vacation

By Kathleen Eddy

THE time for stately evening dresses and fluffy chiffon frocks for dancing will be here before you know it. And unless you begin right now to repair the sunburn, tan, and roughness your skin has acquired during the hot Summer days you will wonder just where the trouble lies: with your clothes, your mirror, or yourself. And the chances are that it is with yourself.

You may have yielded to the temptation to go rowing without a floppy hat to protect you from the heat of the sun, or to stay in the water too long when you took your daily swim. If so, you must give a little thought and care to your hair and complexion.

Occasionally one meets a woman whose skin does not burn, tan, or freckle, and of all human beings she seems to be the most fortunate. She can walk miles over country roads, swim to her heart's content, play tennis, go rowing—anything, everything—and look as fresh as she feels when it is all over. But for the delicate, tender skin the old "ounce of prevention" is the best rule.

If you are one of the majority and your face and arms do get badly burned by the sun keep away from soap and water until the inflammation and tenderness are relieved. The first thing to do is to apply a cream-lotion or cold-cream. And this is one time where economy is not recommended. Pat it on gently and generously. When you have the inflamed surface well covered sit down and read or crochet. It ought to be something you can do alone because a cold-cream pack is not the most attractive thing in the world, even if, on occasion, it is one of the most important.

If you prefer the lotion allow the first application to dry and then pat on another. When you can not sit still any more, or have to prepare yourself for another appearance in public, wipe it off gently with a soft cloth. You may apply a light powder now, but dust it on if you would keep your face and arms from hurting; and as soon as you can do so, return to solitude and your cold-cream jar. Witch-hazel is also good for sunburn. Just mop it on with a piece of cotton.

Keep soap and water away from your face as long as the skin is red. Then next time protect your skin with a lotion or a vanishing-cream before you start out. And don't forget the hat. It helps protect the eyes and keeps down wrinkles.

There are so many lovely cold-creams and fragrant lotions on the market that it ought to be a pleasure instead of a difficulty to find one that agrees with your skin. Experiment a little, and when you do find one that keeps your skin soft and fresh, not too dry and not too oily, hold on to it.

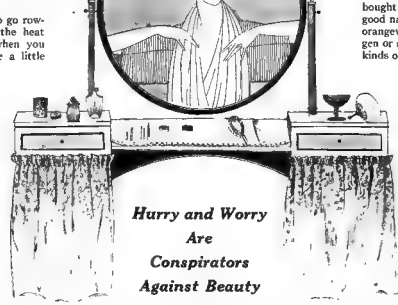
The daily use of cold-cream to soften and cleanse the skin is the rule before vacation, during vacation—all the time—and you must never permit yourself to be too busy to follow it. Always apply it gently with an upward movement and pat it in. Remove it with equal gentleness. When cold-cream is applied in the daytime, the oiliness may be counteracted by a dash of diluted alcohol or your favorite toilet-water.

Vanishing-cream is better for most skins as the foundation for the little touch of rouge and powder. Do not use too much. Apply a little with the finger-tips and rub it in lightly but thoroughly; then your skin is ready for the touch of make-up. The round, red spot on the cheek does not suggest natural coloring any more than the snow-white nose and vermilion lips. But if you look better with a touch of rouge—and most women do—use it. Use it intelligently. Rub out the line between your rouge and your skin. If your eyebrows are thin and faded use a pencil; a lip-stick if your lips are pale.

To avoid startling effects take your mirror to the window for the rouge. At night a strong light will tell you whether or not you have surpassed nature's noblest effort. Before going to bed, no matter how tired you are, how late the hour, if you want to keep your face and neck looking soft and fresh, you must never, never neglect cleansing your face thoroughly of the day's accumulation of dirt.

The most serious charge that can be brought against the use of make-up is that we grow to depend upon the artificial color on our cheeks instead of the natural color that ought to be in our cheeks—and will be if our health is good.

Beauty never goes out of style, but the methods of retaining beauty, or acquiring it, if you haven't very much, do change from time to time. How many of us use soap and water and feel that our duty is done, without considering that the skin is almost defenseless and must accept any treatment we decide to give it! If we abuse it, its only comeback is to smart, or draw, or become rough.



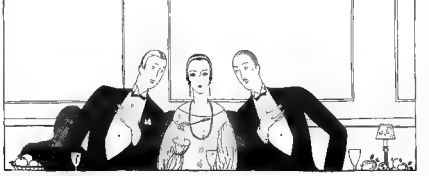
Hurry and Worry Are Conspirators Against Beauty

If you are habitually worried you can not be beautiful, and if you are in too much of a hurry to take care of your natural gifts you can not be beautiful. The real foundation for beauty is good health. Everything else is merely an aid.

It is important to realize that there are many kinds of skins and soaps. A dry skin indicates a mild soap. A soap which agrees perfectly with an oily skin may be too strong for a sensitive skin. This is where you must experiment again until you find the one that does not make your skin rough or dry. And night is the time to use it, after the cold-cream.

Wash your face two or three nights a week with your favorite soap and warm water, rinsing well with cold water; and if your skin is inclined to dryness finish off with a little pat of cold-cream. Hot water encourages a tender skin to be more tender; it increases any tendency toward roughness; it encourages the muscles to droop, and you don't want that—while cold water acts as a stimulant, bringing a fresh supply of blood to the surface, and prevents chapping. If you want your face to tingle pleasantly rub it all over with a piece of ice

Everything that has been suggested for the face is equally good for the neck, arms, and hands. And give a thought to your elbows. It is too much to expect these two corners, that are observed by all the world more oftener than by their owner, to be beautiful all by themselves. If they are neglected they will become brown and scaly—and the number of ugly elbows that one sees really is surprizing—and disappointing. They should be scrubbed with soap and hot water and treated frequently to generous quantities of cold-cream if you want to look your best in short sleeves or no sleeves at all as fashion may decree.



The hands can be kept soft and smooth by a daily application of cold-cream or some favorite fragrant lotion, an occasional bran or corn-meal or almond-meal bath, and a weekly manicure. Two would be better than one, but one good one will do very well. It is a pleasant relaxation to have your nails manicured, but it is not difficult to do at home and does not require much time.

The requirements are not very expensive, and once bought will last indefinitely. The usual necessities are a good nail-file, some fine emery-boards, manicure-scissors, orangewood sticks, mild soap, cotton, peroxid of hydrogen or a cuticle-remover, a nail-brush, a buffer, and two kinds of polish—paste and powder or cake. And a little patience. The most convenient way, perhaps, to obtain all the necessities at once is to buy one of the attractive little manicure-sets. Go to a manicurist several times and see how she uses the file and the emery-boards.

Time spent on the hands is well spent. They respond quickly and gratefully to a little human kindness from their owner. The housekeeper need not feel that she has been unjustly dealt with by Fate and offer her work as an excuse for unattractive hands and nails. Rare indeed is the hand of perfect beauty. Most women have to coax their hands into making a presentable appearance. Rubber gloves, canvas gloves, lemon-juice, cold-cream, rose-water and glycerin, and a good soap are simple, inexpensive things for frequent use. Avoid plunging the hands into very hot water. Always rinse well with cold water, dry thoroughly, and remember, if you can, to push the cuticle back with the towel.

You want your hair to be smooth and glossy and beautiful, don't you? Yet of all things you probably neglect it the most. The first thing to do for impoverished, unattractive, or falling hair, that may be too dry or too oily, be gray with dandruff, and in general look wilted, is to begin to build up your health. Drink at least eight glasses of water a day. Drink orange-juice, grapefruit-juice, and lemon-juice. Eat plenty of fresh fruit and green vegetables, cooked and uncooked. Get eight hours of sleep, and sometimes more, in a well-ventilated room; and get as much exercise daily in the open air as you possibly can. Take a few minutes during the day for rest and relaxation.

The general condition of your health is reflected almost immediately in your hair, and all the suggestions about beautifying it are valueless without the foundation of good health.

If you do anything to your hair that robs it of any of its natural oil—as may happen if you curl it with the iron or have a permanent wave—you must replace the oil artificially. It is not so difficult as it sounds. Apply warm olive-oil to the scalp and massage it in thoroughly and vigorously.

If you haven't a hair-brush that goes through the hair, get one. You may be surprized at the price, but get one with good bristles. Do not put your money into a fancy back. A good brush will last several years and will be worth its cost to you when you see how beautifully glossy and alive your hair begins to look. Separate the hair into small parts and brush each part. And do not be afraid to put a little energy into the strokes. Hair specialists do this and charge a fancy price for the "treatment," as they call it, but it is something you can do yourself. Let your hair hang free when the opportunity presents itself. It needs a rest sometimes too.

The hair is more than likely to present a sorry appearance at the end of the Summer if it has been burned too much by the sun or if it has not been rinsed thoroughly after each salt-water swim. If it is dry and dull a restoration of the natural oil of the scalp is indicated. Apply the warm olive-oil once or twice a week to the scalp, for the scalp is where the hair must be treated; massage it, then use the brush. When you are ready to shampoo it give it a generous supply of oil, massage for ten minutes, use a mild soap, and rinse it thoroughly, reducing the temperature of the water each time until the last rinse is cold. Dry in the open air in mild weather, and in the sunshine for a few minutes. Too much sunshine is not good for the hair, but a little is distinctly beneficial.

We hear a good deal of the beauty secrets of olden times, but they were for the great ladies. To-day the drug-stores in the most remote village offer creams, lotions, face-powders, perfumes, at a nominal price that would arouse the envy of a queen of long ago if she could come back and see them.

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

"A Skin You Love to Touch"
by Guy Hoff

You too, can have "A skin you love to touch"

Are you dissatisfied—

with your complexion? Do you long for a skin so fresh and radiant that no one can see it and not admire it?

Then begin now to make your skin what you want it to be. There is nothing fixed about your complexion; your skin is a living thing that constantly changes. Each day old skin dies and new takes its place.

By giving this *new skin* the care it needs, you can actually make it over. You can free your complexion from faults that have troubled you for months, and even for years.

You will find the right treatment—

for your special type of skin in the booklet of famous skin treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch," which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

If your skin is too oily—if it is pale and sallow—if you are troubled with blackheads—with blemishes—with conspicuous nose pores—begin at once to use the special treatment that will overcome this trouble.

Thousands of girls and women—

by following these famous skin treatments, have built up a fresh clear, beautiful complexion. You, too, can have the flawless skin you have always longed for, by giving it this special care.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today, at any drug store or toilet goods counter—see what an improvement even a week or ten days of the right treatment will make in your complexion.

The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming common skin troubles make it ideal for regular toilet use. A 25 cent cake lasts a month or six weeks. Woodbury's also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes. The Andrew Jergens Co.

Three Woodbury skin preparations—guest size—for 10 cents

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.,
310 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

For the enclosed 10 cents—Please send me a miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing

A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
A sample tube of Woodbury's Facial Cream
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder
Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 310 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont. *English agents,* H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

Cut out this coupon and send it to us today

Copyright, 1923, by The Andrew Jergens Co.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Bon Ami

—for cleaning linoleum, Congoleum, etc.

Principal uses of Bon Ami—
for cleaning and polishing

Bathtubs	Windows
Fine Kitchen Utensils	Mirrors
White Woodwork	Tiling
Aluminum Ware	White Shoes
Brass, Copper and	The Hands
Nickel Ware	Linoleum and
Glass Baking Dishes	Congoleum

HOW easy it is! You just sprinkle a little of the soft, crumbly Bon Ami Powder on your linoleum or Congoleum—then a few swishes with a damp mop or cloth.

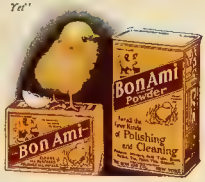
Now look—your floor-covering is as fresh and bright as the day you bought it—its colors clear and spotless.

It's hard to understand why some women spend so much time and effort scrubbing and scouring their bathroom and kitchen floors. Bon Ami cleans them so easily and so quickly—and it never roughens the hands!

Bon Ami has many other uses. Read the list above.

THE BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK

"Hasn't Scratched Yet"



Cake or Powder
whichever you prefer

Google
Original from

Dolly Dingle and Sammy Smart Help Teacher

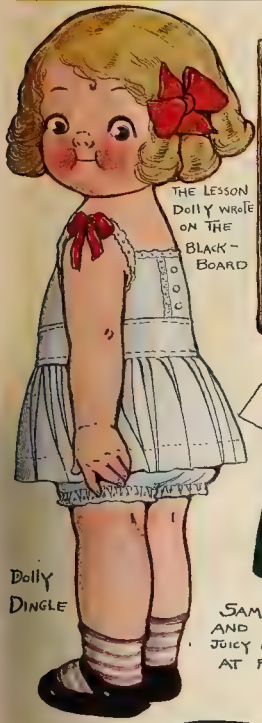
Wake up and smile and jump up quick;
Prompt obedience starts the trick.

Pop into the nice warm tub;
To work and play start with a scrub.

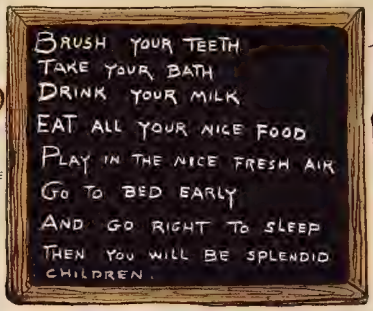
Say grace before and after meals
And see how very good it feels.

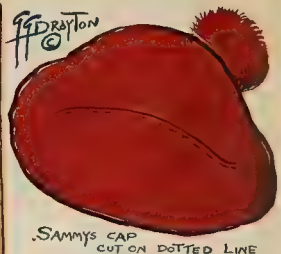
Off to school with book and slate;
I'm sure you never would be late.

Drawings by GRACE G. DRAYTON



THE LESSON DOLLY WROTE ON THE BLACK-BOARD





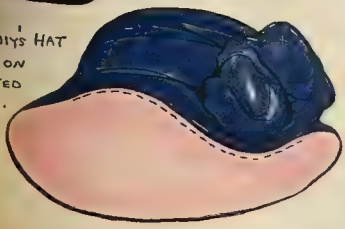
SAMMY'S CAP CUT ON DOTTED LINE

THE BIG GOLD STAR SAMMY WON FOR OBEYING ALL THE HEALTH RULES

DOLLY DINGLE

SAMMY'S OVERCOAT AND A LOVELY BIG JUICY ORANGE TO EAT AT RECESS

DOLLY'S DRESS WITH CHALK TO WRITE ON BLACK BOARD.



DOLLY'S HAT CUT ON DOTTED LINE.

SAMMY SMART WHO GOT THE GOLD STAR BECAUSE HE WAS A MODEL PUPIL AND KEPT JUST THE RIGHT WEIGHT

"Good morning, Teacher dear," you say—
I'm going to be good all day;

Polite and kind to all our friends,
And gold stars when the nice school ends.

Then mother is so proud to see
How very sweet her child can be.

We drink our milk and eat our bread
And say our prayers and go to bed.

We sleep so well, and who can't say
How very much good manners pay?

Google

Google

3,000 Years Old

Centuries ago the ancient Egyptians discovered that the use of palm and olive oils as cleansers would keep their skin smooth and soft. Flagons of palm and olive oils equipped the sumptuous marble bath of Cleopatra.

The crude combination of these bygone days was the first Palmolive the world knew. It was the inspiration for the scientific, modern blend which is known the world over.

Palm and olive oils —nothing else—give nature's green color to Palmolive Soap.

Certainly—

Your own mild Palmolive

is the ideal soap for your baby

The quality which makes Palmolive the beautifying cleanser which keeps your complexion fresh and smooth also makes it the perfect baby soap. The mildness which makes the profuse, creamy lather lotion-like in its effect keeps the tender skin of infancy soft and comfortable.

If you could find milder, purer soap to use for baby, you should adopt it as your own facial soap. But, search where you may, milder, purer soap cannot be found. If it could be made, we would make it.

But, until nature herself produces finer soap ingredients than palm and olive oils, this can't be done. Nothing better has been found in 3,000 years.

Your beautifier—Baby's comfort

Millions of women have learned that the secret of a fresh, blooming, flawless complexion is daily cleansing with Palmolive Soap. They know from experience that the lotion-like lather cleanses without a trace of irritation, removing the deposits of dirt, oil and perspiration which must be washed away.

They know that to neglect this daily cleansing results in clogging, and that such clogging means enlarged pores, blackheads, blotches and general skin disfigurement. And that, while harsh methods injure the delicate skin texture, Palmolive leaves it soothed and refreshed.

Thus women of mature years keep that schoolgirl complexion long after girlhood days have passed. Thus their own experience has taught them what soap to use for their babies and made Palmolive the most popular baby soap.

The price you want to pay

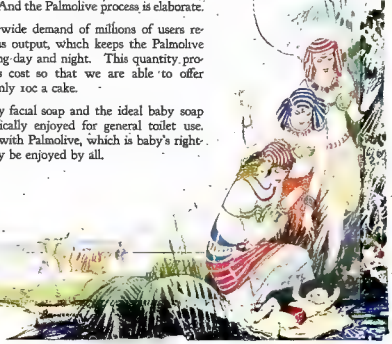
If we made Palmolive in small quantities for a limited number of users it would necessarily be a very expensive soap. Palm and olive oils are costly and come from overseas. And the Palmolive process is elaborate.

But, the world-wide demand of millions of users requires enormous output, which keeps the Palmolive factories working day and night. This quantity production reduces cost so that we are able to offer Palmolive for only 10c a cake.

Thus the luxury facial soap and the ideal baby soap can be economically enjoyed for general toilet use. The daily bath with Palmolive, which is baby's rightful comfort, may be enjoyed by all.

Volume and efficiency produce 25c quality for

10c



Copyright 1923—The Palmolive Co. 1984

Digitized by Google

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Keeping your child's hair beautiful

What a mother can do to keep her child's hair healthy —fine, soft and silky,—bright, fresh-looking and luxuriant.

THE beauty of your child's hair depends upon you, upon the care you give it.

Shampooing it properly is the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out all the real life and lustre, the natural wave and color, and makes the hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

While children's hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, their fine, young hair and tender scalps cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating mothers, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure, and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

When oily, dry or dull

If your child's hair is too oily, or too dry; if it is dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy; if the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch; or if dandruff is accumulating, it is all due to improper shampooing.

You will be delighted to see how easy it is to keep your child's hair looking beautiful, when you use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water is sufficient to cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly.

Simply pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out quickly and easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil—the chief causes of all hair troubles.

Beautiful, luxuriant hair

You will notice the difference in the hair even before it is dry. It will be soft and silky in the water. The strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy, and light to the touch.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

If you want your child to always be remembered for its beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo.

This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and healthy, the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Mulsified

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Cocoanut Oil Shampoo

Digitized by Google
Original from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

The Judge

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

in on him, as if he were a naughty little boy booked for a scolding.

As she stalked up the aisle toward him, utterly unafraid, the Judge sickened fearfully. His nails bit into his soft palms. His brow glistened with the cold chill of panic and the colder touch of horror. He lifted a hand, but it delivered no command. It merely gestured feebly. And on she came, right up to the rail.

"I must speak," she turned to the room, "because all the men here are afraid to. These attorneys have to be afraid of you. It is their bread and butter. But I, thank God, don't depend on you, Lafe Pryde! And I am going to tell you just what you——"

"Stop!" The Judge thundered. His habits rallied to his rescue and charged down upon this impious intruder. "These legal matters you have presumed to pass upon are entirely beyond your understanding. You have abused your friendship in coming here this way. The Court forbids you to speak. It orders you to your seat. At once!"

He had caught his stride at last! Through his lips the law spoke, impersonal, irresistible. It rang stern and terrible. He waited a brief instant to see the woman slink into her seat. Then he shuddered. His world went topsy-turvy. She did not budge! She laughed at him. She was speaking again.

"You are no Court," she was saying, while the terrified bailiff tugged hysterically at her coat. "You are just a little man venting your spite on Roger Vaughan. You have used the law to help you in your private quarrel. Everybody in this room knows it as well as I do. You are degrading your country and yourself, Lafe Pryde! You——"

"You are under arrest for contempt of court," the Judge all but shrieked. "You are fined one hundred dollars for contempt of court. You will not be permitted to leave this room until you have apologized and paid in full——"

EMILY MACGOWAN flung back her head and bared her teeth in a defiant smile. She fumbled through her vanity-bag and brought forth a diamond ring, the very ring the Judge had sent her.

"When little men come into great power they go mad," said she to the room, her back turned squarely on the Judge. Then to the bailiff. "I pay my fine with this. The Judge knows what it is worth. Tell him to keep the change. He may need it."

She laid the ring in the bailiff's hand and walked out. And not even the Judge made a move to hold her until she had apologized. For when little men encounter great power they slink into their holes discreetly.

AT ELEVEN o'clock that night Judge Pryde was pacing his drawing-room to meet the solitary reflection of his distinguished form in a full-length mirror. The room which he had meant to be thronged with the city's élite at that hour was empty. The dinner had been promptly called off, of course.

"What a lucky escape!" he breathed as he halted before the mirror, straightened his back, and toyed with the golden chain of his eye-glasses. "Thank God! A lucky escape!"

He had been saying this for two hours, occasionally adding: "That terrible female! She'd have ruined my life! Common as dirt! Common as dirt!"

His man servant peered in timidly and asked about locking up for the night.

"Yes, of course. Lock up!" the Judge waved. "Congratulate me, Denny! I have just escaped a terrible fate! I—I almost married a woman criminal!"

With slow feet he mounted the stairs and entered his huge, plain bedroom. He stood winding his watch in front of the mirror between the photograph of himself and the bronze bust of Justinian. The solitude was, oh! so pleasant! To be alone! To be away from the lawless rabble! All great men were solitaries, after all! Common folk could not understand them.

The door-bell tinkled. Presently the man servant came up-stairs and tapped at the bedroom door. He handed the Judge a small package.

"A messenger-boy just brought it, sir. Good night."

The Judge nodded, but did not say a good night. He was through with talking to common folks. He cut the strings of the package absently. It was a small wooden box with a sliding top on which gleamed the gilt letters "Caxton Club."

"Ha!" the Judge chuckled. "I taught them their lesson, after all! This is good! A notification."

He opened the box. It was full of little ivory balls.

All the balls save two were black.

It Isn't Done

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

"Everything, just everything turns out right!" she enthused to her mother.

Coralie always considered Archmont becoming to her with its grays and greens and blues, its rocks, the smooth sweep of its golf-course, the sparkling Sound. She was happier there than in the city. And this season things were even more delightful. Coralie was a convert to the Goddess of Inspiration, the patroness of the happy impulse. But the Goddess of Inspiration was not alone responsible for Coralie's blithesomeness. There was a man in it somewhere.

In this case the rôle of man-in-it was played very properly by Duncan McKaye. Coralie wished he would play it not quite so properly. She was at war with propriety.

One afternoon they sailed, she and Duncan. The day demanded sailing, bright and blue and breezy. As they struck into the Sound the white mainsail and jib of their little twenty-footer dipped almost to the waves as the full force of the wind heeled them over.

Coralie had a premonition that Duncan was planning to ask her something very important. She wished he wouldn't plan. She wanted it to happen spontaneously. She believed in spontaneity, in impulse, and not in plan. In fact she startled him once after a pause, "What are you thinking of, Duncan?"

But he wouldn't be routed. He had a plan. "I was thinking," he said, "that we are pretty far from port, and the wind is dying." He was also thinking that they would be becalmed at sunset about a mile from port, and that it would be a very proper time for it. So they came about and headed for home.

AN HOUR and a half made Duncan's setting for him. Ahead of them was a glow of rose where the sun had been, and all about them, instead of scintillating blues and greens and whites, was purple and gray.

Duncan began by remarking how beautiful everything was. "And you know," he went on, "at that, it isn't half so beautiful, Coralie, as you are." How impressive that had sounded to himself! But she didn't seem impressed.

Desperate, he took her hand and rushed through. "You know what I mean—I want to marry you. Don't you see?"

Coralie withdrew her hand. "Duncan McKaye, that is the worst proposal I ever had. You ought to be ashamed. You thought the whole thing out."

He flushed. "I don't care if I did. I want you for a wife and that's all there is to it. Will you?"

"I won't until something hits you inside and makes you take me on the spur of the moment. That's love. Trust your impulses. They are the keys to happiness."

Of course Duncan thought this was foolishness, and propelling a twenty-foot sailboat a mile and a half with a paddle did not cheer him up.

DUNCAN'S consistent golf had carried him to the finals of the State tournament. Archmont was quite excited about it. The other finalist, an older chap named Radfern, was a veteran of many matches. For this reason he was expected to beat Duncan.

The day of the match was one of those when the sky is very blue and the clouds soft and billowy. The first eighteen of their thirty-six-hole play was done in the morning. Duncan surprised. He was steady as a rock and flashes of brilliance made his seventy-four two strokes and two holes better than Radfern.

The veteran, however, was not disturbed. He expected Duncan to crack. These brilliant golfers do, somewhere in thirty-six holes. Radfern was only concerned in playing his own game and waiting.

Coralie caught a bite of lunch and hurried out to the course to watch the final round.

Quite a gallery had gathered about the first tee. Coralie waved to several friends. And there was Duncan! Oh, in those gray knickers he was too—too impossibly nice. And his caddie? Why, it was Bud Brown!

Bud caught her eye and made a perfunctory grab at his cap. "Here's your driver, Mr. McKaye," he said importantly, as one would in addressing the "longest driver in the world."

Coralie thrilled always to see Duncan drive, his easy, full swing bringing every ounce of vital energy to the instant of contact, club-head with ball. She knew him well enough to know that the gallery disturbed him, but he was nevertheless able to get off a good ball, a little high but a long carry. Radfern drove well too, and the onlookers applauded and started off behind the contenders.

Duncan maintained his lead of two holes up to the seventh. They had halved the first two; Duncan won the third; Radfern the fourth, and two more halves. Coralie was so excited she could hardly keep quiet.

Duncan's drive on the seventh was a tremendous ball but a bit off line. It rolled dangerously close to a mound bunker and into the stubble between seven and eight. When they came to it they saw that unluckily the ball had settled into a little de-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 50

A Perfect Relish

HEINZ Tomato Ketchup

Heinz Tomato Ketchup has a flavor that gives to every food a new zest—an inviting, appetizing, delicious taste. It is made in model kitchens of spotless cleanliness, from red ripe tomatoes grown where soil and climate unite to produce the best.

57

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Gossard
Corsets and Brassieres

Silhouettes
change *but* good figures must be cared for

LOOK at a woman's magazine three years old and you think, "how out of date." Ten years ago styles were positively "odd" compared with today's, and twenty years ago—you smile.

Styles change from year to year—but certain women are always smart looking and well poised, no matter what the season's silhouette. Usually these women wear Gossard Corsets and Brassieres which keep the figure youthful without imposing stiffness and restriction.

As Free as Can Be Yet Offering Support

GOSSARDS with the new soft front are straight, giving a flat abdomen without any restriction over digestive organs. Combined with absolute freedom of breathing and body movement, Gossards give support against fatigue and insurance against unbeautiful lines.

Gossard back lines, too, are perfect. They are designed for nine ideal figure types—a full range of sizes and prices for each style. Ask your own corsetiere for Jane Hill's booklet, "The Gentle Art of Looking Your Best." If she is out of copies write The H. W. Gossard Co., 1006 Michigan Avenue, Chicago—originators of front lacing corsetry.

Copyright 1923

The H. W. GOSSARD CO.

Chicago London | *New York Sydney* | *Toronto Buenos Aires*

GOSSARD CORSETS AND BRASSIERES ARE MOST APPRECIATED BY WOMEN WHO HAVE MOST PRIDE IN THEIR APPEARANCE

It Isn't Done

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49

pression. This with the bunker in the way made a bad shot for the green.

Duncan measured the distance with a glance, one hundred and eighty yards probably. "The long iron, Bud," he said.

"Yes, sir," said Bud eagerly. "The other guy is on in two."

Coralie watched intently as Duncan took his stance. She knew he would have to take turf to get at the ball. Finally she saw his iron go slowly back and flash down, biting into the turf and continuing on in a powerful follow-through. The ball shot out, skimmed the bunker, and sped on its way to the green. It was magnificent. Suddenly it came over her that she had never thought him so splendid. If he would only ask her now!

A wild desire, a great impulse, the greatest she had ever sensed, seized hold of her. It must be right as right as right. Natural impulses were always right.

She rushed out and put her arm through Duncan's. For her the other people simply didn't exist. "Duncan!" she demanded, low-voiced. "Would you—would you ask me now? I want it to be *now!*"

He looked at her in amazement; then a frightened glance at the astonished onlookers. It was hardly the place for a romantic crisis, but he knew that it was Coralie's moment. She had said "—now!" There was nothing else for it. Duncan bent and said things, things Coralie had to have him say, and he felt her hand tighten upon his arm. "Anything to get you, Coralie," he whispered, "—even this."

It was all outrageously evident. The gallery applauded wildly. Walking toward the green with Coralie beside him, Duncan flamed scarlet. He was speechless with embarrassment. And Coralie paled.

The blatant publicity of the thing suddenly overwhelmed her. It was unmaidenly, bad taste—just the very thing she would not have done if she had thought. Oh, but she had not thought. Duncan would never forget it.

Coralie wished the ground would open to swallow her. She dropped back with the others. Bud was glaring at her fiercely. "Wot did you do that fer?" he demanded. "Don't you know nuthin' 'bout sykology? You've gon' an' rattled 'im. That's wot!"

"I didn't think, Bud," she murmured.

Duncan chipped badly to the hole and lost. Coralie bit her lip. Why didn't they all stop looking at her?

A hooked drive and an overapproach cost Duncan the eighth and ninth. He was, as they say, "shot," beaten. His nerves were on edge. Radfern smiled He had seen them crack for much less cause.

When they started on the last nine, Coralie slipped away. She couldn't watch any more and she felt faint. She had to get away, far away. Things seemed crumbling. Everything she had thought was so very right was instead all wrong. How she hated that literary person and his insanity!

In a comfortable chair by the eighteenth green sat an old boy, very distinguished with his soft straw, whites, and stick. He was not at all in good humor and he fumed and fussed. Hadn't he come out just to see Duncan win this match? And some one told him that Duncan was down, that a girl had rattled him.

A girl came hurrying around the green toward the club-house. The old boy thought she looked familiar. Well, if it wasn't that little Templeton girl! What was she doing here?

She tried to pass on with her eyes straight ahead, but the old boy wouldn't have it. He rose.

"You aren't going to pass a friend that way, are you?" he called.

Coralie stopped. "I—I didn't see you, sir. I'm in such a hurry, I——"

"I didn't know you were here," he said pleasantly. "It's fine, I think. It will give my boy, Duncan, a chance to know you."

She seemed very anxious to be going, but he pretended not to see. "You've been watching the play They tell me Duncan is down."

"Yes," said Coralie. "I think he is—I mean—yes, he is."

"One of the men said a girl made a scene and put him rather on edge. These girls, Miss Templeton! I'm glad you are of a different stamp. Must you go?"

"I'm sorry, sir. I have to catch the train for Redwich and I haven't packed a thing."

"I wish you wouldn't go. I want Duncan——" But she had gone.

Coralie stepped from the platform of the little depot into the Pullman coach with the relieved feeling of a hunted animal diving into its lair. She was going to run away and not be embarrassed or embarrass Duncan any more. And never again would she do the least little thing without thinking it all out in advance

There was a commotion at the back of the car, and then, as if to materialize her thought, Duncan stood before her, Duncan still coatless, in his knickers and golf-shoes, flushed by a fast drive in the wind.

"Don't look so scared," he said. "I'm not going to eat you not quite. You come right off this train!"

"Oh, please, Duncan—let me go!" plead Coralie. "I won't do it ever again."

"Well, if you won't come yourself—" He stooped and picked her right up out of the seat and carried her down the aisle.

The train was already in motion when he jumped down with her, and one of the passengers who had more insight than curiosity dropped Coralie's bag to the platform.

As Duncan put her into his car, Coralie felt a very little girl. She wept because she was happy and she didn't care.

"Dad told me you were going," said Duncan. "When he found out that you were the girl, he said that whatever you'd done had probably been the right thing to do. He told me not to come back without you."

"But you lost the match, Duncan."

"I've won this match, which is the only important one. It has all come out right, Coralie, just as everything you do comes out right"

"It seems to," agreed Coralie with a strained little smile.

So if you ever chance to meet them, watch out. They leap before they look and are apt to do most anything, even if it isn't done.

Whom Do You Want for President?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

things to be settled at home before we can hope to achieve prestige and influence abroad, or to prevent another war. Unless we make at least some progress toward the settlement of these questions now *we will not have another chance for four years.*

Yes, we have our chance. The national political platforms are yet to be written. The national elections are yet to be held. *We women voters of America can help to make those platforms and decide those elections if we will.*

Does it matter who the next President of the United States is to be? Yes, it does. There is no ruler of modern times who has as much power as the President of the United States may have. We can not afford to do less at this time than to select the very best man we have for the job. Of all the men you know of, have heard or read of, who is your choice for President?

Throughout the world America is being ridiculed for her hopelessly futile attempts to enforce the Volstead Act. Everybody admits that something has got to be done—but what? Should we modify the law or enforce it? And in either case what is the method to be?

We are ridiculed also for our conflicting and confusing marriage and divorce laws—a different law, mind you, for each of the forty-eight States! Will a Federal uniform law solve the problem? If not, how can we disentangle the snarled threads of these absurdly contradictory laws?

Do you believe in birth-control properly safeguarded and regulated? *Between five and eight hundred wretched women write every day* to the National Birth Control League, and there are tragedies in those letters the grinding horror of which no novelist has ever depicted. Pictorial Review is especially interested in the rapidly increasing recognition of the importance of this subject, since this was the first magazine to bring it to public attention.

The strength of the nation lies in its children. Every child should be given a chance—a chance to be born right and to have physical care and mental training. The last census showed more than a million children under sixteen gainfully employed in the United States. How can we stop the needless waste of child life and conserve child strength? Will the proposed child-labor amendment solve the problem?

We have been forced to acknowledge that our system of education is defective. What are we going to do about it? Some educators contend that too many young people are going to college and that too few are getting vocational training, while others think higher educational opportunities should be broadened. A Federal Bureau of Education has been proposed. Do you favor this, or do you agree with the president of Columbia University that the tendency of such a bureau would be toward bureaucracy? Tied up also in the most striking way with the whole subject of education and child welfare is the question of the motion-picture and its influence. This brings us to the discussion of censorship of motion-pictures and of literature—questions of the most vital import.

Answer this questionnaire as your patriotic duty and then pass it on to your friends. Let us seize this opportunity to write the American Woman's Platform in terms so unmistakable that no national party can afford to ignore it. And do it to-day. The task of analyzing and compiling the opinions is a gigantic one, and the sooner it is done the sooner may we feel sure that the party platforms of 1924 will really express the wishes of the women voters of America.

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

A Change Has Come

Mark how teeth now glisten—Millions are fighting film

Watch any crowd of dainty people. Note how teeth show when they smile. Mark how those teeth glisten.

Not long ago teeth were not so pretty. They were more or less clouded by film. The difference today is conspicuous.

It is so the world over. Millions of people of some 50 nations now brush their teeth in a new way. This is to urge those who have not changed, to learn what this new way means. And to offer a ten-day test.

How dingy coats occur

You can feel on your teeth a viscous film. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. No ordinary tooth paste effectively combats it, so old-way brushing left much film intact.

Food stains, etc., discolor the film, then it forms cloudy coats. Tartar is based on film. That is why teeth lose luster.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Tooth troubles, under old methods, became almost universal.

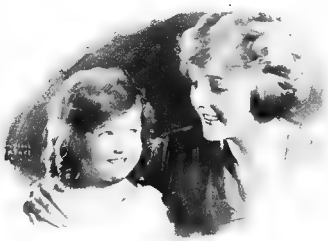
Germs breed by millions in film. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. And that became alarmingly common.

Remedies now found

Dental science started search for ways to fight that film, and eventually two were found. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it, and without any harmful scouring.

Able authorities proved those methods effective. Then a new-type tooth paste was created, based on modern research. Those two great film combatants were embodied in it for daily application.

That tooth paste is called Pepsodent. Leading dentists everywhere have long urged its adoption, and its use is now world-wide.



A new dental era has come now for your children and for you

Other essential helps

Research also proved that other helps were necessary, and Pepsodent was made to supply them.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

Those are Nature's great tooth-protecting agents in the mouth. Pepsodent, with every use, gives them manifold effect.

New conditions now

Pepsodent has brought to millions of homes new conditions in dental hygiene. Not only prettier teeth, but cleaner, safer teeth. Night and day, the teeth's chief enemies are more effectively combated.

You see the whiter teeth, the added beauty. But Pepsodent does more than that.

Learn what it does. Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Watch the other good effects.

A book we send tells how those benefits occur. You will always want them when you know them. Cut out the coupon, lest you forget.

Pepsodent PAT OFF REG U S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without the use of harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

Canadian Office and Laboratories:
191 George St., Toronto, Canada

Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

Ten-Day Tube Free 1178

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 290, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

.....

.....

Only one tube to a family

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

PICTORIAL REVIEW'S

HOME BUREAU

Conducted by MARIE SELLERS

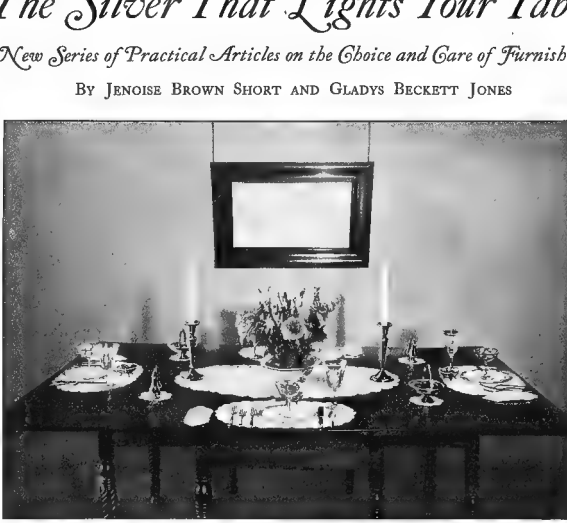
The Silver That Lights Your Table

The First of a New Series of Practical Articles on the Choice and Care of Furnishings for the Home

By Jenoise Brown Short and Gladys Beckett Jones

NO MATTER how perfect every detail of decoration and furnishing in the dining-room, the eye will invariably focus on the table. Quite naturally it catches the center of interest in this particular room. There is a great deal that goes toward making the perfect table—napery, glass, and china—but much of its atmosphere comes from the gleaming silver which gives a feeling of richness and a perfection of detail.

Since the time that the first bowl was hammered out of silver it has been considered the queen of table-metals. Every woman enjoys beautiful table-silver—our grandmothers prized theirs so highly that they usually washed it themselves, not delegating the duty to a maid. The modern manufacturer who employs skilled designers offers us pieces which are distinctive and artistic, but reasonable in price. There is a choice of plated and solid ware. Jewelers state that many women do not know the difference. Solid or sterling silver is by law 925 parts out of every 1,000 pure silver. The other 75 parts are mainly copper. Every woman aspires to solid ware, but it is out of the question for many of us, so why worry when there are so many beautiful plated designs to be had that do not announce their platedness? You need not concern yourself about the wearing qualities of good plated ware if you do your part in taking care of it.



THE SIMPLEST TABLE SPARKLES WHEN SET WITH SHINING SILVER AND GLASS THAT GLISTENS

At the Silver-Factory

BEFORE writing this article we took a trip through one of our great silver-factories and came away more impressed than ever by the quality of the silver, both solid and plated, which the right kind of modern methods could achieve. Modern machinery has to a large extent taken the place of the hand workman in the making of the silver of to-day. We saw some fine plated silver, both flat- and hollow-ware, and came to appreciate what the process of electroplating means in its production at a moderate price.

Much of the plated flat-ware is reenforced by insets of sterling silver in the places which receive the hardest wear. These insets are put in before the utensil is shaped. We have seen forks which showed a fourth inch of solid silver on the end of each tine. Some forks have a band of silver across the back of the heel and at the tip of the handle. Spoons are reenforced at the points where they rest upon the table, both on the bowl and handle. These reenforcements quite naturally lengthen the life of the article.

When buying silver either by the single piece or in a set, go to a thoroughly reliable dealer and ask for a well-known make. You have then protected yourself in case there is anything wrong with your purchase. We are thinking of a lady whom we will call Mrs. B. Some time before she became Mrs. B she was given a birthday present of a solid-silver teaspoon. She liked the spoon, and her relatives conceived the idea of adding a spoon or two at a time for birthday or Christmas. Finally she had a dozen spoons, and her relatives decided that it might be as well to change to forks, thinking that every girl is likely to need them some time. To make a long story short, it is with these forks that were bought one by one from more than one jeweler that we are most concerned. The pattern was a standard one of a well-known make. So far so good. But a fork was a fork to the relatives, and none of the jewelers explained that the manufacturer made the forks in this pattern in three different weights—light, medium, and massive. As a result four of the forks were of such light weight that they broke at the point of greatest strain, the shank, where the index-finger rests when cutting.

It was the business of the jewelers to explain that this pattern of fork came in more than one weight and to say which in their judgment was the best one to buy. But in this case none of them did, thinking possibly that if a heavier fork were advised the increased price would make it out of the question. If there is a choice in the weight of the forks in a certain pattern we are told that a "medium" is the best to buy for the average family. Some manufacturers do not make a light-weight solid-silver fork, fearing that it may break or that the tines will bend. Another reason that forks sometimes break in the shank is because the engraving is too deep at this point and the place is weakened.

To go back to the four broken forks, we want to say that the manufacturer was more than glad to make good on his product and regretted the happening very much. Always appeal directly to him if necessary.

Manufacturers differ as to the number of weights of teaspoons they make. We can think of one pattern that comes in four weights—light, medium, heavy, and massive, and cost $21, $24, $27, and $34 per dozen. To the unobservant the cheapest might seem quite satisfactory, but in this pattern the heavy spoons are the best buy for ordinary use. Never buy a light-weight teaspoon, the expert tells us; the wear on it is too hard. Teaspoons get thin in the bowl, sharp on the edges, dented, and bent. Remember those light spoons that came down to you from your grandmother, with several generations of teeth-marks on them. But very few people buy massive teaspoons, as they are really too heavy for comfort and appearance.

When buying dinner- and dessert-forks, tablespoons, and dessert-spoons ask for a medium weight if there is a choice. Salad-forks and all kinds of knives are, we believe, always made in a medium weight.

Jewelers are afraid of overstocking on any pattern, and because the margin of profit is so nearly the same on all weights of a given pattern and the chances of selling the lighter and cheaper weights are so much the best, they are inclined to concentrate on them, and the ultimate consumer suffers.

All this applies to sterling silver, not to plated, as the pieces in a pattern of plated ware are made in just one quality and weight.

We have said "buy a well-known make" so that you will be safe as to quality. There is another reason, and that is so you may be able to purchase at a later date those pieces of silver for which you longed but could not afford when first buying. But if the pattern is out of date and the dies put away the price may seem exorbitant. It hurts to pay $10.50 to replace a salad-fork that a few years before cost $3.

New patterns are introduced frequently and vary with the changing fashions. There are so many patterns in both flat- and hollow-ware that it is difficult to make a choice. There seems to be a leaning toward the simpler patterns just now, and they are the best investment for the average family, as one seldom tires of them. The simpler the silver the easier it is to clean, but the simpler patterns show scratches more readily than the heavily ornamented. Usually a pattern can be purchased in a bright finish or in a satin or frosted finish to suit the fancy of the individual.

Gold Plate Resists Acids

SUCH pieces as salad-forks, bouillon- and orange-spoons, ice-cream spoons, and salt-cellars are often partially gold-plated. This may be purely for decorative purposes, as with the ice-cream and bouillon-spoons, but in the case of the salad-fork with its gold tines, and the gold-lined and -topped saltcellar the reason is also because of the possible action of certain acids, and in the case of the saltcellar because of the effect of salt on silver. And the manufacturer who does this feels that the gold plating serves a purpose other than a decorative one.

Most of the table-knives of to-day are made with hollow handles. These are not really hollow, but are filled with a cement or pitch-like substance which prevents them from denting and gives balance to the knife. The last word in knife-blades is stainless steel, and both solid and plated knives come with this kind of blade. This makes the most desirable blade for cutting, as it can be sharpened and the cleaning amounts to nothing. Plated blades have a foundation of steel. If there is a weak spot in a knife it is usually at the bolster, where the handle is joined to the blade either by soldering or cementing. We have seen knives open at this point and a black, pitch-like substance appear. Such knives were very poorly joined or badly treated.

A sufficient amount of silverware adds considerably to the ease and pleasure of serving a meal. It is disconcerting to be forced to disappear surreptitiously and wash the forks for the salad course. Perhaps nothing makes the bride feel more luxurious than her chest of flat silver with its beautifully arranged service. Her silver is such a permanent thing that she knows she is equipped for a lifetime. But if the matter is not comfortably settled in some such way, the question "How much shall I buy?" is bound to arise after the pattern has been decided upon. The bride usually starts out with sets of six or twelve, but we have found that eight of a kind (we mean dinner-forks and -knives, salad-forks, etc.) is a convenient the not a conventional number. This allows for a dinner of eight—just two tables of bridge.

The size of your family, the number and kinds of courses you wish to serve, the number of guests you expect to entertain at one time—all these help to determine the extensiveness of your service. It would hardly be possible for us to make a list of flat silver that would meet the exact requirements of many families. There are so many pieces which contribute to the ease and smoothness of service that are not absolutely necessary. Few of us can get all the pieces we really long for at one time, but we suggest the following as a start for a family of two:

6 or 8 dinner-forks.
6 or 8 dinner-knives.
12 or 16 teaspoons.
6 or 8 dessert-spoons or round-bowl soup-spoons.
6 or 8 butter-spreaders.
3 tablespoons.
1 sugar-tongs.
1 sugar-shell.
6 or 8 salad-forks.

The list would be much more complete if to it were added bouillon- and after-dinner coffee-spoons, fruit-knives and dessert-knives and -forks, a fish-knife and fork, a berry-spoon and a gravy-ladle, and a carving and a beefsteak set. But all these and others will come in time.

The children's silver has not been neglected. For the very little child there are spoons with curved handles and pushers to facilitate eating. And there are fascinating alphabet porringers and plates which any youngster would love. Sets made up of a small knife, fork, and spoon are ready for the older children.

All the silver except flat-ware is called hollow-ware. When buying platters, pitchers, and tea and coffee sets ask this question: "Will this piece stand extreme heat?" The best plated hollow-ware has a base of hard metal, sometimes called nickel silver. It is composed mostly of nickel. The best grade is heavily plated and the decorations and handles are soldered on with hard or silver solder. This means that they will not melt off under ordinary circumstances. Inferior pieces have a base of britannia metal and soft instead of hard solder is used. In consequence handles and decorations are likely to come off.

While the first outlay of money necessary to buy good pieces of hollow-ware may seem considerable, the investment is in the end a profitable one. We have not had a platter casualty since we started using silver. The "two in one" vegetable-dishes with covers which serve as additional dishes when needed are among the most useful of our own hollow-ware. And there are gravy-boats, cream-pitchers and sugar-bowls, bread-plates, and a variety of other pieces which are serviceable, durable, and artistic. When a complete service is desired platters, pitchers, and tea and coffee sets are made to match the flat-ware.

Digitized by Google
Original from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

$1000 in prizes for the best interpretation of this picture

This is one of a series of pictures used in the advertising of Eaton's Highland Linen. Four of these pictures have already appeared in this magazine. Look them up, study them, read the advertisements, see how the pictures are used and what they illustrate.

Then write a 25 word interpretation of this picture in which the thought expressed by the picture is connected with the use of writing paper.

The best interpretation of the picture and the best application of its meaning to the use of writing paper will win the first prize. Prizes will be awarded to other successful contestants as indicated.

$500 . .	1st prize	2 prizes of .	$50 each
$200 . .	2nd prize	4 prizes of .	$25 each
$100 . .	3rd prize	100 prizes	in boxes of stationery

RULES

Please read these simple rules and follow them, otherwise your contribution will not be considered:

1. Your interpretation must not exceed 25 words.
2. You may submit as many answers as you wish provided each answer is written on a separate sheet of paper.
3. All answers must be written on Eaton's Highland Linen. This paper may be obtained wherever good stationery is sold. If you cannot readily obtain this paper, or if you do not wish to buy it, send a postal card to the Eaton, Crane & Pike Company, Pittsfield, Mass., and we will mail you, free of charge, a sheet of Eaton's Highland Linen and a Highland Linen Envelope for your use in entering this contest.
4. All answers must be addressed to Contest Committee, Eaton, Crane & Pike Company, 225 Fifth Ave., New York, and must bear a post mark not later than midnight Friday, November 30th, 1923.
5. No person in the employ of the Eaton, Crane & Pike Company, or member of the family of such employee will be eligible to compete.
6. If two or more contestants send answers alike in thought and of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will be paid to each.
7. The announcement of the winners will be made not later than February 1st, 1924.
8. The judges who will pass upon all contributions and make the awards are:

EMILY POST, Author of "Etiquette, the Blue Book of Social Usage."

CHARLES DANA GIBSON, *President*, Life Publishing Co.

BRUCE BARTON, *President*, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, advertising agency.

Enter this contest. It is an opportunity. It calls for original thinking and clear, concise writing. It may enable you to discover a gift you did not know you possessed.

EATON, CRANE & PIKE COMPANY, *New York* *Pittsfield, Mass.*

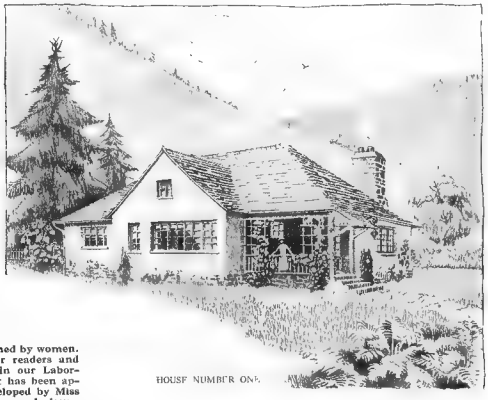
Digitized by Google
Original from the
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Houses Planned By Women

Based on Suggestions from the Readers of Our "Planning the House to Save Labor" Series

By Mae Savell Croy

Drawings by Ella Briggs, Architect



HOUSE NUMBER ONE

THESE two Pictorial Review bungalows were planned and designed by women. They were developed from original drawings submitted by our readers and selected by Mrs. Croy as the best one-story, step-saving houses in our Labor-saving House competition. The arrangement of the equipment has been approved by Mrs. Croy, and the architectural features have been developed by Miss Briggs, a woman architect. Two two-story houses will appear in an early issue.

THERE is no question but that the carefully planned home saves labor for the housewife and gives her a greater chance for recreation and diversion. Women are coming to this realization more and more, and certainly the influence of their ideas is being felt a great deal in the construction of homes of all types.

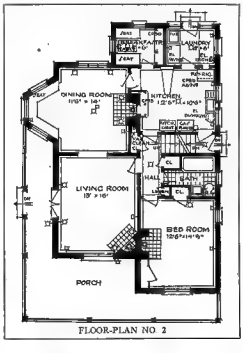
The response to our offer in the March, 1923, number of Pictorial Review to purchase for publication a limited number of house-plans from our readers was most gratifying, indicating as it did the tremendous interest women are taking in the planning of homes to systematize and professionalize housework.

The two plans shown are pictured as they were sent to us with the exception of a few changes in order to make them adaptable to the majority rather than suited to the requirements of an individual. These particular plans were chosen largely because they can either be reduced in size or enlarged without affecting the general attractiveness of the original plan.

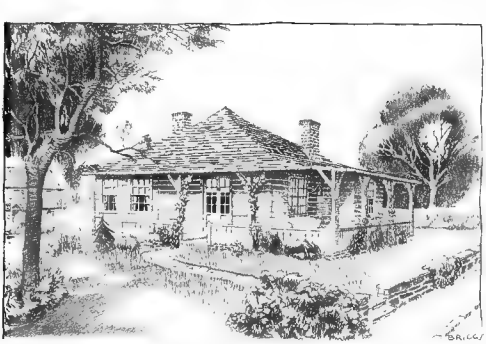
Some changes were made for the purpose of conforming the plan to architectural beauty, such as to give balance to a room by the placing of doors and windows. From an architectural standpoint this feature of a house is of great importance. Personally, the writer would sacrifice in certain rooms, such as the nursery, laundry, and kitchen, beauty of line for convenience of arrangement. But this is a matter for the individual woman to decide, and where any such change has been made in the plans shown, comment will be made in the description.

House No. 1, planned by Mrs. R. W. Lang, 3646 Thirteenth Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn., can be reduced in size materially by omitting the present living-room and making of the dining-room a combined living-room and dining-room. The breakfast-alcove located between the kitchen and dining-room can be made a great convenience. It can seat four persons, and it will serve as a dining-room when only the family is present.

In eliminating the present living-room the front exterior naturally undergoes a change. Either an open or a closed porch may be placed on the front of the house, and in order to provide cross-ventilation for the then *two* front rooms this porch should not extend across the entire front, but enough space should be left at each end to allow for a window. In addition to the advantage of having better ventilation for the rooms, the house will present a more attractive appearance with a smaller porch which does not extend entirely across the front.



FLOOR-PLAN NO. 2



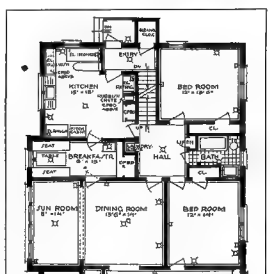
HOUSE NUMBER TWO

The chimney and fireplace, too, will have to find another location, and may be placed either at the side of the house or between two rooms. A chimney requires a great deal of space, and a house of the dimensions of this one can ill afford to give up the square footage necessary for placing a chimney on the inside.

The linen-closet taken from a part of the bathroom space opens into the hall, which obviates the trying delay in procuring fresh linen while some one takes a bath.

The hall, which has no outside ventilation, may be lighted and ventilated from a skylight in the roof, or it may be adequately lighted by the upper half of the doors to the pantry and bathroom being of glass. The bathroom door, of course, should be ground glass, since not even a thin curtain will serve to insure privacy when a night-light is shining, and a shade is a bit of a nuisance. A transom over the bathroom door will ventilate the hall when the bathroom window is left open.

Note the very adequate kitchen equipment—an electric range, an electric ironing-machine and wall-installed ironing-board, the electric dish-washer and electric refrigerator, so placed that were it not electric it could be iced from the porch without the necessity of the iceman entering the kitchen. If the porch were a little larger the electric washing-machine could be placed on it, and since the porch could easily be enclosed, either by putting up wooden panels, or glass, it would be comfortable for Winter work.



FLOOR-PLAN NO. 1

The kitchen range receives excellent light, and, being placed where it is, no odors or smoke passes the door before reaching the window outlet, the there is practically no smoke from an electric range and very few odors escape when employing oven cookery. The sink and drain-board are placed at the popular and convenient height of thirty-six inches from the floor to the drain-board, and since the windows are of ample size the worker at the sink has a good view of the out-of-doors. If the house is so placed that the morning sunlight shines on the kitchen windows, let us hope there will be a window-box attached on the outside, to serve as a parsley-and-mint bed, or for a flowering-plant, or both. A plant in the kitchen window usually thrives, for it is so easy to cultivate and water it in an odd moment.

As the plan now stands there is a good deal of waste wall-space in the service department sacrificed for architectural harmony. An alternate plan, and one which the writer prefers, is to close the door between the kitchen and hall and install the built-in cupboards into the corner and against the wall between the breakfast-room and kitchen. The door to the hall could be cut through the breakfast-room, eliminating the cupboard now there, but building narrow cupboards on each side of the two walls. Unless a dumbwaiter is installed the linen-chute need be only a foot square.

Other features of this house deserving of consideration are the rubbish-chute in the floor, through which all débris can be hurled to a receptacle near the furnace; the full-length mirror in the coat-closet; well-placed electric-light outlets and base- and wall-plugs for electrical equipment and electric reading-lamps; a towel-rack placed under the sink; all electric outlets placed for right-hand use, including an outlet for the curling-iron and water-heater, and a plug for the heater in the bathroom.

This house may be enlarged by raising the roof and finishing off one or two rooms in the attic. Another suggestion is to make of the front bedroom a combined living-room and bedroom by installing in a closet the satisfactory closet-bed described and pictured in the November, 1922, number of Pictorial Review. This closet can be taken from the space now occupied by the bathroom basin, and the basin may be placed on the other side of the bathroom, using the space now devoted to the linen-closet. In this case a linen-closet could be placed over the laundry chute, since the laundry chute in a house of this size would probably be needed only to convey clothing from the ground floor to the basement. Should it be desired to use the linen-chute from the attic, then the closet from the back bedroom could be made smaller and the end toward the hall devoted to a second and smaller closet for linens.

House No. 2, sent by Mrs. Anna Archbold Barker, 2732 Connecticut Avenue, Dormant, Pa., is likewise adaptable. While the kitchen arrangement varies radically from that in the former plan, this arrangement will have a strong appeal for as many women as the other one, and it is flexible as to the location of equipment. The range, for instance, placed against the left-hand

CONTINUED ON PAGE 67

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

COMMUNITY PLATE

"BEAUTIFUL! How *dear* of Tom.... Wonder why they call it an 'Add-a-Piece' Chest. Oh, I know—because you can *add new pieces* of silver—Somebody has brains!"

There is truly a fascination about this most delightful Add-a-Piece Chest. You start with as few pieces or as many as you may desire. Then later add an extra half-dozen Teaspoons, the Salad Forks you've always wanted or the dainty Cold Meat Fork. And *presto*—in no time, a Complete Service. The expense has hardly been a factor.

Chests with minimum of necessary pieces—$53.00

At Your Jeweler's

Note—*Our dainty booklet on Correct Table Service—edited by Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont's social secretary—may be had from your dealer, or from us upon receipt of ten cents.*

ONEIDA COMMUNITY LTD., ONEIDA, N.Y.

Google

Science Speaks!

High Authorities Prove Remarkable Health Value in

KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

AN exhaustive investigation and confirmatory tests just completed by high scientific authorities, prove that Knox Sparkling Gelatine has remarkable health and food value combined with its many appetizing delights.

These tests have proved that Knox Gelatine aids digestion, stimulates delicate appetites, promotes the healthy growth of children, corrects under-nourishment, and is an invaluable addition to cow's milk in infant feeding.

As An Aid To Digestion

Prepared as desserts or salads, Knox Sparkling Gelatine aids the digestion because of its action in softening the masses of other foods.

For Delicate Appetites

Knox Sparkling Gelatine is not only beneficial in itself, but it is an ideal conveyor of other wholesome foods to invalids, convalescents, and those who have "finicky" appetites.

To Promote Child Growth

Knox Sparkling Gelatine has been found to be unusually rich in nature's essential protein element—Lysine, which promotes healthful growth. It is therefore of the utmost value in the diet of children.

For Under-Nourishment

As a corrective in malnutrition and under-nourishment, and in cases of rickets and scurvy, Knox Sparkling Gelatine combined with fruit juices is of great value.

In Infant Feeding

One of the most important facts proved by the investigation, is the value of Knox Sparkling Gelatine dissolved and combined in the right proportion with the milk in infant feeding. Ask your physician about this and write to us for the special pamphlet for mothers.

FOR EXAMPLE: Here is one of many recipes so rich in nutrition that it is almost a meal in itself. It will serve eight people.

Spanish Orange Cream

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine — Yolks of 3 eggs — 2 cups of milk
¼ teaspoonful salt — 1 cup orange juice — ½ teaspoonful lemon extract
½ cup sugar — Whites of 3 eggs

Soak the gelatine in milk ten minutes. Place over hot water, and when gelatine is dissolved, add sugar. Pour slowly on the yolks of the eggs slightly beaten, return to double boiler and cook until thickened somewhat, stirring constantly. Remove from range, and add orange juice, salt and lemon extract, then add whites of eggs beaten until stiff. Turn into one large or individual molds, first dipped in cold water, and place in ice box. (This will separate and form a jelly on the bottom and custard on top.)

If desired, serve with whipped cream, or sliced oranges, peaches, bananas, pineapple, chopped figs or a berry sauce. If preferred, omit the orange juice and use an additional cup of milk, flavoring the cream with vanilla or any desired flavoring.

Plain Sparkling Gelatine for General Use

"The Health Value of Gelatine"

The remarkable findings of this scientific investigation have been reprinted in a little book, "The Health Value of Gelatine." You can get it—free—together with Mrs. Knox's two recipe books, "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy," by sending your grocer's name and 4c for postage.

CHARLES B. KNOX GELATINE CO.
135 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.

"Always Highest Quality"

Same Sparkling Gelatine with Lemon Flavoring in separate Envelope

PICTORIAL REVIEW'S

Little Cook-Book

By EDITH M. BARBER

HOME-MADE jellies, jams, and pickles have a flavor all their own and show the culinary taste of the housewife. She may give over her other household duties to others, but canning-and-preserving-time will usually find her taking command in the kitchen and giving her personal attention to the steaming kettles.

"X" FOR EXTRAS—JAMS AND JELLIES

THERE are two qualities, pectin and acid, that fruits must have to make a perfect jelly. The amount of sugar to the juice is no longer a matter of guesswork, as the juice may be tested for pectin. Take a spoonful of alcohol—the denatured kind will do—and put it in a glass with a spoonful of the hot juice. If a firm jelly, which can be lifted with a spoon without breaking, forms, one cupful of sugar to one cupful of juice should be used.

Currants, green grapes, and unripe apples are the fruits which are likely to demand this amount of sugar. If the jelly which forms in the glass separates when lifted with a spoon, three-quarters as much sugar as juice should be used. The majority of fruit-juices demand three-fourths as much sugar as juice.

There are some fruits which contain little pectin, but if we mix their juice with that of one of the fruits having a greater quantity until we get a pectin-test we may have a jelly of almost any flavor.

Commercial pectin may be purchased and enough mixed with the fruit-juice which contains little to get a good pectin-test. There is no test except that of taste for acid, and that test varies. Fruits lacking in acids are quinces and blackberries. Peaches, pears, strawberries, and raspberries contain little of either pectin or acid, but if an acid-pectin juice, such as apple or green grape, is added, we shall get satisfactory results.

In making jelly do not try to make too much at a time. Two and a half to three quarts of juice can be managed successfully. In extracting the juice from soft fruits use just enough water to keep them from sticking. Mash while heating gradually and cook until the pulp loses its color. Cut hard fruits into pieces without paring or coring and cook with just enough water to cover until the fruit is tender. Do not mash if you wish to have a clear jelly. Remove the seeds from quinces before cooking, as they form a gum which destroys the jelly texture. Strain the juice through a wet flannel jelly-bag and let it drip without pressing.

To make a second extraction, after the pulp has stopped dripping return to the kettle, add enough water to cover, cook gently twenty minutes, and strain again through the jelly-bag. Test the juice for pectin, and if you get a good test you can cook the pulp again for a third extraction.

The first extraction perhaps makes the clearest jelly, but it may be combined with the other extraction, and the amount of sugar needed may be determined from testing the mixed juice. Measure the juice, bring to the boiling-point, add the sugar, and stir until the sugar is dissolved. Boil rapidly and do not skim until the jelly is done. When the juice has reached the jellying-point it will respond to the two-drop test. Dip the spoon into the juice and hold above the kettle. When two drops hang together from the side of the spoon the jelly is ready to remove from the fire.

If you have a confectioners' thermometer the temperature should read 221 to 223 degrees F., but the drop-test should be used as well. After removing from the stove skim the jelly and pour into hot glasses. When firm pour hot melted paraffin over the top. Be sure that the paraffin is hot in order that bacteria, which may have settled on the jelly during the cooling process, may be killed. After the paraffin is cold the glasses should be covered with tin lids or with tight paper covers.

PRACTICALLY any fruits may be used for jams and marmalades, as their consistency need not be as solid as that of jelly. If a solid product is preferred combinations of fruits may be made in such a way.

To prepare jams, crush the fruits or berries with three-fourths their weight in sugar and cook rapidly, stirring occasionally until thick. This process takes from thirty to forty minutes. One drop hanging from the spoon is a good test unless you prefer the two-drop solid jelly-test.

To prepare marmalades cook hard fruits until partially soft with water to cover, add sugar equal in measure to the fruit and liquid, and cook until as thick as desired. Fruits such as grapefruit and oranges are used for marmalade. Combinations of such vegetables as carrots, squash, and pumpkin with oranges and lemons are satisfactory.

PICKLES

A SUPPLY of pickles of an interesting variety will be the greatest help throughout the Winter months. When the salad vegetables, which in their plenty add an extra savor to the Summer menu, are too expensive to use with every meal, we may open a jar of pickles of one kind or another.

Cucumbers, tomatoes, melons, and all the Fall vegetables which are particularly suitable for pickling are fortunately at their best for this purpose when they are the cheapest. Green tomatoes and ripe cucumbers, of which there is always an oversupply, can be had almost for the asking, and are among the most desirable of the pickling vegetables

Cucumber and melon pickles are the better for soaking in a brine for twenty-four hours. One cupful of salt to two quarts of water makes a good solution. Drain and wash in clear water before pickling

To insure crispness pickles may be soaked in lime-water, one ounce to one gallon of water, for two hours after they are removed from the brine. Rinse thoroughly before proceeding with the pickling.

Hot or cold spiced vinegar may be used for the pickling process. The pickles should be completely covered by the vinegar.

If you have a cool place to store pickles they will keep well in large covered jars. If you are in doubt about storage facilities, seal the pickles in hot jars with rubbers.

There are any number of mixed pickles which may be made by combinations of tomatoes, cabbage, celery, onions, and other vegetables After cutting or chopping the vegetables, sprinkle with salt and allow them to stand overnight. Drain and cook with vinegar and spice from ten minutes to one hour, depending upon the vegetables.

Small Cucumber Pickles

4 Quarts Small Cucumbers — 1 Gallon Vinegar
Brine — 4 Cupfuls Brown Sugar
Lime-water — ½ Cupfull Mixed Spices
1 Sliced Onion

ALLOW the cucumbers to stand twenty-four to forty-eight hours in a brine. Drain, rinse in cold water thoroughly, soak in lime-water two hours, and rinse in cold water. Heat the vinegar, add the spices, onion, and the sugar, and pour over the cucumbers in the crock or in the jars. The sugar may be omitted.

Short-Cut Pickles

4 Quarts Cucumbers — 1 Cupful Mustard
1 Gallon Vinegar — 1 Cupful Salt
1 Cupful Sugar

WASH the cucumbers and place in clean jars. Cover with the vinegar mixed with the other ingredients and seal.

Mixed Pickles

1 Quart Small Silver-skinned Onions — 5 Red Peppers
1 Quart Small Tomatoes — 1 Quart String-beans
1 Head Cauliflower — 2 Quarts Vinegar
1 Cupful Salt — 1½ Cupful Brown Sugar
2 Tablespoonfuls Whole Mixed Spices

CUT all the vegetables except the beans into good-sized pieces, sprinkle with the salt, and allow to stand overnight. Drain. Cook the beans in water with a little salt until tender. Drain. Mix the vinegar, sugar, and spices together and bring to the boiling-point. Add the vegetables and let cook ten minutes. Pack in jars, fill to overflowing with the hot vinegar mixture, and seal.

Ripe Cucumber Pickles

3 Pounds Pared Ripe Cucumbers — 2 Tablespoonfuls Cinnamons
Lime-water — 2 Tablespoonfuls Cloves
6 Cupfuls Sugar — 2 Tablespoonfuls All-spice
2 Quarts Water — 1 Tablespoonful Mace
2 Cupfuls Vinegar

CUT the cucumbers into lengths and scoop out the lime-water. Drain and soak in fresh water one hour. Make a sirup by boiling together the water and four cupfuls of sugar. Drain the cucumbers and cook rapidly in the sirup thirty minutes. Add two cupfuls of sugar, vinegar, and the spices, tied in a bag, and cook until the cucumbers are transparent. Remove the spice-bag, pack in hot jars, and seal. Brown sugar may be used.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

RAISINS are dried in the sun in beautiful clusters, just as they come from the vine. For your convenience they are then stripped from the stems and packed, seeded or seedless, in cartons, ready for use

Yet Robinson Crusoe had no "raisins of the sun" like these!

WITH what gusto does Robinson Crusoe tell us of his "raisins of the sun!"

You remember his joy when he happened, one day, upon a little valley of his lonely island—a valley purple with ripening grapes.

How he hung the heavy clusters in the sun to dry—then fought to save them from the birds. And finally stored away in his castle home large baskets of this tempting sun-made fruit.

But for you—such raisins as never grew in story books!

And yet, for all their goodness, how much inferior must have been such raisins of wild grapes to the large, plump, flavory fruit that comes to you from California today—

From the garden valleys of San Joaquin and Sacramento, fenced by the snowy Sierras and the Coast Range mountains, where the boundless vineyards bear this royal fruit in its perfection.

Here, ripe to bursting with their goodness, the perfect clusters are taken from the vines and placed on trays to dry. And here the golden California sunshine turns the juicy, tender-skinned grapes, with all their full, rich flavor, into Sun-Maid Raisins.

Bring their stored-up sunshine to your table often!

You know, of course, how much more tempting you can make your favorite cakes, your cookies, and such good things with this delicate fruit.

But to the old, familiar foods—like good white bread, rice pudding, or Cream of Wheat for instance—you can also give *new* goodness by simply adding Sun-Maid Raisins. They help you to so easily provide the variety that every family craves.

And with this goodness—health and added nourishment. For Sun-Maids are rich in elements that supply important bodily needs. They help make laxatives unnecessary.

Send for free recipe book

Give your family their favorite raisin foods more often. You can do it inexpensively, for raisins are cheap this year.

The surest and easiest recipes for many tempting dishes, new and old, are given in the free book, "Recipes with Raisins." Fill out the coupon and send for this free book today. Address: Sun-Maid Raisin Growers Association, Dept. A-310, Fresno, Calif.

NOTE: Sun-Maid Raisins are grown by some 14,000 independent growers with vineyards averaging only 20 acres each. Twelve years of effort in producing the best, most perfect raisins under the Sun-Maid name has resulted in their supplying 80 per cent of all the raisins now used in this country.

ONE of the most popular of all Sun-Maid dishes is pudding made with rice or bread. A simple dish made extra good, extra nourishing, just by adding raisins

Sun Maid Raisin Growers Association
Dept A-310, Fresno, Calif

Please send me a copy of your book, "Recipes with Raisins"

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Sun-Maid Raisins

Seeded—Seedless—Clusters

Digitized by Google

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

"Standard"
PLUMBING FIXTURES
"Standard" kitchen sinks, "yard stick high," provide comfort and prevent back-strain. How high is yours?
Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co., Pittsburgh

Digitized by Google
Original from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

PICTORIAL REVIEW'S HOME BUREAU

Wall-Paper Backgrounds

The Walls and Their Finish May Make or Mar the Atmosphere of a Room

By Estelle H. Ries

WHETHER a room be formal or informal, masculine or feminine, gloomy or cheerful, its character is revealed in the walls. The color alone produces all sorts of effects upon us. As a rule light-colored wall-papers permit of greater variety in the color and character of accessories, and minimize the feeling of indoor confinement, even oppression, that dark walls are known to produce.

Red is called an advancing color and makes a room look small. Blue is a receding color and increases the apparent size. Red excites, yellow cheers and stimulates, and blue exerts a quieting influence. Large areas should be in subdued tones. Bright reds, deep blues, orange, purple, or brilliant green may be effective in certain combinations when used in small areas; otherwise they are aggressive, offensive, and unwholesome. There is a growing demand for yellow and its derivatives. Yellow imitates sunshine, and a yellow bedroom will start the day for us with a stimulus. There are tones of yellow varying from pale primrose to golden tans to suit every condition. Have darker walls in bright rooms and lighter walls in ill-lighted rooms.

It is no longer "the thing" to do all the rooms in the house, or even on one floor, alike, with the monotonous, institutional effect that this gives. Each room has its own conditions of light, of use and equipment. One may be a living-room in which light, gay paper makes it a cheerful background for the family group, while the other is a dining-room, formal and without pictures, in which more decorative paper is demanded. The exposure of each room to the sun differs; so do its proportions, and wall-paper may do much to modify and correct the conditions. If one room is furnished in mahogany and the other in oak, it is apparent that a different setting is required to reveal the qualities of these unlike woods at their best.

The scale of the pattern should always be relative to the scale of the room. A small pattern in a large room will hardly be distinguishable from the center of the floor, while a large pattern in a small room will destroy the repose that is required of the wall. If the ceiling be low the use of simple vertical stripes will increase its apparent height. If, on the other hand, it be too high for the width, as in a narrow hall, tapestry and foliage effects may be employed that provide depth and distance.

Rooms on one floor usually have the same height, but are otherwise of different dimensions. This means that they can not all be correctly proportioned, and here is the opportunity for frieze or border to make the necessary modifications. Borders should not be placed at random just for variety or novelty. They must do what the name implies; that is, border upon something, conforming strictly to its lines.

A frieze performs its best function when it is deliberately selected to reduce the height of the room. Do not use a frieze with an all-over design, for the frieze is much better if used with a plain or striped paper. And do not have a frieze with a realistic design that shows a hundred wood choppers on the verge of felling a hundred trees all day and all night, or equally disturbing and startling scenes. And avoid the calamity of half a man or beast at the end of the frieze, especially when the frieze is in the nursery or playroom.

If an all-over design, or indeed any other, is desired to decrease the height of a room, do not carry it up to the top of the walls, but let it stop with a molding at a cornice-line some distance below the ceiling, letting the ceiling-paper or -tint come down to the molding.

Architectural dignity is achieved by using formal papers in formal rooms, and damasks, flocks, richly embossed leathers, grass-cloths, and the correct period papers may be suggested. These are, however, not suitable for bedrooms, where floral or two-toned designs are charming, or for other informal locations.

The use of wall-paper in panels also expresses formality, and creates an architectural feeling that is difficult to produce when the paper is continuous. A stronger and more decided pattern may be used, partly because its insistence is relieved by the enclosing moldings, and partly because actually less of the pattern is used, surrounded by wood surface as it is.

An important factor in the appearance of wall-paper, and one that is by no means recognized to its full value, is the element of texture. The finishes or surface qualities of a great many different materials have been successfully reproduced, and effects of satin, damask, burlap, plaster, leather, and others are available. This at once makes possible a wide range for selection, but with it comes the added responsibility of knowing how to select textures that will be congenial with the other things in the room.

Oak is an open-grained wood, and in much of our better types of furniture it is generally heavy and carved. It therefore demands a wall-paper of heavy texture, such as tapestry, leather, or the rough-plaster finishes. The satin-striped and other delicate effects should not be used with coarse woods.

In selecting a setting for mahogany, the opposite is true. This wood has a smooth, fine surface, so that delicacy for walls and woodwork is suitable. Smooth finish is necessary and coarse textures must be set aside. Coarse, heavy, or rough paper would overbalance a room furnished in mahogany, causing it to look frail, while damask, chints, Venetian effects, and open scenics are among the appropriate textures. For elaborate rooms such as the ornate French styles, moire or silk in their highly finished richness would be called for in the background.

Mission furniture of the bungalow requires coarse supporting texture. Any satiny finish would be entirely out of keeping, for while the furniture tried to be dignified and sober, the walls would be showy, vibrant, and trivial, thus making the elements of the room at odds with each other, each defeating the purpose of the other. Suitable background for Mission furniture might be found in the grass cloth, the tapestry, the rough plaster, the leathers, and other heavy papers.

Tapestry paper as a rule can not take pictures, it is well pictorial. In the indefinite foliage patterns of light shades it is possible to hang a fairly strong picture. No water-color or etching can under any circumstances be placed with propriety upon a tapestry background, and it is safer not to hang any pictures at all upon it.

In selecting the particular quality of texture that is suitable for wall-paper one must, of course, have regard for the upholstering of the furniture and the window-hangings. Not only the weight of the draperies must be considered in connection with the paper, but the finish as well. A glossy, thin silk in the curtains will not look well with a background of coarse, dull burlap. Velour in the drapery will not complement chints on the wall, nor would dainty madras fulfil the promise of a leather paper.

Walls are a potent influence. Let us choose those that will be cheerful and harmonious, that will dignify our household and reveal its members at their best.

Photo by M. E. Hewitt Studio

IN THE ENTRANCE HALL, BRIGHT COLOR MAY BE USED TO GIVE INTEREST TO A PLACE NORMALLY UNCROWDED

Parfumeur to Princess Charlotte 1817

THROUGHOUT the centuries the sovereignty of France in certain arts has remained unquestioned by the world. In perfume making, France has had no rival since the establishment of the House of Houbigant, in 1775. It was an exquisite talent—that of the founder of this great French House. To Marie Antoinette, he paid tribute with enchanting perfumes created for her use; and soon was famous. To-day, women of distinguished place in every Court of Europe testify to the magic skill of another HOUBIGANT by their unvarying preference for HOUBIGANT extraits. All these inimitable perfumes, together with fine colognes, powders and other delightful toiletries, are now available in America. You will find them at smart shops everywhere.

HOUBIGANT Inc

NEW YORK, 16 WEST 49TH ST.
MONTREAL, 46 ST. ALEXANDER ST.

HOUBIGANT ODEURS

Quelques Fleurs
Le Parfum Idéal
Un Peu d'Ambre
Le Temps des Lilas
Violette Houbigant
Coeur de Jeannette
Quelques Violettes
Mon Boudoir
La Rose France
Premier Mai
Parfum Inconnu
D'Argeville
Jasmin Floral
Mes Delices

Le Parfum Idéal—subtly alluring and distinctive.

Mon Boudoir—the essence of French sophistication.

Le Temps des Lilas—Spring embodied in a perfume.

HOUBIGANT Paris

Extraits, Eaux de Toilette, Poudres, Poudres à Sachet, Poudres de Talc, Poudres Composées, Rouges, Savons, Sels pour le Bain, Brillantines

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

PICTORIAL REVIEW'S HOME BUREAU

A Hallowe'en Community Hike

By Edna Sibley Tipton

HAVE you ever found your porch-chairs a block away from home the morning after Hallowe'en? Have you often searched in vain for a missing garbage-can lid the day after evil spirits are supposed to have been abroad? That they have been out in full force you have no doubt, and as you fret and scold about the viciousness of the young of to-day you are sure to forget how you looked forward to playing pranks on this night of nights with a relish only second to that felt on Christmas eve.

Some towns escape the troublesome after effects of Hallowe'en by giving carnival parades, and they have found them most enjoyable, too. But many cities and towns are too large for this kind of sport and do not feel they could organize and take proper care of so big a crowd as would join in the festivities. For such sections there is another solution which will prove most successful. It is the community Hallowe'en hike. This can be given by neighborhoods, churches, or wards. The participants are thus kept out of mischief and at the same time amused throughout the evening.

Every one taking part is asked to appear masked and in costume; an itinerary for the parade or hike is mapped out; lanterns and colored lights shed their weird light upon the roadway; confetti and sparklers are provided for all; prizes are offered for the cleverest costumes; an honest-to-goodness band or one composed of players on tin pans, drums, fifes, tissue-paper-covered combs, and horns is organized; a leader of community singing is procured; a not-too-distant park or vacant lot in which to hold the festivities is chosen; and then everything is in readiness for a dizzy evening of fun.

Such parades or hikes usually start at seven-thirty or eight o'clock, and as the merrymakers progress along the chosen route music, confetti-throwing, and impromptu dancing cause much laughter.

Costumes that have won praise and prizes are those which have featured witches, clowns, fairies, rubes, animated vegetables, Santa Claus, advertised products and trade-marks, Chinese and Japanese subjects, Mother Goose "people," animals (four-footed and two-footed), Colonial Dames, historical characters, professors, parsons, Gipsies, Indians, hoboes, and Christmas trees.

At the park the children prance about in a witches' dance; the grown-ups join in a ghosts' dance; marshmallow roasts take place around previously prepared bonfires, beside which children tell and are told fairy-tales and funny stories while grown-up groups tell ghost-stories. Several witches' pots containing apples, ginger-snaps, and roasted wieners, and scattered around the grounds, furnish the inspiration for a food hunt; a witch sitting over a witches' well tells fortunes. This she may do by gazing into the water or by allowing her clients to reach into a "dry well" which has been previously filled with ready-made fortunes.

Bobbing for apples in huge tubs of water, peanut races, and performing stunts may occupy much of the time. At one Hallowe'en affair great excitement was created for the kiddies when a witch carrying a bag of bonbons on her back came riding by on a broomstick steed. A wild scramble ensued as the youngsters tried to capture both the witch and her sweets.

Before the enthusiasm and pep begin to wane, have appropriately trimmed trucks appear at the grounds and invite every one to pile in for the return hike.

After an evening so filled with activity even the boys will be too tired to think up mischief, and the neighborhood, the ward, and the town (if all have joined in) may lie down and sleep in peace, assured that on the morrow furniture, door-mats, and porch-swings will be in place!

Rebuilding Louvain

By Mrs. Percy V. Pennybacker

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND school-children in New York and the East have contributed to the rebuilding of the University of Louvain in Belgium.

Probably half of them have visited the New York Public Library to inspect the model of the Louvain Library recently brought from Europe to give American citizens an idea of the appearance of the building when finished. Church leaders, educators, and prominent social workers have all joined the pilgrimage to the Public Library to view this replica, which faithfully portrays the design conceived by Whitney Warren, the New York architect.

Theodore Roosevelt, James J. Hill, Andrew Carnegie, Bishop Farley, Cardinal Gibbons, and others composed the original committee that in 1918 decided to build again this great instrument in the educational field in modern Europe. From this original committee was collected $180,000 with which the foundations of the library were built, the corner-stone having been laid in 1921.

That this g eat Memorial Library be really the g ft of the American people and not the work of a comparative few, the entire nation is to be given the privilege of contributing, and the total sum will be reached by a large number of small gifts and not by any large contributions from a selected few.

The various organi ations which served in the War will be given an opportunity to perpetuate their work by the erection of tablets, inscriptions, and insignia within the structure. American college shields and coats of arms will emb'azon the halls where European students gather. The spirit of America will make itself known through these speaking attestations of wide-spread American interest in the European student, and will permeate the mind of the European youth throughout the ages to come.

One of the outstanding early features of the campaign was the raising of $38,000 for th fund among the sc. ool-children of Greater New York, and the gift of $7,000 by the par chial school-children of the metropolitan district. A group of colleges in the State of New York have raised the funds for the chimes to be placed in the guest belfry-tower of the library. Other States are fo lowing the lead of New York and setting aside "Louvain Week," during which time their citizens will be given an opportunity to help

The organized women of this country are much interested in the restoration of the library, and a National Women's Committee has been formed, with the writer as chairman. The women's clubs throughout the entire country will observe October as "Belgium Month," having special Louvain programs at their meetings. It is the hope of this committee that it may be possible to cable King Albert and Cardinal Mercier on Armistice Day that the entire amount has been contributed or pledged, and that the library will be finished in 1925, when the five hundredth anniversary of the founding of Louvain University will be celebrated.

Before the War there were students from thirty-eight different countries at Louvain, in addition to the great numbers of Belgian students who were enrolled. Even now there are half a hundred Americans studying at Louvain, and with the rebuilding of the library there will doubtless be more. Under the guidance of Cardinal Mercier, one of the greatest heroic figures of the War, the scientific work of the university is known the world over.

The model of the library recently brought from Europe and now on exhibit in the Public Library in New York has attracted wide attention and aroused great enthusiasm. It gives a very adequate representation of the rich simplicity of the building. On the ground floor a great arcade runs the entire length of the building, and in this great passageway it is planned to place the shields and insignia of the American colleges and universities which contributed to its rebuilding. At convenient intervals are arranged benches for the students, for it will be the meeting-place of the student body. On the first floor will be the museum, where will be guarded the art treasures of the university as well as the names of all Americans who contribute.

The second floor will be the general reading-rooms, the catalog- and distributing-rooms, and the stacks that will accommodate some 2,000,000 volumes. The interior arrangements will be like those in the best-arranged American libraries, even tho the building is strictly Flemish in exterior design. It is really an American institution.

Especially is the building rich in symbolism, all the ornaments on the façade of the building being the heraldic symbols of the nations—the British Lion, the Cock, the Unicorn, the Belgian Lion, and the Eagle. And even in the exterior of the building, which will be of white stone with red brick and a blue-slate roof, the colors of the nation that was its giver will be brought to mind.

All in all the library will be the true gift of the American people, a great living commemoration of youth that will pass on down through countless generations the altruism and faith of America.

On bake day—use Carnation

You will find that Carnation Milk is a wonderful aid to good baking. Use it in your fillings and icings as well as for creaming vegetables, making soups and gravies. Cream the coffee with Carnation, serve it with fruits and cereals. Just cows' milk, that's all, pure milk from which about 60% of the natural water content has been removed by evaporation. Hermetically sealed in containers and sterilized, Carnation is absolutely pure. Send for Recipe Book.

Layer Cake—4 eggs, 2 cups sugar, ½ cup Carnation Milk, ½ cup butter or substitute, 1 tsp. vanilla, ½ cup water, 2¼ cups flour, 4 tsp. baking powder.

Cream the butter or substitute, add sugar and well beaten yolks of eggs. Mix and sift the flour and baking powder and add alternately with the milk, diluted with water. Add the vanilla and fold in the stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Bake in three layers in a hot oven.

Plain Icing—1½ cups sugar, ½ cup Carnation Milk, ½ cup water, 1 tsp. butter, ½ tsp. vanilla

Put sugar and milk in a saucepan and stir until mixture begins to boil. Boil without stirring until it makes a soft ball in cold water. Remove from fire, add butter and vanilla. Beat until of right consistency to spread.

One Egg Cake—1 egg, ½ cup sugar, 2 tsp. baking powder, 1¼ cups flour, 6 tbsp. water, 2 tbsp. Carnation Milk, ¼ cup butter or substitute.

Cream the butter or substitute, add sugar gradually, and well beaten egg. Mix and sift flour and baking powder, add alternately with milk diluted with water, to first mixture. Bake in a loaf cake pan. Spread with Plain Icing.

CARNATION MILK PRODUCTS CO.
1051 Carnation Bldg., Oconomowoc, Wis.
1151 Stuart Building, Seattle

Carnation Milk

"From Contented Cows"

The Label is Red and White

That's Bran

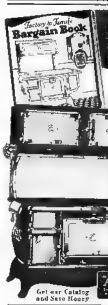
Hidden in luscious flakes

You can see the bran in Pettijohn's, but you can scarcely taste it. It is hidden in soft rolled wheat—the most flavory wheat that grows. One gets the bran—25 per cent—in a favorite morning dainty.

Bran is essential to good health and good cheer. Whole wheat supplies the minerals and vitamines. So all these daily needs are met in this one delicious dish. Your folks will be glad to know it. Serve it tomorrow and see.

Pettijohn's

Rolled Soft Wheat—25% Bran



Sent FREE Upon Request

Greatest money saving bargain book of our 22 years in the stove business—selling direct from factory to you. Get our price on this beautiful combination Coal and Gas Range finished in blue or gray porcelain enamel.

Mail a Postal Today

Send no money, just your name. Any stove, range, heater or furnace in our book sent on 30 days' trial. Quick, safe delivery guaranteed. Easy payments. Finest quality on earth. Write today.

Kalamazoo Stove Co., Mfrs.
631 Rochester Ave. Kalamazoo, Mich.

Get our Catalog and Save Money

A Kalamazoo Direct to You

DR. PRICE'S DELICIOUS FLAVORING EXTRACT VANILLA

"COSTS LESS-WHEN USED"

Of rare excellence—strength and purity

Absolutely Pure *imported* POMPEIAN OLIVE OIL *Sold Everywhere*

Automatic Rapid Electric **FIRELESS COOKER**

Gives every facility of ele tric range plus every advantage of fireless cooker at less cost than a good oil stove.

New Invention Revolutionizes Cooking

Saves 50% to 75% fuel cost

Bakes, roasts, boils, stews, fries, toasts. Needs no watching. Shuts electricity off automatically. Attaches to any electric socket. **No special wiring.** Write for FREE Home Science Cook Book, 30-day FREE trial offer and direct factory prices.

WM. CAMPBELL CO. Dept. 49
Detroit, Mich. Georgetown, Ont.

Wedding Invitations, Announcements, Etc.

100 in script lettering, including two sets of envelopes, $3.50. Write for Samples. 100 Visiting Cards, $1.00.

F. OTT ENGRAVING CO., 1032 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Women who walk in the Darkness—and Those who walk in the Light

A PROMINENT beauty authority once said: "Most women walk in the darkness, so far as their complexions are concerned. They think of themselves only in terms of night—of electric light, lamplight, starlight. They don't begin to make themselves lovely until dusk.

"When they are called upon to appear attractive in the merciless rays of daylight, they use their night-craft. The result is hideously artificial. Their faces are haggard, unreal, with stage-like daubs of unlovely color."

Face powder makers have realized this for years. All have striven to achieve shades of face powder which will bring out the healthy hues of the skin in brutal sunlight. Bourjois, the maker of JAVA* Face Powder for fifty years, has solved the daylight problem at last.

In *Peaches-and-Cream** and *Peaches*,* two new shades of JAVA, he offers the women of America the result of years of scientific experiment—two perfect daylight shades.

Peaches-and-Cream is a tan-and-rose out-of-doors shade, radiant and soft . . . *Peaches* is a delicate tan with the faintest touch of pink, giving the glowing effect of wind and sun. These two new shades, introduced recently, already are sweeping the country. Since this is JAVA'S 50th anniversary, we are proud to announce that JAVA* is the only popular-priced face powder having the distinction of presenting *Peaches-and-Cream* and *Peaches*.

Wherever you see a window display or a counter card showing the famous JAVA girl at the fountain, you will find a druggist eager to serve you, not only with these two new shades, but with all dependable toilet preparations.

Patronize such a druggist. He will be glad to offer you *Peaches-and-Cream* and *Peaches* and any of the other four exquisite shades of JAVA—*Naturelle, White, Rachel and Rose.*

Bourjois Rouge Mandarine No 83*

BOURJOIS PARISIAN

JAVA

FACE POWDER

Bourjois Ashes of Roses Rouge No. 83*

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off

A. BOURJOIS & CO., Inc.
PARIS 31½ West 34th Street NEW YORK

Enclosed find 10c for samples of Bourjois JAVA Face Powder and Bourjois Ashes of Roses Rouge. *Check color wanted.*

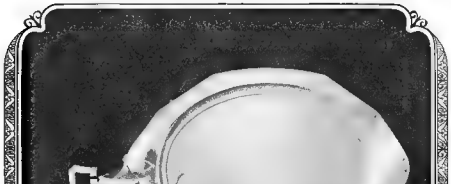
Peaches-and-Cream ☐ *Peaches* ☐
White ☐ *Naturelle* ☐ *Rose* ☐ *Rachel* ☐

Name _____
Address _____ *City* _____

Google

Suggestions for beautifying the table with

INTERNATIONAL SILVERPLATE



Let these trade-marks be your guide to buying silverplated hollowware of true worth

IN purchasing silverplated hollowware, quality—the ability to give lasting service—is the first consideration. "Beauty" is an essential, but not the only essential. Your guide in purchasing, therefore, should be the reputation of the maker identified by the trade-mark on the goods.

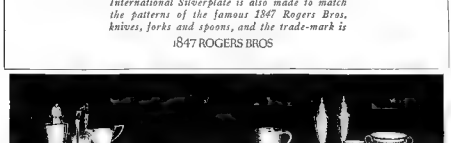
For more than fifty years the names of Barbour, Derby, Meriden, and Wilcox have assured to the public all that is fine in silverplated hollowware.

The International Silver Company has now adopted and copyrighted a uniform trade-mark for these four brands. In the half circle appears the name of the producing factory and at the base always appear the words "International S. Co."

Look for one of these trade-marks on a tea-set, a coffee set, vegetable dish, gravy boat, compote, candlestick, or any other articles of silverplated hollowware. Such a mark is the assurance of quality and satisfaction—satisfaction of which you alone are to be the judge.

INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY, Meriden, Conn.

International Silverplate is also made to match the patterns of the famous 1847 Rogers Bros. knives, forks and spoons, and the trade-mark is
1847 ROGERS BROS



INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

Another Book-Shelf for Parents

Describing a New List of Book Reviews Now Ready

BY EVA VOM BAUR HANSL

IN MAY, 1921, readers of Pictorial Review may remember the Princeton Parents' Association compiled the first Book-shelf for Parents. At that time we sought to cull the best books among all those which had been published since the child had become a subject for literary discussion—some fifteen or twenty years ago—and we then collected a formidable list of almost two hundred books which we considered worth recommending. Since then, more than two years later, there have been published again as many books on the subject which are too good to be ignored. Does one need further proof that this is, indeed, the century of the child?

Child-training, like medicine or engineering or even plumbing, is becoming more and more specialized as science makes new discoveries and the economic order changes. But among all these specialists—doctors, psychologists, dieticians, educators, not to mention plumbers and carpenters—mother alone remains the general practitioner, the jack of all trades. But where is she to get the knowledge and training to fit her for practising her profession? Does her school or her college offer it? Precious few that I know anything about!

Is there, then, a training-school connected, perhaps, with a maternity center or a baby clinic, a day-nursery or a nursery-school that offers to give her the necessary preparation? If not, then there is only one other source of which I know to which mothers can go, no matter where they live, to get the information they want (not the *training*, mind you, for that's quite another affair) and that is to *books*. Books written, most of them, by the most learned men, written so that mothers and fathers can read and enjoy them and apply what they learn.

For the rich who live in cities and larger towns there are physicians and nurses, dieticians and psychiatrists, to engage for special services; for the poor there are maternity centers, baby clinics, psychological clinics, day-nurseries, public playgrounds and other public organizations to go to for assistance; and for rich and poor alike there are books.

There are those, of course, who scoff at books on child-training and claim that their maternal instinct is guide enough. They reminded me of the Irish gardener we had once upon a time who found me in the kitchen one day making up the baby's formula.

"Phwat's all that fussin' yer doin' there?" said he. "My mither brought fifteen of us into the world and nivver a bottle did I see her fill! Nor nivver a word about the rights and wrongs of eatin' anything we folked did I hear say!"

"And how many of you grew up, Pat?"

"Oh, there's jist Mamie and Jim and me livin' now, and the rest's been under the sod these many years."

Mother instinct doesn't go very far in such a complicated, so-called civilized world as this in which we are living to-day. It might do among primitive peoples, but even there you will find that the maternal instinct in humans is not as all-knowing as that with which the lower animals are endowed, mainly because the human baby is born with a much more complicated nervous system which requires greater skill in the handling and because the period of infancy or helplessness in man is many, many years longer than in the animals, and makes, therefore, a great many more demands upon its elders.

Of course we all know that, altho science is revealing many terrible things about the stupidity of parents and the wrongness of some old-fashioned notions about bringing up children, it is doing vastly more for us that is constructive, showing us how to produce better babies, reduce infant mortality, provide methods of education more suited to the children's real needs than the old-fashioned type of school, and so on. We all know, too, that in anything we undertake, be it cooking or golf or a new stitch in embroidery, it saves a lot of time and material to learn from some one who knows how, to do it right from the start.

We all want to do our best for our children, but so often we do the worst only because we do not know any better! When we are told, however, by countless educators who have observed and experimented that a child can not be happy unless it is healthy, unless it has an outlet for its energies in constructive play, and is taught early to discipline itself and be independent in action as in judgment, we are going to see that it gets all these things. We are, in other words, going to use our intelligence to guide us in our duty, to temper our love with wisdom.

But—to get back to the subject of books on child-training.

For over a year I have been reviewing these books as they came rolling in from the presses. Sometimes, indeed, I wished no one would find out anything more about children or write another word for at least a year! But, always, I was intrigued into reading the next one, not only because it was good reading, but because it really had something to say that was worth knowing about.

As it was, however, impossible for a mere mother, like myself, to evaluate all the books, especially those which dealt with problems of nutrition and with children older than my own, I inveigled kind friends, many of them members of the Princeton Parents' Association which compiled the first list, to give me their expert advice about the contributions in their special line. The result was a formidable list of no less than one hundred and ten books, none of which we were ready to leave out and all of which the editors of Pictorial Review would gladly publish were lead type made of rubber and pages in a magazine without number!

Send for This Book-List

THE new list of books for parents described in this article is now ready and will be mailed on request to any one sending us a stamped, addressed envelop. Women's clubs, parent teachers' associations, and libraries are especially invited to make use of these reviews.

Since such material consideration must, however, be taken into account, the editors hit upon the fine scheme of publishing this list in leaflet form, which they will mail to any reader who will send a two-cent stamp for it. And then they asked me if I would object to such a dispensation of my goods offered for publication! Object? I think it is noble, don't you? It is beautifully in keeping with the spirit of the century of the child. For we are, indeed, living in an era whose motto seems to be, "Nothing is too good if it's for the children!"

And then, when you have the list in your hand (for, of course, you are going to send for it right away) and you have checked off all the books you feel you must have right away, how are you going to get them? Your real desire is, of course, to own a reference library for your profession as a mother, as your husband has one for his business or his hobby and as every up-to-date person must possess. But that takes money, and you do not want to buy any books which you do not want to keep and use. So I would suggest the following:

To begin, go to your town library and show the list to the head librarian to find out how many of these books may be borrowed for first acquaintance. I am sure she will be interested and will cooperate with you in getting others, in so far as her trustees and her budget will permit. I wish every public library in the country could be persuaded to purchase at least half the books listed here and that the mothers in each town would get the habit of reading them (which is, after all, vastly more important!).

If you live in a town which boasts no public library or if the library funds are low and there is little prospect of its acquiring any of these books in the near future, why not do what one group of mothers living in a New York suburb did? They pooled their book money, bought as many as the total would permit, and circulated the purchases among themselves. Whether they are going to draw lots for them, once they have gone the rounds, or donate them to the local library, I do not know, but that matter of final dispensation isn't half as important as the initial purchase! A simpler arrangement might be to have each of the group contribute one book, which would then become hers after it had gone around the circle.

I have referred to books on child-training as being available to every one. They are—if you will make them so!

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Attractive, fresh, inviting—as a kitchen *ought* to be

The newer household art considers these qualities as important as convenience — and they need not be expensive to attain

Most interesting room in the house; the scene of more important action than any other—the kitchen!

Because this is so, the modern housekeeper is taking greater thought for efficiency and convenient arrangement; for only she understands what dragging drudgery her kitchen work can be.

But the newer household art says convenience in your kitchen is only half the need. It must also be inviting and attractive; a room in which you will take pride and pleasure. For our surroundings undoubtedly affect our attitude toward work.

To answer these two great domestic needs, the Hoosier has been planned. New efficiency and fresh attractive interest for your kitchen in this one handsome piece of furniture!

The Hoosier is designed to answer so many purposes that it at once becomes the center of kitchen activity. Here is your compact cupboard space, arranged with scientific care; here is your free uncluttered work table; here are utensils and ingredients already assembled. And only those who have had to take these extra steps know what their saving means.

But saving steps is not the only economy Hoosier offers. It saves many aching back and shoulder muscles by a device which adjusts the table correctly for your height. Again that regard of scientific fact which has gone into the planning of every Hoosier detail.

A more attractive kitchen —inexpensive, too

The Hoosier is unique in the number of little conveniences which save time and energy—exclusive Hoosier features. But it also is individual as a really fine piece of kitchen furniture.

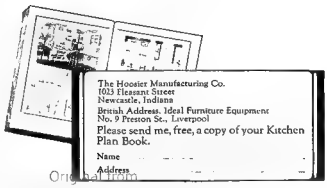
Solid and substantial, it has yet a certain daintiness of design and refinement of finish. The Hoosier gives the kitchen a *really planned and furnished look*, as pleasant and inviting in its way, as any other room in the house.

The Hoosier Breakfast Set of table and chairs also makes a very charming addition to your kitchen furniture. Daintily finished in white enamel, the table has a fine porceliron top while the chairs have cane seats and are tastefully decorated in bright colors. As a cozy breakfast set or for countless other uses during the day, it adds the completing touch to your kitchen.

And the best of it is you can have Hoosier convenience and improved appearance for your kitchen at a surprisingly small outlay. There is a furniture store in your town, which sells the Hoosier. They will be glad to show you different styles and sizes and will tell you about the special Hoosier payment plan.

FREE—A BOOK OF MODEL KITCHEN PLANS

We have a new book of interesting model kitchen plans which have been submitted to us in competition by leading architectural draughtsmen. A study of these plans will be both interesting and helpful and perhaps may suggest a more efficient arrangement for your own kitchen. We shall be glad to send it to you FREE. Just fill out the coupon below.



HOOSIER

© 1923, The Hoosier Manufacturing Co.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

On gusty fall days—

WHEN the crisp wind tells of the coming of winter, you will appreciate the cosy warmth of an Indera Knit Underskirt or Underslip.

An Indera Underskirt or Underslip gives you all the *graceful slimness* of a lighter petticoat. Yet they are not bulky in the least. Yet they bring you absolute comfort, no matter how cold the day.

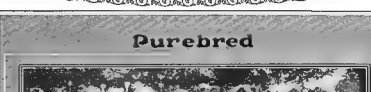
Indera Figurfit Knit Underskirts and Underslips are knit to give with every motion of the body. *A patented knitted flounce* keeps them from riding up. They do not wrinkle easily—and can be washed as often as you like. And they are wonderfully economical!

Styles for women, misses and children—*all at remarkably low prices*. All garments fashioned from highest-grade cotton and worsted mixed. In a number of attractive colors. If your favorite store cannot supply you, write us direct.

Indera TRADE MARK
FIGURFIT
KNIT UNDERSKIRTS AND KNIT UNDERSLIPS

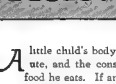
THE MALINE MILLS, Dept. 6-K, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Purebred



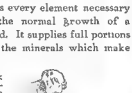
Holstein Milk

A little child's body is repairing and building every minute, and the constructive material all comes from the food he eats. If any one of the numerous elements necessary for growth and health is lacking, there is a deficiency somewhere resulting in under development.

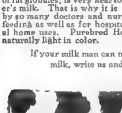


Clean, wholesome milk contains every element necessary to the normal growth of a child. It supplies full portions of lime, phosphorus, protein and the minerals which make milk "Nature's Perfect Food."

The fat content of purebred Holstein milk—testing between 3.25 and 3.75 per cent—prevents digestive disorders, yet is more than sufficient to supply the normal bodily requirements for heat and energy. In fact, the composition, with its fine emulsion of fat globules, is very near to that of Mother's milk. That is why it is recommended by so many doctors and nurses for infant feeding as well as for hospitals and general home uses. Purebred Holstein milk is naturally light in color.



If your milk man can not supply you with purebred Holstein milk, write us and we will assist you in securing it.

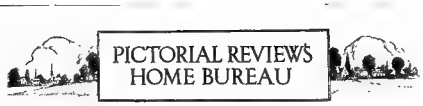


Write for our booklet on "The Milk Road to Child Health," sent prepaid upon request

EXTENSION SERVICE
The
Holstein-Friesian Ass'n of America
229 E. Ohio St., Chicago, Ill.

Vitality!

Digitized by Google



A Correspondence Course in Babycraft

CONDUCTED BY DR. EMELYN L. COOLIDGE

Attending Physician in Diseases of Children to the Society of the Lying-in Hospital, New York City

The Baby at Twenty-One Months of Age

MY DEAR MRS. N——: Your quarterly report came this morning, and I was glad to learn that you and little Paul had such a pleasant Summer. I am sure you realize now that the dreaded "second Summer" is no harder to get through than any other period of a baby's life, provided you feed and care for him correctly. Here are the answers to your questions:

1. "Paul now has his eye and stomach-teeth, which he cut without the least trouble. He is just twenty-one months old. When should he get his last four double teeth in this first set? He now has sixteen teeth altogether."

Ans. At any time between the twenty-fourth and thirtieth month the last four double teeth in the first set are usually cut. At two years of age the average baby has sixteen teeth. Your little Paul is a little ahead of some babies in this respect. The time at which teeth are cut, however, varies very much in different families.

2. "Paul weighs 25¾ pounds and is 33 inches tall. He did not gain very fast this Summer, but rarely failed to make some progress. He has grown tall quite rapidly, however. Is he above the average in weight and height?"

Ans. Paul's weight is just the average according to the Government score-card. He is just a very little above the average height, 32⅞ inches being the figure given for a baby of twenty-one months. Active children the age of Paul often gain slowly, especially in Summer-time. There should not be a loss or a long period when no gain at all is made. Now that the weather is getting cooler he will probably gain faster and reach the average weight for his height by the time he is two years old.

3. "Should I make any changes in Paul's diet now or just keep on with the list you sent me at eighteen months of age? He eats well, but does not always care for the milk I give him at 11 A.M., just before his nap."

Ans. The list you have is all right until the baby is two years of age, at which time I will send you another. Do not force him to take the milk at nap-time, but offer it to him every day just the same. As the weather grows cooler he may have more appetite. You may begin the use of oatmeal very soon again and also hot soups and beef-juice, if you have discontinued these during the Summer. Beware of the very early apples, and do not give them raw, even if scraped. Cook them well for apple sauce or baked apples, being careful that any you select are perfectly ripe for Paul's use.

4. "Before I write to you again I shall have to buy Paul's Winter underwear and stockings. Please tell me just what to get this year. Paul is perfectly trained. He always asks me to take him to the bathroom, so I have no trouble about that at all. So many mothers urge me to let him have stocking that turn down at the top or even little woolen socks this Winter. What do you think about this?"

Ans. If Paul is so well trained you may get him little union suits of half cotton and half wool, or if you can afford it silk and wool. His shoulder-strap band should be half silk and half wool. His waist should be of cotton, with buttons onto which the garters are fastened. He should wear heavy cotton suits of any pretty pattern you like. Do not put him into woolen suits yet. His stockings should be part wool and long, fastening up by the garters attached to his waist. I do not at all advise bare knees or turn-over stockings. Socks are very unwise, for little bare legs get so cold and blue. Many children are harmed by this so-called attempt at "hardening." At night Paul should wear his band and a thinner shirt than he wears in the daytime. It is a good plan to keep some of the Fall or Summer shirts on hand for night-wear in Winter, especially if you use union suits in the daytime. Night-drawers, either with or without feet, should be made of a heavy Canton or outing flannel, or stockinet for Winter.

All-wool flannel is not needed at this age for night-wear. If Paul kicks off the bedding, you can use a sleeping-bag for the coldest weather. Many children are dressed too warmly for steam-heated houses or apartments. They exercise so much that they perspire if too warmly dressed and then catch cold at the slightest provocation. Medium-weight Winter underwear is much wiser to buy in most climates than the very heaviest that is made.

5. "Should Paul be allowed to walk in the street this Winter, or must I still use his go-cart? He loves to run about, and I am afraid he will strongly resent being put back in his carriage or go-cart."

Ans. As soon as the days are really cold and pavements clamp or frosty Paul should be kept in his go-cart most of the time this Winter. He may take a little run before he goes into the house if the day is sunny without snow on the ground. He is too young to wear very heavy shoes yet, and will feel the cold and dampness through his shoes very much. Rubbers or arctics are rather clumsy for long walks while the legs and feet are so small, and he would grow very tired if you kept him walking all the time he should be out this Winter. I do not think he will object to riding as much as you anticipate.

6. "There are a number of cases of whooping-cough in our immediate neighborhood and the mothers are very careless about letting their children come near others who do not have the disease. Would you have the whooping-cough vaccine given to Paul to prevent an attack, or is it not worth while yet? Opinions here differ so much that I should like to know what you think about it."

Ans. If there is really any danger of exposure it would be very advisable to have your doctor give Paul the preventive vaccine. No ill effects result from this treatment when it is properly administered, and if it prevents an attack of whooping-cough or even cuts short its course or renders it less severe great good is done. Winter is a hard time to have whooping-cough, so try to keep Paul as much as possible away from all children who cough. In some towns and cities it is a rule that all children who have whooping-cough should wear a conspicuous band on the arm. In this way mothers are warned in time to keep their own children away from those having the disease. If this were made a law in all places we should have far fewer cases of whooping-cough through careless exposure than we have now.

ALL FOR A SELF-ADDRESSED STAMPED ENVELOP

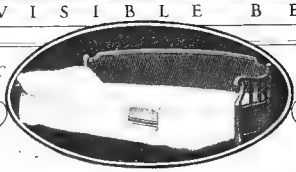
IF YOU have a baby under six months of age you may join our special Correspondence Course in Babycraft, receiving monthly help until the baby is two years old. Send in the baby's name and age with your self-addressed, stamped envelop, and an Admission Blank will be mailed to you.

If you want advice about older children up to the age of twelve, the self-addressed, stamped envelop will bring you a Question Form for our Good Health Extension Class. Always state the child's age and ask for what you want. In both courses we have very valuable leaflets on clothes, food, baths, and general hygiene. No medicines will be prescribed or diseases treated by mail. These classes are to help you keep the baby and children well.

Letters which do not contain the self-addressed, stamped envelop can not be answered. Address all letters to Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge, Pictorial Review Building, Seventh Avenue and 39th Street, New York City.

Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

THE INVISIBLE BEDROOM



TWILIGHT of a late fall day. Outside—crisp, hazy air, the fragrance of burning leaves, the slow-rising moon. Within—the welcome of lamplight and firelight.

What warmth and ease and quiet are here. The grateful comfort of the big Kroehler davenport, the luxuriousness of its wide, deep cushions. Lovely of line, warm of coloring, rich of upholstery—no wonder it occupies the place of honor in the room. Wholly in keeping with the most charming furnishings; designed in irreproachable taste; combining unusual beauty with unusual service.

Long evening hours of quiet ease it offers—and more. For it is ready to give, at a moment's need, restful comfort as a bed. Concealed beneath its fine lines and soft upholstery is this extra sleeping space—a wide and roomy bed, deep-springed, thick-mattressed.

One easy motion reveals it, sheets, blankets and spread all in place, ready for occupancy. One easy motion closes it again, hiding during its daytime hours of service as a davenport, all evidence of its night-time use as a bed.

Crowded households find that the Kroehler davenport bed takes the place of a needed bedroom. Economical home makers know it saves the expense of this additional space. In nearly every home it has a place, either for constant or emergency use.

Whatever are the furnishings of your living room a Kroehler davenport bed may be had to harmonize with them; overstuffed, colonial or period designs, in any wood finish, with chairs to match; upholstery of mohair plush, tapestry, velour, genuine leather or leather substitute. In prices, they meet any requirement.

Leading furniture dealers everywhere sell Kroehler davenport beds for cash or easy payments. Do not accept a substitute; look on the back for the Kroehler name plate shown here. Write for illustrated booklet and name of nearest dealer.

KROEHLER —MADE— CHICAGO NEW YORK STRATFORD, CAN.

KROEHLER MANUFACTURING COMPANY, CHICAGO and NEW YORK
Factories at KANKAKEE, ILL., NAPERVILLE, ILL., BINGHAMTON, N. Y. *Canadian Factory:* STRATFORD, ONTARIO

KROEHLER

Davenport Bed

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Keeps hair healthy

IF your hair is harsh, dry or brittle—if your scalp is sensitive or itchy—Wildroot Taroleum Shampoo will bring new comfort to you and new life to your hair.

It will be soft, fragrant and so easy to arrange.

Its creamy, abundant lather cleanses.

Its purified crude oil and tar feed the scalp.

Its antiseptic qualities keep the hair healthy.

Sold everywhere

in a 6 oz. bottle much larger than this for 50¢

PICTORIAL REVIEW'S HOME BUREAU

Our Babycraft Service for Mothers

RENDERED BY DR. EMELYN L. COOLIDGE

Attending Physician in Diseases of Children to the Society of the Lying-in Hospital, New York City

How This Department Helps Mothers

JUST what service does it render baby, and baby's mother? What are the conditions of membership? Many letters asking these questions have been received.

Our Babycraft Club is a service for mothers, wherever their homes may be, to help them with the care of their babies, conducted without charge by Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge.

This physician of rare skill and big motherly heart can point to some 100,000 babies "graduated" from her hospital service in New York city, while thousands upon thousands of mothers and babies far from the big city are on record in her files, the objects of her beneficent attention through her extension work! Scores of infants who have been brought up by her direction have been examined at recent health shows and baby expositions, and their mothers write us enthusiastically that, thanks to Dr. Coolidge, their infants have been proclaimed one hundred per cent. babies.

Our Babycraft Club, accordingly, is Dr. Coolidge's splendidly helpful extension service, which aims to aid the mothers and babies of our great circle. And here is how the club operates:

The very beginning is a most helpful leaflet telling all about the new baby's clothes, his crib, his toilet-basket, and the other essential points in preparing for his arrival. When he actually arrives, there is the Correspondence Course in Babycraft, which his mother should lose no time in joining. Any mother having a baby under six months of age may join by sending in the baby's age, name, and address, together with a self-addressed, stamped envelop, and asking for an Admission Blank. Full instructions about the club will be sent to her, and she will receive monthly help until the baby is two years old.

In this special Correspondence Course there are exceedingly valuable leaflets, formulas, diet-lists, and information about clothing, hygiene, common ailments, etc., both for breast-fed and bottle-fed babies. These will be sent free to each member during the two years she is in the club. Dr. Coolidge writes every mother each month.

When the little club member is ready "graduate" at the age of two, a beautiful certificate is sent if the mother has made her monthly reports regularly and complied with the club rules.

Next, to meet the special needs of the little "graduates" and also to help mothers who have babies and children too old for the first Correspondence Course, there are other leaflets, diet-lists, etc. These will help any child to the age of twelve.

Have you a child who is underweight, or not quite up to the mark? If hygiene and dieting will help (not medicine) then write to Dr. Coolidge for a Question Form. On filling out this form and returning it with a self-addressed, stamped envelop, the mother receives information suited to her own child. An undernourished child, a nervous child, an anemic child, a child with bad habits, all need special care.

All the mother has to do is state just what she wants, the child's age, and her own name and address, and *invariably* to enclose the self-addressed, stamped envelop with *all inquiries and letters*. Without this envelop the reply can not be sent. The advice is all freely given; there are no club dues, nor are there fees beyond the self-addressed, stamped envelop.

This, then, is Pictorial Review's Babycraft Club, which is virtually an extension class of Dr. Coolidge's hospital work. Of such a high caliber is the advice of Dr. Coolidge that Schools of Home Economics have written for and use our leaflets and general method of instructing mothers. It is interesting to know, too, that through the efforts of Herbert Hoover and Dr. L. Emmett Holt, Dr. Coolidge has been induced to become a member of a special committee of the American Child Health Association to carry on a campaign of instructions for mothers under the direction of this big organization.

Many mothers have found it of such help in caring for their first baby that they have entered the second and third infant as soon as they have arrived. Hundreds, too, who entered the Correspondence Course when it started and have received certificates have now joined the Good Health Extension Class for older children because they "simply can not get along without the splendid help given by the Mothers' Club."

Address all letters to Dr. E. L. Coolidge, Pictorial Review Building, Thirty-ninth Street and Seventh Avenue, New York city. That it is rendering invaluable service to the mothers and children of this country is attested to by the thousands of letters that have been received.

A Few of the Letters We Have Received

"WHEN our friends wonder at baby being so good and almost automatic in all her actions, we simply say that baby is fed, sleeps, and acts on a schedule laid down by Dr. Coolidge of Pictorial Review, and it works wonders.

"At seven weeks of age baby weighed less than at birth and it was then that your service began to count as we changed her to bottle-feed diet. On her first birthday she weighed nearly eighteen pounds and was a picture of health.

"In this Babycraft Club you really give a wonderful service and ask nothing in return. Apart from the monthly report and advice which has proved so valuable to us, we receive pamphlets covering every conceivable ailment that a baby is apt to fall heir to. These pamphlets contain more information in condensed form than many of the large volumes on the subject.

"Accept our thanks and a hearty 'handshake' to express our gratitude to Dr. Coolidge and Pictorial Review for the wonderful help given us from month to month since baby came.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M., Mass."

"Just read your article in the April number, and I believe your monthly help will help fill the place of my mother. I have felt the need of her advice more than ever before since Doris Lee has come, but she died six months before I was married.

Mrs. J. O. W., Ohio."

"You have saved my baby's life twice before and I am coming to you again for help. *Mrs. A. D. F., Ill."*

"I am subscribing to the magazine because I want your Course in Babycraft. I think the idea is splendid and the articles so practical that I went to the library for back copies of Pictorial Review so as to read them all. *Mrs. D. E. P., Mich."*

"Your talks to mothers in Pictorial Review have been very interesting to me during these last few months, and now that wee Mary Josephine is really here they are doubly so.

"I have made a scrap-book of all the articles so far, and whenever I am puzzled about my small daughter, I go to my book and see what Dr. Coolidge says.

Mrs. R. M., Cal."

"Living in the country as I do, away from doctors, and with no means of communication, your Babycraft Club is indeed a blessing. *Mrs. H. L. W., N. J."*

"The Pictorial Review Mother Club has rendered a great service and I have appreciated its help and yours very much and am very thankful to you for your answers to my many questions. The leaflets are very valuable too. The one on infectious diseases, for instance, came just when measles and scarlet fever cases were in the neighborhood, but we have avoided them so far, thanks to the precautions you suggest. I keep all the leaflets, but I do lend them to two of my neighbors.

Mrs. E. M. N., Conn."

"When I entered the Mothers' Club my baby was very sick and we almost lost him, but now he is a fine, big baby. He scored 97.9 in a Better Babies' conference held here last month, winning first place among boys between six months and eighteen months. We feel that we owe your Mothers' Club our sincere thanks and praise. It is the best of help that an inexperienced mother could secure.

Mrs. D. W. H., Ill."

"I want to add my appreciation for the help this course has given me. Each month as soon as the new magazine is received I hurriedly turn to the article devoted to this course and it seems to answer perfectly just the questions that have arisen in my mind. *Mrs. J. A. K., Mass."*

"Enclosed find stamped envelop, in which please send me your registration blank for my newest baby. I started her brother in your club at the age of five months, but I wish to put her in at once. She will soon be one month old.

Mrs. L. J. C., N. Y."

At the theater

WHEN you are waiting for the curtain to rise, notice how many women fail to remove their hats until the very last minute.

It is a striking fact that the women who do take their hats off at once, usually have attractive hair—soft, fluffy and neatly arranged.

Any woman would love to reveal her coiffure if she could be proud of the lovely softness of perfectly arranged hair.

Thousands of women have found that Wildroot Hair Tonic brings out the hidden charm that is the key to loveliness

After your Wildroot shampoo, massage Wildroot Hair *Tonic* into the scalp Then notice the immediate results. Wildroot Co., Inc., Buffalo, N.Y.

WILDROOT HAIR TONIC

Sold everywhere

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Does a Man need Wholesome Food?

WISE Nature furnishes in her foods all the elements to make strength and maintain virility in man.

In wheat she implants *phosphates* to vitalize the brain and body—and man's vitality is lessened by lack of the nutritious phosphates in his diet.

Rumford Baking Powder, rich in the vitalizing phosphates, restores to home made foods the health building element discarded by the miller in the manufacture of fine *white* flour.

Even novices, when guided by the Rumford cook book, produce home-baked foods The Rumford Way that are always wholesome, delicious, easy to digest, and which make for sturdy health at all ages—because Rumford is the *dependable* phosphate leavener.

RUMFORD
The Wholesome Baking Powder

free

L-87

Write for "The Rumford Modern Methods of Cooking"—a book of helpful suggestions and exact recipes that enable anyone to produce perfect baked foods economically. Sent free. Address:

RUMFORD COMPANY
Dept. 16 Providence, R. I.

PICTORIAL REVIEW'S HOME BUREAU

Financial Service Stations for Women

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

Each State seems to have its own particular product. In Florida the women have specialized on crystallized fruit and ship as far north as New York; in Mississippi their baskets of honeysuckle-vine and long pine-needles are in such demand that they can not keep the market supplied. They are even receiving orders for the raw material from craft schools in the North and West.

The woman's exchange idea has been put to a still different use in Nebraska. The Lincoln Woman's Club is using it to pay off its club-house debt. When the club decided to build a house of its own, it realized that it would mean a severe strain on many of its members. It conceived the unique idea of opening an exchange where the members could earn the money to contribute to the club-building fund. The exchange has been running a year in one of the most up-to-date department stores in Lincoln. It not only handles the usual food products, needlework, garments, and fancy articles, but it has a list of its members who do mending, sewing, and catering.

But perhaps the most unusual use the exchange idea has been put to is that of Americanization. The Daughters of the American Revolution found that there were many ways of reaching foreign men through shop and union connections, the children through the schools, but the home woman— How interest her? They chose the one infallible means, a cup of tea and a needle. Few women can resist them

The exchange founded in Detroit is called the "Cottage Industries" and grew out of a chance visit of one of the Daughters to a foreign home. She herself was a skilled needlewoman; and it occurred to her that here was the key to friendship and understanding. The small one-room shop opened last October soon grew to a three-room establishment, decorated in gray and orange, with show-cases and cupboards, a paid director, and a good-sized rental.

The shop handles its products in three ways: by taking goods on consignment; by purchasing the raw material, designating the article, paying for the labor, and then marketing, and by having the purchaser provide her own materials for the work. One of the greatest problems was to teach the foreign women who were accustomed to using coarse materials, to make their bobbin-lace, Italian punch-work, and the like, on the sheer dainty fabrics required by the American market.

Every chapter of the D. A. R in Michigan is free to send the work of its foreign women to the Detroit Exchange to be sold. Frequently family heirlooms that otherwise would have brought a mere pittance at a pawnshop, find their way there and are sold for their real value. Quite a business has grown up in the mending of fine laces, the repairing of bead bags, as well as in all forms of lace-making, embroidery, and fine needlework.

Fourteen nationalities are here brought together. Beneath the financial aid given is the more subtle purpose of creating an understanding by the different nationalities of the American life of which they are a part. No aid is refused; from advice as how to manage the family, where to get medical aid, how to take out their first papers, even to suggesting how to be "American stylish." A similar shop, under the auspices of the D. A. R. in Chicago, was started before the Armistice. It did business to the tune of over $4,000 last year.

Such exchanges as these are reinstating woman's work and giving it back the dignity it had lost. The home woman can now compete with the business and professional woman in getting a just estimate of the money value of her work—we still estimate, not in art or social values, but in dollars. The home woman to-day is proud of her work, and is no more ashamed of having her name connected with it than is the professional woman with the product of her brain. The time has passed when to sell goods at an exchange carries with it the stigma of poverty, an admission that the family is hard up. It is regarded, and rightly, as a legitimate business outlet for any woman who has goods to sell. Artistically it is reviving many of the crafts our grandmothers knew and which have been falling into disuse.

There has never been an adequate survey made of the number of organizations for selling women's products, but the indications are that they number well into the thousands and that new ones are being opened continually. It is only a question of time before there will be one in every village as well as in every city. They are too important a part of our life. They are freeing the home woman, giving her a chance to capitalize her leisure, teaching her business methods, all through that most vital and powerful leverage of our present civilization, co-operation; or, as her son would call it, "team-work."

Houses Planned by Women

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54

wall, is a gas-range, and the outlet is by means of a flue extending over the door to the outside; but were the range a coal-range it should be placed against the dining-room wall, where the built-in cupboards are now, in order to use one chimney for both the kitchen and dining-room.

The ready-made kitchen cupboard stands next to the range on one side, and the sink and drain-board are in close proximity against the outer wall. No mention is made of a dish-washing machine, but if the round type is desired it may be placed under the right-hand drain-board, which should be fastened on hinges so that it may be lifted up when the dish-washer is being filled. If the table-top type is preferred it may set in the middle of the floor, and the outlet for connecting it with the electric current be either a floor-plug or a ceiling drop-light.

The ice-box is iced from the combined laundry and kitchen porch, and there is a spacious cupboard over the ice-box. On the whole this kitchen is as well supplied with cupboard space as a kitchen of its size could be, since there is an additional cupboard in the very conveniently placed dining-alcove, which one may enter from the front room without passing through the kitchen. Let us hope that any alcove so placed receives plenty of light, for the imagination could not conceive a more pleasant, convenient place to sit and mend or darn, or even to sew with the sewing-machine if the electric portable type is used. Also this alcove table-leaf proves a splendid cutting-table where one can cut as one sits, and if the seats are box seats there is good storage-space for blankets.

The laundry machinery is placed on the porch, which should be enclosed, since the ironing-machine as well as the washer is out there.

The family for this house is not likely to contain more than four members, and one tub in addition to the washing-machine, always ready for use as a tub as well, will be sufficient unless washdays are so infrequent that clothing piles up. In the small family it is always advisable to do two small washings a week rather than one large one, particularly when one may have the machine doing the washing while dinner is being cooked, and there is barely a realization that the work is in progress, so easily is it accomplished.

The broom-closet is of goodly proportions, allowing for the easy taking out and putting back of the electric vacuum cleaner, or if one prefers to install a permanent vacuum-cleaning system, it may be placed here, where it will be centrally located However, the permanent system is seldom installed in so small a house.

The arrangement of space allotted to the bathroom provides for a linen-closet and two additional clothes-closets, one for use by the occupant of the present living-room should it be used as a bedroom and the dining-room transformed into a combined living-room and dining-room. But, for whatever purpose the room may be used, the extra closet will never be found excessive.

The cellar stairs receive excellent light from the door, the upper half of which is ground glass, and ashes or other heavy loads are taken readily from the cellar to the out-of-doors.

The house is well equipped with electrical fixtures, and wherever possible all wall-plugs for attaching electrical devices are placed high enough so that connection can be made without stooping, and among the electrical equipment is a service-motor for turning the food-chopper, the cake-beater, the ice-cream freezer, and the churn-handle.

The space devoted wholly to the ironing-board might be used for a built-in cupboard, with the ironing-board as a part of the installation, inasmuch as there is an approximate distance of three feet between the doors on each side.

The exteriors of both of these houses are very simple, in fact quite plain; but artistic value has been added in the planting.

It is to be hoped that all builders in the future will make an allowance in the original building estimates for grading and planting, and adhere to that allowance from the beginning. No house can be really beautiful until plants, vines, and shrubs have attained a good growth, and two years prove none too long for this. Aside from the added attractiveness, the market value of the house is increased. Not only does a first impression count for much, but a prospective purchaser will quickly realize the cost of plants which have grown to goodly size.

it's *Pineapple* PIE *this year*

"No, really, I couldn't eat another bite," you say. And you mean it.

Then *it* comes on the table—rich, golden-brown, delicious—a never-to-be-forgotten piece of luscious Hawaiian Pineapple Pie.

What do you do? Why, you eat, of course. You can't help it. There's an appetite-compelling lure to every Pineapple creation that tempts even the most jaded appetite.

Serve *Crushed* Hawaiian Pineapple often. It is ready to use in pies, cakes, puddings, ices, sundaes, fruit-cocktails, and hundreds of other menu treats.

Pineapple Pastry—As Hawaii Makes It
(Clip and Paste in Your Recipe Book)

PINEAPPLE MERINGUE PIE: Mix ½ cup sugar, ⅛ teaspoon salt and 2 tablespoons cornstarch and slowly add 1½ cups hot milk. Cook in a double boiler until thick and cornstarch is thoroughly cooked, (about 40 minutes). Pour onto 2 egg yolks; return to double boiler and cook until the eggs thicken, (about 3 minutes). Cool and add 1 cup well-drained Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple and ½ teaspoon vanilla. Pour into a baked crust and cover with a meringue made of 2 stiffly beaten egg whites and 2 tablespoons powdered sugar. Brown quickly in a hot oven.

"CRISS CROSS" PIE: Heat 2 cups Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple. Mix ¾ cup sugar, ⅛ teaspoon salt and 2 tablespoons flour. Add the hot pineapple and bring to the boiling point, stirring constantly, and add 1 teaspoon butter. Cool slightly, add 1 beaten egg and 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Pour into pastry lined pie pan and arrange strips of pastry across the top. Put into a hot oven and after 10 minutes reduce heat and bake about 30 minutes longer.

PINEAPPLE TARTLETS: Roll left-over pastry to about ¼ inch thickness. Cut into circles and from one-half cut out round centers, leaving a ring of pastry. Moisten the edges of the circles and press a pastry ring on the top of each. Bake in a hot oven until brown. Cool and heap the centers with a mixture of well-drained Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple and powdered sugar, allowing ½ cup of the well-drained pineapple to 3 tablespoons of powdered sugar.

PINEAPPLE PATTIES: Drain the syrup * from 1 can Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple. To the pineapple add ½ cup sugar and 1 tablespoon butter. Allow to cook slowly 8 to 10 minutes or until a rich amber in color, stirring frequently. Pour into small pastry shells that have been baked but not allowed to brown. Bake until a film forms over the pineapple or about 10 minutes. Serve cold.

* Special Note: You will find it economical as well as convenient to utilize the juice of Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple for the tempting punches and drinks described in the Pineapple Recipe Book. In that way, you make each can serve two purposes—fruit enough for a dessert or salad, and juice enough for a luscious fruit cup or punch.

Crushed
HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE

Send For This Free Book!

Dept. 55, Ass'n of Hawaiian Pineapple Canners
451 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California

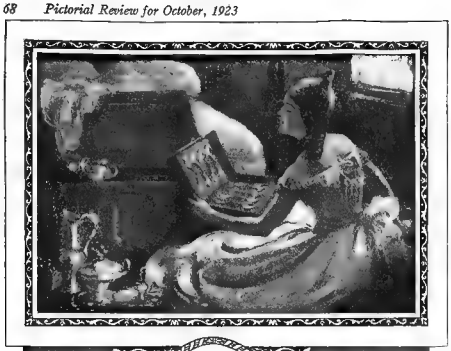
Please send me, free of charge, your new book, "Ninety-nine Tempting Pineapple Treats."

Name ____________

Address ____________

City ____________ State ____________

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

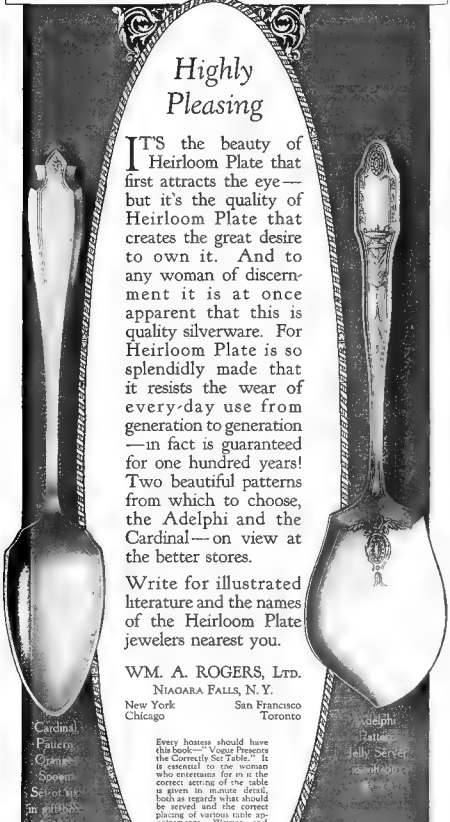


Highly Pleasing

IT'S the beauty of Heirloom Plate that first attracts the eye—but it's the quality of Heirloom Plate that creates the great desire to own it. And to any woman of discernment it is at once apparent that this is quality silverware. For Heirloom Plate is so splendidly made that it resists the wear of every-day use from generation to generation—in fact is guaranteed for one hundred years! Two beautiful patterns from which to choose, the Adelphi and the Cardinal—on view at the better stores.

Write for illustrated literature and the names of the Heirloom Plate jewelers nearest you.

WM. A. ROGERS, LTD.
NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.
New York San Francisco
Chicago Toronto



Every hostess should have this book—"Vogue Presents the Correctly Set Table." It is essential to the woman who entertains for it is the correct setting of the table is given in minute detail, both as regards what should be served and the correct placing of various table appointments. Written and illustrated by Vogue for the makers of Heirloom Plate. Sent on receipt of 15c.

Heirloom Plate
From Generation to Generation

PICTORIAL REVIEW'S HOME BUREAU

A Fig for Flavor

By Hester Conklin and Pauline Partridge

FIGS are one of the few fruits that are more familiar to the housewife in their dried form than fresh from the tree. It is only within a short time that fresh figs have been obtainable in the Eastern markets, while the dried fig is well known the world over.

It is also true that the dried figs may be used in many ways in which it would be impossible to use the fresh fruit and are a more concentrated form of nutriment.

However, it is their charming adaptability and the bit of new flavor that figs add to the old familiar dishes that make them so popular with the modern housewife.

Fig Tea Tarts

½ Cupful Sugar
1 Cupful Chopped Dried Figs
½ Cupful Water
¼ Cupful Chopped Walnut Meats
2 Tablespoonfuls Chopped Citron
½ Teaspoonful Grated Orange-rind

MIX the sugar, chopped dried figs, water, chopped citron, and grated orange-rind and cook five minutes. Cool and add the chopped walnut meats. Cut four-inch circles from rich pastry, put a spoonful of the fig mixture in center, moisten edges, and fold over, making half-round tarts. Press edges well together and bake in a hot oven (500 degrees F.) until brown.

Fig Salad

2 Cupfuls Dried Figs
4 Cupfuls Boiling Water
¼ Cupful Sugar
¼ Cupful Vinegar
2½ Tablespoonfuls Gelatin
½ Cupful Chopped Pimientoes

CUT the dried figs in halves, add the boiling water, and soak at least three hours. Cook in the same liquid until tender and add the sugar a few minutes before removing from the heat. Drain the liquid off the figs, measure, and if necessary add water to make one and one-quarter cupful of liquid. Add the vinegar and bring to the boiling-point. Add the gelatin, that has been softened in one-quarter cupful cold water, and remove from the heat. Stir until the gelatin dissolves. Arrange the halves of figs and the chopped pimientoes in a mold, pour the gelatin mixture over, and set aside in a cold place until firm. Serve on lettuce with mayonnaise.

Baked Fig Custard

½ Cupful Sugar
¾ Cupful Dried Figs
3 Cupfuls Milk
3 Eggs
¼ Teaspoonful Salt
¼ Cupful Sugar
1 Teaspoonful Vanilla

HEAT the sugar in a frying-pan, stirring constantly until a golden-brown sirup has formed. Pour into a mold, tipping it quickly to coat the inside as thoroughly as possible. Chop the dried figs, add the milk, and heat in a double boiler. Beat the eggs, add the salt, sugar, and vanilla; add the hot milk-and-fig mixture and pour into a mold. Set in a pan of hot water and bake in a hot oven (450 degrees F.) until firm. Cool and serve with finely chopped roasted almonds sprinkled over each serving.

Fig Filling

1 Cupful Chopped Dried Figs
¼ Cupful Sugar
2 Teaspoonfuls Cornstarch
1 Egg
1 Tablespoonful Lemon Juice
¼ Cupful Chopped Walnuts

COOK the chopped dried figs, three-quarter cupful water, and sugar five minutes. Mix the corn-starch with two tablespoonfuls cold water and add, stirring constantly. Cook three minutes and pour onto the beaten egg yolk; then cook in a double boiler three minutes. Cool. Add the lemon-juice and chopped walnuts. Spread between layers of plain white cake and use the left-over egg white for a boiled frosting.

Favorite Fig Cookies

½ Cupful Fat
¾ Cupful Sugar
1 Beaten Egg
1¾ Cupful Rolled Oats
¾ Cupful Finely Chopped Dried Figs
1½ Cupful Flour
1 Teaspoonful Salt
½ Teaspoonful Cinnamon
½ Teaspoonful Clove
½ Teaspoonful Nutmeg
½ Cupful Milk

CREAM the fat, add the sugar, creaming well together. Add the beaten egg, rolled oats, and finely chopped dried figs. Mix and sift the flour, salt, cinnamon, clove, and nutmeg. Alternately add the dry ingredients with the milk. Mix thoroughly and drop from a teaspoon onto greased pans. Bake in a moderate oven (375 degrees F.) about twenty minutes.

San Toy Sandwiches

¾ Cupful Chopped Dried Figs
¼ Cupful Hot Water
¼ Cupful Sugar
3 Tablespoonfuls Finely Chopped Roasted Almonds
3 Tablespoonfuls Finely Chopped Crystallized Ginger

COOK the chopped dried figs, hot water, and sugar fifteen minutes, or until mixture thickens. Cool and add the finely chopped crystallized ginger and finely chopped roasted almonds. Spread between thin slices of buttered bread.

No Home Can Have Too Much PYREX

EVEN if you have a Pyrex Pie Plate, a Casserole, a Pudding Dish and a few other Pyrex dishes, you cannot know how much real satisfaction there is in a home completely equipped with

PYREX
Transparent Ovenware

Pyrex means better food, a cleaner kitchen, a more attractive table, and saves labor. There are 100 useful, practical shapes and sizes from which to select your Pyrex equipment.

Pyrex Sales Division
Corning Glass Works, Corning, N. Y.
Originators and Patentees of Oven Glassware

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Your hair passes freely through parallel teeth.

BETWEEN the V-shaped teeth of ordinary combs the hair wedges, pulls and breaks. But the rounded parallel teeth of Ace Quality Combs slip freely and smoothly through the heaviest hair.

Ace Quality Combs are enclosed in sanitary containers—either transparent envelopes or dust-proof boxes. They are clean when they reach you, and they can be kept clean.

For every member of the family, for every need and taste, there is an Ace Quality Comb.

You will find an assortment at drug and department stores.

Princess
HERCULES
Unbreakable
GOODYEAR 1851
are leading brands of

ACE COMBS
For Men and Women

Manufactured by
American Hard Rubber Company

The Excitement-Eaters

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

"Is that all that went on?" At Evadne's nod she asked: "Do you think there might have been anything that slipped your notice?"

"I don't know. Of course I wasn't with Lace. I was in the carriage with Johnnie." Under Jerry's fixed stare Evadne became fretful. "And I tell you I haven't an idea why she's gone off or anything. I thought it was a cute idea at the time—who would have guessed it'd come out like this?"

There was a pause, and Jerry spoke in a detached voice. "Of course by this time it may have entered your head that you had no business to ask my—my cook out on a joy ride. Especially without bothering to sling a word at me about it. I don't know what people who know how to call things by their first names would style it, but I'd say it was a low trick—not up to your general average at all."

"Oh, darn!" Evadne's eyes flooded with quick, tired tears. "I didn't have any idea it'd turn out this way! I didn't think at the time—I just—I'm awfully sorry, Cousin Jerry!"

Jerry's eyes softened. She was remembering one or two occasions when her plea had been that she "didn't think at the time." She turned away from Little Eva's distress, made more genuine by lack of sleep and a long procession of late hours.

"Well, it's done now, and you can't do anything *but* be sorry. Go back to sleep and get caught up on yourself," she told her and departed.

THE routine of getting breakfast calmed the turmoil of her mind. When Phil came down she greeted him with grapefruit and the information:

"Lace is gone."

The news did not appear to shock him. Men were so undramatic. He merely started in on the grapefruit, and tossed her a casual, "I'm glad of that!"

Thus encouraged, Jerry repeated Evadne's sketchy version of the events of the evening before, to which Phil listened with his eyes on the clock. She paused at the climax.

"What could have happened, Phil? It's the failure of my whole plan of how to help the other fellow!"

"But it isn't," said Phil firmly. "I didn't say anything about it at the time, Jerry, because the only way you can be convinced is to find out things for yourself; but a girl like that is so much dead timber, and all dealings with her have to be set down under the loss column before you start."

"I don't see why you put it that way. It was all Little Eva's fault as far as I can see. If I only knew what went on last night!"

"It was like Little Eva to ask her," said Phil, "and it was like Lace to go. There you are, Jerry!"

"I'm going in to Charlette's to-morrow and have a talk with Lace."

Phil shrugged his shoulders and pushed back his chair.

"I wouldn't bother; it will only distress you."

Jerry tossed her head. "I'm going."

Phil ignored this statement and kissed her—again that territory husbandly salute, which now she accepted without inward rebellion. It was a polite formality, an integral part of their living routine.

"Good-by, sweetheart. I'm going right now so I can be back sooner!"

"Golfing husbands always say that and they always come back later," Jerry laughed and went at once to the telephone. The first thing she had to do was to locate Willie Pryde; undoubtedly he had been on the picnic. No party went on without him, and he was seldom far from Evadne. The country club was her first guess as to Willie's whereabouts. At this time Sunday morning most of the Eastport young men were to be paged there.

The voice that answered at the other end admitted that Willie was on the links, and added: "What name shall I say?"

"Don't say," Jerry snapped; "just tell him to come."

It seemed hours before Willie's drawl came over the wire: "Mr. Pryde talking."

"Willie! This is Jerry Lancaster. Listen. Were you on Johnnie Overton's picnic last night?"

"Why, yes. What's the matter——"

"Just this. I want you to come over and get me right away. I haven't our car or I'd meet you somewhere."

Barely perceptible hesitation at the other end.

"Is it awfully important and all that sort of thing? Because we've a match on——"

"It is important. If you don't come you've likely to spill a tear over your carelessness."

There was a hint of menace in Jerry's voice; and Willie was sensitive to hints.

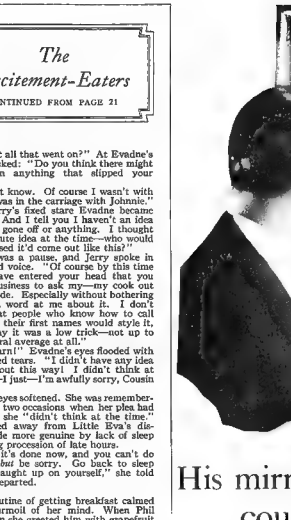
"I'll be right along," he said.

In about ten minutes he arrived, apologizing for his golf-clothes as he jumped out of his runabout. "But you sounded rather in a hurry," he said, and looked at her expectantly from his pale amber eyes.

"Drive along," said Jerry. "I don't want to start my story here."

Willie obeyed her injunction and they shot down-town through High Street, which led to the woody fringes of the town.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 70



His mirror couldn't tell him

HE usually required fifteen minutes for choosing and adjusting his neck-tie. His clothes were up to the minute in fashion. His hair always had to appear just so. He visited his manicurist systematically.

Yet there was one thing he neglected in the matter of toilet which with many people off-set all of his other qualities of fastidiousness. And this one thing retarded his progress both in business and socially.

The pathetic thing about it was that he himself was entirely ignorant of what was holding him back. It was a thing that people simply won't tell you about, and yet they hold it against you every day.

* * * * * *

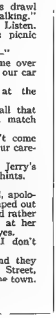
That's the insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath). You, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle.

It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these peculiar properties as a breath deodorant. It halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. So the systematic use of Listerine puts you on the safe and polite side. You know your breath is right. Fastidious people everywhere are making it a regular part of their daily routine.

Your druggist will supply you with Listerine. He sells lots of it. It has dozens of different uses as a safe antiseptic and has been trusted as such for half a century. Read the interesting little booklet that comes with every bottle. — *Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

For **HALITOSIS**



use **LISTERINE**

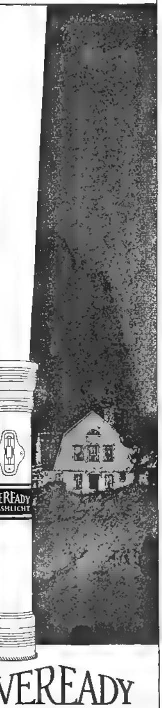
Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

LIGHT
DISPELS
FEAR

Have an Eveready Flashlight under your pillow or at your bedside, because darkness is responsible for the mystery of night noises.

A press of your thumb! Instant light when you need it, right where you want it!

Every home needs an Eveready Flashlight. *Flameless, cannot set fire to anything.* Every housewife should have one. The light of a thousand uses. One use often repays a thousand times the small cost of the Flashlight—$.65 to $4.50.



EVEREADY
FLASHLIGHTS
& BATTERIES
—they last longer

The Excitement-Eaters

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69

"Famous party last night," said Willie carefully.. "Evadne tell you about it?"

"Look here, Willie; I'm going to tell you flat what I know and we'll proceed from there. In the first place, I know you're the Eastport *Gossip*."

The car swerved as Willie turned an astonished face to her. "What! What did you say——"

"I said I know you're the one who turns in all the stuff about us that the *Gossip* prints," she elaborated. "I discovered that when you wrote up the New York party. You must have thought I was a fool if you thought you could get away with that."

Willie made no response.

"What's puzzled me," Jerry continued, "is why you didn't put in the names. The *Gossip* always does. What made you leave them out? You aren't generally so considerate!"

"I—I wasn't sure just what had gone on," Willie replied. His attitude had become one of limp abandon; he made no attempt to deny the accusation. "Funny thing, I got to like the idea of you, Jerry, and when it came to writing it up I hated to put your name to it. You see, I was always trying to find out what you were before you married. I thought you were something quite different from what I found out—the night of Elsie's dinner-party. You've worked for a living and made a darn good name for yourself, as I discovered by going to Charlette's."

"You went to Charlette's!" Jerry exclaimed and laughed. "Of course—you would. Do you know what I think of you? I think you're a sneak and a bloodsucker."

"I'm not!" said Willie shortly. "I told you once that the *Gossip* was like Balzac purging society of its sins, and I mean it!"

"Purging society!" Jerry sneered. "Have you noticed that it's been purged by any of your efforts? The people you've written up have enjoyed seeing their little escapades in print?"

"Did you enjoy it?" Willie retorted. "And notice, I didn't write up what I learned at Charlette's. It was fine gossip, but it was to your credit, so what was the use of exposing it?"

"Oh, quit heaving words around! It's a rotten business and you know it. Why don't you come out in the open if you feel that way about the sins of society? Come out in the open and suggest some way to snap out of all this!"

"Is that what you wanted to see me about this morning?" Willie inquired, recovering some of his blandness.

"No; but it's got a lot to do with it. What I want to drive home to you is that the *Gossip* is not going to have anything in it about the cemetery episode when it comes out to-morrow. It's a serious business this time—the town authorities will consider it the last straw, and if they find out who did it there's going to be trouble. The older set will back the town authorities, too—I can feel it's coming. Do you see why you're going to leave it alone and keep your mouth shut?"

THEY came to a crossing, and Willie turned the car back toward town.

"I see that it's the climax—what I've been working up to all the time!" he said.

"Well, we'll put it on a little blackmail basis," said Jerry sweetly. "You print that and you'll never be received anywhere in Eastport again by anybody. I'll publish the how and why of you up and down the Rialto, from Beach and Roseflower to High and Main."

"Doggone!" said Willie peevishly. "I forgot you had me by the jeans!"

They drove in silence for some moments, Willie looking straight ahead down the road. Then he heaved a sigh and spoke. "Well, it's all right, Jerry, sneak to blackmailer—is it a bargain?"

"You've got to chuck it, too!" Jerry leaped back at him with. "I rather liked you when I first knew you, Willie. I wouldn't bother with making that request if I didn't remember that."

Willie looked up, grumpier than ever. "Oh, I guess I'll have to come out in the open, all right. Do a little landscape architecture for a change. I took some courses in it once, and there's plenty of graft around here on the places of the people I know. I've thought of it some before, because, well—because of that darn little Eva."

"Little Eva!" Jerry echoed. "Then Phil was right."

"I always swore I'd never fall for a girl of her type," Willie droned, "but I have and it's upset everything."

"Frankly I'd rather see her settled with some one else," Jerry commented.

Willie smiled a little.

"I didn't expect you to cheer from the side-lines; but I am going ahead with it, and I trust you not to step in on anything."

"All right. Now I have you two ways on quitting this *Gossip* stuff, beginning to-day!" she retorted swiftly. "Let me out here; I want to walk up the driveway."

She wanted a few moments to think over the morning's events before she plunged into preparations for Sunday dinner. Willie left her, his bland, open countenance fairly beaming with vacancy. Lost in thoughts of foreboding, Jerry walked slowly up the drive. What would be the town's reception of this cemetery adventure? Willie and Little Eva—how could they solve their problems? And Lace—ah, Lace!

LITTLE EVA was cross. She sat in the Overton sun-parlor and played solitaire, not even bothering to watch the couples dancing in the big music-room.

It had started to rain, and a rainy day was always depressing. The bunch could think of nothing better to do than to go up to Johnnie's and dance. There was something very enervating about having a party in one's own house, and Johnnie had turned pepless and grumpy. This annoyed Evadne; also there were not enough extra men to make the afternoon piquant; so she sat and played solitaire, glowering viciously at all who approached.

So far it had been a very bad day. To begin with, Cousin Phil had lectured her at dinner about the exploit of the sign-board. He had repeated things that bored her about lack of thought and consideration for the feelings of others, and he had wound up by telling her that she was in danger of detection from the town authorities.

She had regarded this information tolerantly, as mere peroration to a lecture; but Johnnie's first words had been to the same effect. The town was outraged; the older set was furious. In a word, it was a scandal the aftermath of which might prove most disagreeable.

She decided that she was sick of Eastport anyway. She could leave any time—she was free, white, and twenty. Now seemed a good opportunity to make an exit. Johnnie was getting more boring every day; and she suddenly was tired of all the Useless young men. To get herself up for these futile specimens was an awful waste of time.

So she played solitaire and scowled at all comers. Willie Pryde eyed her covertly and kept a respectful distance. Willie was the only one who interested her at all, and that was not very much. Life was as flat as stale coffee-grounds.

She was aware that the few débutantes of the party viewed her pose suspiciously. She was not popular with girls anyway. Not that she cared; except that, when the men were all so boring, it might be a relief to turn to girls.

She began to get worried over her state of mind. These fits of depression over life in general were becoming more and more frequent. She had erased her scowl, remembering that scowls were wrinkle-hastening, but now she brought it back and fixed it firmly upon her face. What was the use of preparing to be a Ninon de L'Enclos when the men were not worth the trouble? She plucked savagely at the neatness of her coiffure until straight sand-colored strands wandered in messy profusion over her forehead and stood out at right angles over her ears. She rubbed her nose until she was morally certain that it shone. And snapped her cards to and fro with glaring absorption.

The dancing came to a fitful pause, and Alice Deveraux, one of the prettiest débutantes, slid out into the sun-parlor with Willie. She regarded Eva's dishevelment with scientific interest.

Eva looked up at her from beneath wintry brows.

"She probably thinks pulling my hair around this way is a new line," she told herself bitterly.

Willie was watching her without expression.

"I wish Janet and Andy would hurry up and get here. They've got a cousin they're bringing with them who's come in from the city to visit them," Alice said to little Eva.

"Oh, yes; the one they had to get up early to meet," Willie murmured. Alice ignored him, and continued: "They say he can play the piano marvelously, and we can get him to play for us to dance instead of trying to keep to rhythm with the old records."

EVA had had these hints thrust at her before during the afternoon, that if she insisted on not dancing she might at least play for them. She slammed a card down now by way of response. Willie strolled over and viewed her layout.

"Put the six on that seven," he suggested.

"I won't!" Little Eva retorted and swept the cards all into her pack. Johnnie, who was hovering in the background, sauntered forward at this.

"Dance now, Eva?" he demanded hopefully.

"No! I'm just dealing out a new hand!" she said and made good her assertion.

At this moment Janet Clarke burst in, demanding breathlessly if they had missed anything by being late. Eva regarded her intently. Janet was certainly popular as a chaperon. She was but one or two years older than the debs, she was not too attractive, and she objected to nothing in the way of hilarity, often generating the wildest projects herself. The graveyard exploit was an example. Now she was hailed with enthusiasm by every one.

"Did your cousin pianist get met?" asked Willie. "Fetch him out, Janet; we're in need of stimulating music."

The air was misted with smoke and pulsating with swift, silly conversation from

CONTINUED ON PAGE 72

MENNEN

Three Foes of Sleep-

Routed by Mennen's

Deep, unbroken sleep is essential to your baby's health, yet day and night three foes conspire to torture baby's delicate skin, to cause crying, to prevent sleep.

Those insidious enemies are moisture, friction and infection. How do they make their damaging attacks?

Moistures (urine, perspiration, lurking drops of water from the bath) are caught in the skin-folds. Gentle towel-rubbing cannot dry the moistures completely. So they remain to inflame the skin.

But note how Mennen Borated Talcum offsets this danger. Each little particle is as porous and absorbent as a tiny sponge. These minute sponges penetrate the skin folds and draw moistures from the cuticle, leaving the skin dry and unharmed.

Mennen Borated Talcum is equally effective in combating *Friction*, the second foe. By covering the skin with a fine impalpable film—the effects of chafing and friction, the incessant rubbing of skin folds—are overcome.

Then this remarkable powder helps the delicate skin to resist the menace of *Infection*. Mildly antiseptic, time-tested ingredients accomplish it.

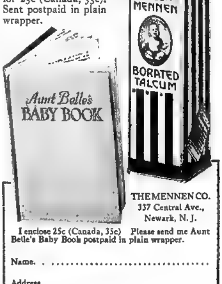
It required half a century of study and improvement to perfect this three-fold protection. Yet it is yours in every tin of Mennen Borated Talcum.

Use it on baby's body after every bath and change of diapers —whenever baby cries—and before every nap.

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.
The Mennen Company, Limited
Montreal, Quebec

Special Offer

While the present finely-bound, fully illustrated edition of Aunt Belle's Baby Book lasts we will send you a copy for 25c (Canada, 35c). Sent postpaid in plain wrapper.



THE MENNEN CO.
337 Central Ave.,
Newark, N. J.

I enclose 25c (Canada, 35c) Please send me Aunt Belle's Baby Book postpaid in plain wrapper.

Name. . . . .

Address. . . . .

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

20-MULE-TEAM BORAX DISH WASHING POWDER

Made Expressly to *Wash Dishes* and to Protect the Skin

Your hands are protected and kept soft and white when washing dishes, if 20 Mule Team Borax Dish Washing Powder is used. It is the perfect combination of Borax, the Water Softener and Antiseptic Cleanser, and fine soap. It washes dishes and tableware perfectly and it can't injure the hands.

Try It Once

Your Grocer Has It—Ask Him

It's Economical

Keep your hands as young as your face

20 Mule Team Borax Soap Chips

Combine Water Softening, Cleansing and Protection in Washing All Your Clothes

The 20 Mule Team Borax with the soap softens the water, dissolves out the dirt, prevents woolens from shrinking or hardening and colors from fading.

20 Mule Team Borax Soap Chips are an improvement over any known washing compound. They wash all materials clean and protect all fabrics from injury.

Try 20 Mule Team Borax Soap Chips this week

For Your Whole Week's Wash

AT YOUR GROCERS

20 MULE TEAM *Borax* SOAP CHIPS

Digitized by Google

Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ROTAREX

ELECTRIC CLOTHES WASHER | **HOME DOUBLE ROLL IRONER**

A WOMAN'S time—how much is it worth? A housekeeper's time may be very profitably invested in play, in visiting, and receiving friends, or in taking beauty naps. Every moment given to child training pays big returns. But the woman who does her own laundry work by hand wastes a whole day each week.

Places where dust and dirt try to hide are *kept* clean by the ferreting Apex inclined and divided nozzle that cleans around and under immovable furniture.

In the ROTAREX Electric Clothes Washer the suds enter through holes in the ends of the light aluminum cylinder; there are no perforations in its walls for the clothes to drag and scrape over.

With its two ironing rolls and improved ruffler attachment, the ROTAREX Ironer does all the ironing in one-third the time.

Let us send you the address of our nearest dealer who will gladly send a representative to explain our easy monthly payment terms and free trial offer.

THE APEX ELECTRICAL DISTRIBUTING COMPANY
1073 EAST 152nd STREET • CLEVELAND, OHIO
FACTORIES AT CLEVELAND, O., MUNCIE, IND., AND TORONTO, CANADA

The Cleaner with the famous inclined and divided nozzle that cleans the dirt from hard-to-get-at places.

Apex ELECTRIC SUCTION CLEANER

"From A to Z in Home Cleaning"—FREE
Tells how to clean everything in the house—100 New Ways to Save Hours, Work and Money. Sent free on request.

Costs less to own and operate than your gas stove. Patented TIMETER *makes it entirely automatic.*

ROTAREX ELECTRIC **Kook-Rite**

COPY. 1923—THE APEX ELECTRICAL DIST. CO.

Digitized by Google

The Excitement-Eaters

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70

all sides as Andy Clarke came through the door with the pianist cousin. Little Eva withdrew her attention and finished dealing. Not until Andy spoke at her side did she take any further notice.

"Here's one you haven't met, Tim—Miss Drew, known as Little Eva. This is Timothy Lane, Esquire."

She looked up with a grudging smile as a sop to formality and the card in her hand fluttered to the table, the smile fading to nothing on her parted lips.

Looking down at her were a pair of blue eyes—eyes that bent on her with sudden, eager delight. Timothy Lane was tall, taller than most of the young men in the room by a head, and brilliantly fair. Evadne was an ash blonde, and she had made the most of it. But this man had waving hair all of a bright glitter, parted in the middle and brought back with stern discipline, and sunburned features—regular except for a slightly large mouth full of white teeth—a face that made Little Eva draw a long breath, as if she found herself suddenly in bracing, out-of-doors air.

"I am very glad to see you, Miss Drew," he was saying. His gaze had not once deviated or lost its look of pleasure. Little Eva cursed inwardly. What freak of fate had made her pull her hair all out and get her nose to shine? Furtively she pushed back some of the strands and brought her most sparkling smile to bear on the situation. All about her were arrayed the prettiest of the débutantes of Eastport—a formidable enough menace—but she solved that problem with her own particular brand of sabotage.

She threw her cards into a straggling heap on the table and rose. "You play, don't you? Come on—let's hear you."

Thus she swept him from the smoke-ridden sun-parlor over the bare floors of the music-room, but her maneuver was not allowed to pass without combat. Alice Deveraux charged after her, the rest of the dela following her lead, the young men bringing up the rear-guard.

"Oh, Mr. Lane," Alice appealed, "can you play 'Too Many Bones'? I just crave it!"

Timothy Lane paused.

"I—I don't play ragtime," he confessed.

A gasp of dismay went through the ranks

"Oh, and we thought—here we've been counting on some better dance-music——"

In the first flush of disappointment some one over by the door started the phonograph, and the ranks began to break up into couples once more.

The modern girl has to think and act quickly. Little Eva saw Alice standing close by, saw Willie hovering near with indefinite menace. She fluttered her eyelashes at Timothy Lane.

"Sit this out with me," she confided.

They went over to a davenport—Eva comfortably conscious of glares leveled at their retreating backs—and sat side by side with no unnecessary distance between them. Then they frankly continued their charmed survey of each other.

EVA was the first to break their silence.

"Where do you live?" she asked.

"In New York just now. Where do you?" he returned.

"In Boston. I'm visiting here. What do you do in New York?"

"I've been studying with Rodowski. This year I'm working by myself."

"Oh, then you really play!" She regarded him with deepened interest. "I like to see men like you step in and give the music world a new slant on personalities. There are so many queer ones."

"And I like to see a girl like you, among the girls of to-day," he rejoined simply. Then at the look of blank astonishment which she involuntarily flashed, he went on: "I walked into a room blue with cigaret smoke and met a dozen girls buzzing away on the usual line of brainless conversation. Then I saw you. You looked like a—a little fairy, sitting in the midst of it all, paying no attention to the rest and not smoking. You don't smoke, do you?"

Eva shook her head, divided between a guilty feeling and a desire to laugh. It was not from moral scruples that she refrained from the use of tobacco, but because, after prolonged and painful experiment she could not bring herself to like it or it to like her.

"I hope you don't mind—my speaking to you this way," he was saying. "When we have—just met and all."

She met his eyes for a puzzled stare. Could it be that he was sincere in saying a thing like that? When nowadays men who just met you said anything—anything that came into their heads to say—anything that they thought would make you take notice?

"I like you," she told him. "What's your first name? Timothy? I like you, Timothy. You're different from the men I meet, too. Why is it?"

Then they both fell silent and looked at each other.

In a little while Eva felt something impending that had not happened for over two years. She felt that she was going to blush. A warning tint blanketed her temples with heat, surprise brought added warmth to her cheeks. She looked away, elaborately casual.

"I—I wish you'd play something," she said. "I'd like to hear you; I certainly would."

The dance had ended; the sun-parlor was flooded with smoke-fans once more. Only a few remained in the music-room, to sort out and quarrel over the next record to be played and to cast meaning glances at the two on the davenport.

"Now's a good time," said Eva, quickly rising and gathering him in with her haste. "Come on and play for me now, while every one's comparatively quiet."

He went with her to the piano, a beautiful grand that was used principally as an ornament in the Overton house, and she installed herself in a deep chair near by. She wanted him to play so that she could watch him. He gave her such a queer, unsettled feeling.

He ran his fingers over the keyboard for a moment of experimental modulation. Little Eva knew something about music, even tho years of expensive study along that line had equipped her only for ragtime. His touch was assured and professional.

He led into a haunting melody set with barbaric sweetnesses, which she identified vaguely as something of Cyril Scott's. From that, at her quiet request, he played another of the moderns. He played with keen, sure mastery, and she stared at his hands in amazement. When she had first met him she had taken it for granted that he was an idler like the rest of them, perhaps dallying with music as a pastime. But this performance showed work of years—the grunding, grilling labor that was necessary to such achievement.

THE two over by the phonograph had wearied of keeping quiet and were trying a stunt—a stunt where one held on to one's left ear with one's right hand, one's left knee with one's left hand, and tried to pick up with one's teeth a mazagine dropped on the floor. It was a noisy stunt. The sounds percolated through to Evadne's consciousness feebly at first, then jabbed her with irritation. In the midst of a fascinating passage she turned her head and spoke to them.

"Would you mind," she said coldly, "carting yourself into the other room if you're going to do acrobatics? When I listen to music, I like to listen to *music!*"

Her attack took the playful ones completely by surprize. In silence they picked up their magazine and fled into the sun-parlor; while Timothy, who had faltered for a moment, continued his playing. When he had finished he turned to her.

"Thank you for that," he said.

Evadne felt herself blushing again. Those eyes and the way they looked at her! Their frank worship was not much like the bold interest she had seen so often exhibited when a young man met her and gave her a rush on the spot. She spoke uneasily:

"Play some more, quick!"

He turned to the piano again, and she studied him with growing perplexity. He was so contradictory. Here she thought she had all men sorted and docketed in her index-file of types; and then to meet one who looked like the ideal hero of her childhood and played like the artist he was. She had always considered pianists freaks; but this man was only different in that he was far superior to the other young men that she had known.

She caught herself up here. Why, this sounded almost like infatuation. But it was not infatuation. It was—it was——

The song came to an end in a long, deep chord which his fingers pressed into silence before he turned and smiled at her. She smiled back at him—a natural smile—not her plotted-out, provocative grimace that was so effective in the right place.

"I love to hear you play," she said. "If everybody who heard you felt about it the way I do, you'd be famouser than any one since Paderewski."

Voices from the sun-parlor threatened invasion, and this time it was he who thought quickly.

"I'm afraid they're coming in," he said, rising. "Let's go back where we were and become engrossed in conversation, so that no one will speak to you."

"That wouldn't bother this crowd," Eva murmured, but she tripped over to the davenport again. She was glad she had happened to wear her pet baby-blue dress that made her look sixteen and angel-faced.

Then there followed an hour of breathlessly interesting conversation, punctuated by shouts and sallies from the rest of the party, the girls for once unmoved with the men in efforts to pry Evadne from her prey. Johnnie took to walking up and down the room moodily, while Jane and Andy Clarke made embarrassingly audible remarks. To all of which Evadne turned the back of her sand-colored head and kept her eyes fixed on Timothy Lane's face.

They were vitally interested in hearing all about each other and telling all about themselves. He had been in Rodowski's master class—a class, he explained, that comprised several hundred. Before that time he had spent years of study, alternating with teaching to keep him going. This he mentioned quite simply. Eva's baby eyes widened. He was telling of his efforts to go into business—but how music

CONTINUED ON PAGE 74

Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Your Child's Health

Ready for Bed

This picture is on the trade mark tag attached to every genuine Dr. Denton Garment.

Depends on the Fabric

used in making the garments in which the little one spends the long, recuperative hours of sleep.

Dr. Denton *Soft-Knit* Sleeping Garments

are made of our *hygienic fabric*, knit from special yarn spun in our own mills from *unbleached* cotton, with which is blended some soft, natural-colored wool.

Every Mother Should Know

that *bleached* and *unbleached* cotton are as different as black and white.

Bleached cotton is COLD, absorbs and holds perspiration like a sponge—a ready conductor letting the vital body-heat escape, and conveying cold to the skin. It is ideal for summer, but clammy and cold for winter wear.

Unbleached cotton, used in Denton fabric, is WARM. Each fiber is still covered with the natural cotton wax and will *not* absorb water. Perspiration is carried off *on the surface* of the loose-spun fibers and the child's skin is always *dry and warm.*

To secure the utmost softness and durability, we use only high-grade cotton and wool *double carded.*

Our loosely twisted yarn, knit in an open stitch, and the natural smoothness of unbleached cotton, give our unique *Soft-Knit* feeling. ***The hygienic qualities of Dentons are spun and knit into the fabric.***

No dyes or chemicals are used, only new materials washed with pure soap and water. *Our washing process avoids stretching.* Dentons do not shrink when washed at home but keep their original shape *and elasticity.*

Body, feet and hands are covered, protecting the child from cold, even if bed coverings are thrown off.

Our patented, extra-full seat provides ample room in seat and crotch.

Dentons are well made in every way: *elastic, outside seams*, collars double thickness, good buttons, strong button holes, facings all stayed.

Ideal for fresh-air sleeping, camping or touring.
(We also make Soft-Knit Hoods for out-door sleeping)

Dentons have a mottled, light-gray color that does not readily show soil. *Each size is amply proportioned.*

Denton quality is rigidly maintained.

Our prices are always low *in relation to quality* as we are the largest and only exclusive makers of knit sleeping garments.

Sizes 0 to 6 have turn-down cuffs; sizes 7 to 14, plain cuffs. Sizes 0, 1 and 2 are extra large at hips to allow for use of diapers.

Insist on genuine Dentons. Our name is on neck hanger and our trade-mark is on tag attached to each garment.

If you cannot get Genuine Dentons from your dealer, write us.

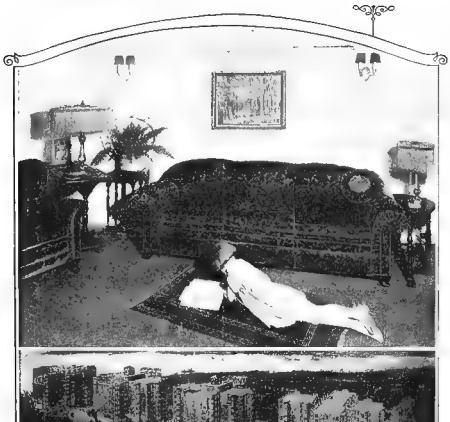
REAR VIEW.

Over 5,000 Leading Dry Goods and Department Stores Sell Dentons.

Dr. Denton Sleeping Garment Mills,

720 MILL STREET, CENTREVILLE, MICHIGAN.

Google



In Modern Apartments and in Modern Dwellings

Modern conveniences mean greater comfort with less exertion and less expense. The Alden Park Manor apartments in the exclusive Indian Village section of Detroit (shown above) provide modern Davenport Beds as one of the many conveniences for occupants. In modern homes everywhere the Davenport Bed is counted as one of the modern conveniences.

Two distinct and separate pieces of furniture are incorporated in the Davenport Bed—each different in its particular duty. By day the davenport is graceful and roomy—the springs of its cushions serve only as davenport springs; the fine seat coverings are not marred by use as a mattress at night. The bed is good size, with real bedspring—luxuriously comfortable and sleep-inviting.

Davenport Beds are designed by master craftsmen. In their wide range of designs, in the variety of their upholsterings and in the assortment of splendid woods employed, it is an easy matter to make selections that will blend with any environment.

Wherever good furniture is sold, you will find Davenport Beds in variety. Ask your furniture merchant to demonstrate one to you.

Our brochure, showing nearly a hundred styles, is yours for the asking.

DAVENPORT BED MAKERS OF AMERICA
910 South Michigan Avenue CHICAGO

The DAVENPORT BED
SERVES BY DAY AND BY NIGHT

Copyright 1923 Davenport Bed Makers of America

The Excitement-Eaters

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72

always brought him back. Now this was his last year before he appeared as a professional.

In return she told him about herself and was aghast that she had only her likes and dislikes to expound. Of course she had lived a varied and colorful life, in common with most of the young people of the War generation; but there was only a small portion of it that she cared to divulge to any one who was looking at her like that.

They finally fell silent, a silence that was noticed and pounced upon by the others, who had quieted down and draped around the empty fireplace.

"Here, you two!" Johnnie inserted. "We're having a discussion about ourselves. Get in on it quick—it's going to be good!"

Andy Clarke explained:

"It seems there was quite a rumpus kicked up at one of the churches yesterday about the young people of to-day. For my part I'm sick of hearing the older people stew about us. They don't know a thing about it, and the less they say the fewer breaks they'll make."

"But you can't deny there's been a change," said Janet. "We do ever so many things nowadays we never would have thought of pulling off before the War."

"The War! Why blame the poor War?" Johnnie demanded. "Come out into the open and put the blame where it belongs—on alcohol. Speaking of the stuff, is any one thirsty—"

A manifold shriek rent the air. Johnnie chuckled. "Quiet down, old dears. False alarm. There's to be no booze spilled at this little party."

"The other day I saw a disgusting sight," said Willie, who was ensconced in a lounging-chair at the far corner of the room. "Down at class reunion. A member of the football team, bruising along with a nice bottle on the hip, trips and falls down. Bottle dashes out, breaks, pours itself generously around the ground. Two fellows coming up behind shriek, almost spill real briny tears, and grovel in the gutter—stick their heads in the mud and drink it up. Football fellow turns, disgusted, pulls both of 'em up, one in each hand, and knocks their heads together; moral end, see? But that's a true story—I saw it myself."

"Here's another true story," spoke up one of the Useless Club. "Other night out at the country club I heard a girl—she isn't here, so I can tell it—say that the evening was a frost so far; ten-thirty and only three men had tried to kiss her."

Evadne could feel Timothy stiffen beside her. Another time and she would have added zest to the conversation, but now she suddenly felt bored with her friends and their conversation. It all sounded so foolish, somehow.

"Did you hear what he said?" Timothy was asking in an undertone whose intimacy thrilled her even tho the purport of his words depressed her. "I guess I'm behind the times. I didn't know nice girls talked like that."

Evadne met his look with eyes whose stedfastness must not falter. "She's only one—out of the millions that don't—talk like that. Liar!" she told herself fiercely. "That may be true, but you're not!"

The expression of his eyes was most confiding. She looked away. A sense was treating her as if she were a being apart from others. She lifted her chin and tried to look ethereal, spiritual, away. A sense of discomfort made her glance across the room.

Willie was looking at her from his lounging-chair, looking at her with perfect understanding and something else in his expression.

Spiritually crumbled, Little Eva stamped her foot.

JERRY had made the suggestion that Phil read his paper going in on the train instead of at breakfast. When she went with him she also purchased a paper and read it in self-defense.

On this particular Saturday morning she was thankful that they both could bury themselves in their papers. She did not want to discuss the question of Lace again until after she had seen her.

And coincidentally the morning's mail had brought her a letter from Steve. He was going to Rio de Janeiro, he said. Some one from the business had to go, and he had assumed his father by offering to go himself.

"It will be good for me," he wrote. "I don't feel like sticking around this part of the country and, if I go away, I'll work hard and get a purchase on things." There was a pause, a little inky dot, where his pen had lingered, and then the letter went on: "I want to thank you now for coming in and talking to me way you did that Saturday. To know a girl like you—to have her for a friend—means a lot to a man. The thought of you means more to me now than perhaps anything else. Good-by, Jerry."

She did not show the letter to Phil because if he had received a letter from Mrs. Carter telling him how much his friendship meant, she would rather not know about it. But what Steve said made her happier than she had been since that horrible Saturday. After all she was justified. She had done some good by her impulsive act. Poor Steve. The way things went in the world—Lace, Steve, Ruth, all suffering.

As the train neared New York Bob Carter came from the smoker and joined them.

"What d'you think of all this cemetery fuss, Phil?" he demanded.

"I didn't know there was much to fuss about," Phil replied with characteristic deliberation.

"It just seemed to strike the wrong chord at the right moment," Bob elaborated. "Every one's been waiting for something concrete to jump on and this is it."

"Who do they think did it?" Jerry inquired blandly.

"Oh, the guessing is divided," said Bob. "Cora White and the Delabarre youth are reported to have gotten very hilarious that evening at Minnow Inn; and then there was the Overton buggy picnic, which most people are inclined to talk about."

"How can they prove anything?" asked Phil. He and Jerry were not looking at each other.

"They can't," said Bob cheerfully, "not in my opinion. The young people are standing pat in a body. It's just another item to set the authorities raving, and—here's an interesting bit—I shouldn't be surprized if most of the young people's names were perhaps crossed off the formal invitation lists."

Jerry's head flung back with amazement.

"Cross 'em off the lists! Without even knowing exactly who—and for a little thing like that!"

"Well, it isn't a little thing coming on top of everything else that the younger set keeps doing all the time. The older people have just decided to make this the example. And—you'll be interested to hear this, Mrs. Lancaster—a great deal of this disapproval is levelled upon the young married people. They, I understand, may be cut from the lists also, if any cut is made."

"I see where we are dropped from the social whirl, Phil," said Jerry lightly, and rose as the train slid into the terminal.

IT WAS half past nine when she came out on Fifth Avenue from Forty-second Street and made her way down to Charlette's. She had never been back save once long ago when she had taken Phil there to show him the scene of her former endeavors.

The music of New York that rendes the ear in harsh, heart-breaking chords and dissonances came to her from all sides above and below. As she hastened along the avenue and breathed in the air that was tainted with fumes of gasoline and the breath of thousands who were hurrying and struggling, she almost felt herself back in her old days of poverty and toil. But before long Charlette's familiar gray silk curtains rose before her, and Jerry stopped outside the shop for a moment with a little homesick pang. It had been her life for so many years! With a shrug of her shoulders she brought herself back and pushed open the door.

It was an early hour for Charlette's customers. The place was deserted save for a large lady in a black-satin gown overhung with a necklace of pearl beads. She came forward with a carefully cordial French smile that expanded into an Irish grin as she suddenly recognized Jerry. It was Fanchon—in real life Mrs. O'Flaherty, who attended to much of the business end.

"Jerry!" she cried, and took Jerry to her ample bosom. "It's a wonder you wouldn't come in before to see us, after marrying into society and all! Don't even get your robes here! Didn't even come here for your trousseau——"

"Oh, bang it on the wall, Fanchon!" Jerry responded with perfect good humor. "Don't you suppose I can still thread a needle? Yes. In which case why should I come here and get robbed for things that have never been so good since I left?"

"Same nerve," grunted Fanchon. "Why don't you come back and help run things if you feel that way about it? What have you been doing—running classes to train girls in our line?"

"Oh, so Lace has gotten here already?"

"Don't know about any Lace. I can't take care of any more green ones, even for you, Jerry. This one's Mary O'Brien. Came at eight-thirty, before we were hardly open, and said you sent her. And I never could refuse an O'Brien, so off she went into the workrooms to fill in for Jessie, who's on vacation. We'll see how she does, and if she knows a little—which she might if you've been showing her something—we'll keep her on after Jessie gets back."

"She knows a little, all right," said Jerry; "even your little. You know that, if she's been sewing with me. But I want to see her, Fanchon. Get her pulled out of there a minute, will you?"

"All right, but tell her it isn't the usual thing." Fanchon grumbled, then turned a suave face to a customer who had just come in the door and was bearing down upon her. "Your gown, *madame! Mais, oui, certainement*—I shall have it shown you *tout de suite*."

With a French gesticulation of the hands Fanchon was gone, and Jerry wandered here and there, from gray reception-room into the Louis Quatorze salon, feeling more and more homesick every minute. She turned and saw Lace standing timidly at the door of the salon.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 77

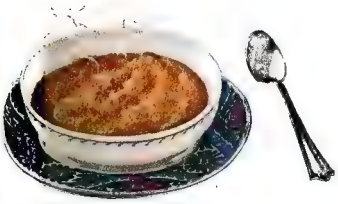
Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

The right start of millions for a good day's work!

Wheatena Bread

1 cup Wheatena	3 tablespoons light brown sugar
3 cups boiling water	3 tablespoons melted lard
¾ cup lukewarm water	1 tablespoon salt
1½ yeast cakes	
5 cups white flour	

Pour boiling water over Wheatena, stir well and cool. Dissolve yeast in the ¾ cup warm water, add to Wheatena, also 1 tablespoon of the sugar and 1 cup of the flour. Beat well and let rise one and one-half hours. Then add rest of the flour and sugar, lard and salt. Knead ten minutes after dough is on the board and let rise until double in bulk. Keep dough in kneading soft as possible. Greasing the hands will facilitate the work. Mold into loaves, fill pans ½ full and let rise until double in bulk. Brush melted butter over tops. Bake 45 minutes.



When you sit down to a generous dish of Wheatena, your appetite is whetted by the delicate aroma of the whole wheat. By the time you have stirred in a bit of butter, and topped off the golden feast with sugar and cream, your mouth is fairly watering for the taste of the delicious, distinctive whole wheat Wheatena flavor.

Wheatena—Nature's strengthening, sustaining gift from the sunny wheat fields—is all wheat, the plumpest, choicest grains that grow.

By the exclusive Wheatena process the heart of the golden grains is retained with all the great body-building, health-sustaining elements of whole wheat—roasted and toasted to give them that delicious nut-brown flavor.

That's why for over forty-four years Wheatena has been on the family breakfast table in thousands and thousands of homes every morning, and is served in leading hotels, restaurants and dining cars.

That's why grown-ups, children, dietitians and doctors agree that Wheatena is "the right start of millions for a good day's work" week in and week out.

Try it for muffins, cookies and desserts; for breading chops, cutlets and oysters. Your family will enjoy the many delightful ways in which you can use Wheatena to vary the daily menu.

All good grocers have Wheatena or can get it for you. Get it today—for breakfast tomorrow.

Sample package free! Write for free sample package and book of recipes showing many dainty and economical ways in which Wheatena may be served.

The Wheatena Company, Wheatenaville, Rahway, N. J.

WHEATENA—First Thing in the Morning Since 1879

Digitized by Google
Original from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

See Our Offer
—Cards alone, or cards *with box*. Note coupon below. Keep *your* recipes in this more convenient way.

Your Chance
To Secure One

The Handiest Recipe Card File Ever Offered —Contains Alice Bradley's Recipes

THE Sunkist Recipe Card File keeps your recipes filed, like business papers, in a handy, durable oak box.

You simply take out the recipe you want—printed on one card—prop it up *anywhere* and read it easily as you prepare the dish. No book to hold open, to flop shut and lose the place, no confusion, no chance for mistakes.

When finished merely put the card back—index cards plainly tell you where.

24 Illustrated Cards

With each Sunkist File we enclose 24 prize recipes for delicious orange and lemon dishes, *tested and proved by Miss Alice Bradley, Principal of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery, Boston.* Each card shows the finished dish *in colors*, as it looks when served.

There are also 100 blank cards on which to write or paste recipes that *you* collect.

Systematic housewives by the hundred thousand now use this method. We alone have sent out more than 100,000 Sunkist Recipe Card Files at *actual cost* to women who appreciate short cuts in housekeeping.

Save 75 Cents

Boxes and cards like these would cost you from $1.25 to $1.50 at any retail store. We ask only *actual manufacturer's cost to us*—75c delivered. Thus you may save as much as 75c—get a sturdy, handy file for half what you might pay elsewhere.

We do this as part of the advertising of Sunkist Oranges—to get our recipes used often—but there is no advertising on the box.

Use these oranges often for the delicious foods they make and for their *healthfulness*—their natural salts and acids and their *vitamines*.

Buy oranges by the dozen. Always have them in the house.

Mail coupon now.

CALIFORNIA
Sunkist
Uniformly Good Oranges

California Fruit Growers Exchange
A Non-profit, Co-operative Organization of 10,500 Growers
DEPT. 410, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Card file and cards approximately two-thirds actual size.

California Fruit Growers Exchange,
Dept. 410, Los Angeles, California.
(Check the offer you wish to accept, enclose proper amount in coins or stamps and write name and address plainly.)

☐ I enclose 75c for Sunkist Box, 24 illustrated recipe cards, 100 blank cards and 23 index cards.

☐ I enclose 10c for 24 illustrated recipe cards *without* box.

NAME.....

STREET.....

CITY.....STATE.....

Digitized by Google
Original from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

The Excitement-Eaters

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

"Come into the reception-room," she said in a matter-of-fact tone; "there's no one there yet."

They sat down in a quiet corner, Lace big-eyed and mute.

"Don't look so surprized," said Jerry. "You didn't think I'd let you go off like that and not try to find out why, did you?"

Lace shook her head. "I—I didn't think at all."

"Then—why did you go?" Jerry demanded. "What happened on that party?"

"What happened?" Lace suddenly found speech. "Mrs. Lancaster, it was all so—so awful—that I couldn't believe it was real. Or that they were your friends." Jerry looked her astonishment. "Do you know who I was with? A married man His name was Mr. White. An' the things he said—an' he a married man! He carried on worse than any of the others! An' the things all of them kept talking about in cold blood! Just as if they were sayin' nothin' at all! An' they behaved awful—I never seen anythin' like it!"

LACE was lost in the horror of her recollection. On her narrative flowed:

"And stayin' out till they felt like comin' in. Mr. and Mrs. Clarke was the chaperons, but *they* was the ones that had the idea of goin' into the cemetery! The *cemetery!*" shrilled Mary O'Brien. "Goin' into our Lord's buryin'-ground at three in the mornin', with the banshees wailin' all about us! An' one of the young men acarryin' on with Mrs. Clarke, an' her husband too busy himself to know or care! An' Mr. White, that's got a wife, akissin' of me whether I'd let him or not! An' Miss Eva off with Mr. Pryde! An' never a one of 'em thinkin' of anythin'—an' the very corpses acryin' out from the ground! I thought me blood would freeze in me spine, an' me soul was damned thirty times over!

"Oh, Mrs. Lancaster, I never knew that anybody could do things like that—least of all friends of you, you who have done so much for me—an' people that are supposed to be good—that don't think they've got any reason to be damned, like me—people that expect they'll find heaven waitin' for them when they get ready for it."

"Oh, Lace, it wasn't as bad as that, was it?" Jerry murmured.

"As bad as what?" Lace returned. "I've told you what it was as bad as! I couldn't stay in the town, Mrs. Lancaster—that I couldn't—not another hour after the first train in the mornin'. I wanted to get away—I wanted to get to my work, so I came right off. Mrs. Lancaster, do you mind that I told the fat lady you sent me?"

"Of course not." Jerry brushed this aside impatiently. "I'm trying to get your line of reasoning, Lace. You thought things were so awful that you couldn't stay in the same town with them. Is that it?"

Lace nodded, and Jerry fell silent. What a commentary on their lives—that a girl like Lace— Then she wanted, suddenly, helplessly, to cry. It was all so crisscross.

Lace was speaking in a listless tone. "Of course I know I should never have gone when Miss Eva asked me to. It's like you, Mrs. Lancaster, not to remind me of that. I wanted to go; I wanted to have some fun. Well, I don't want any more fun. I'm goin' to work from now on." She rose, casting a nervous glance to the doorway. "I got to be gettin' back. I want to work all the time the way you did." She wavered a moment in front of Jerry's tragic figure. "You've done an awful lot for me, Mrs. Lancaster. The only one who ever was good to me. I don't want you to take it personal that I left. I just—I just couldn't stay any more, that's all. Good-by."

"Good-by;" Jerry repeated mechanically and watched her go from the room.

Fanchon came up to her with merry bustle.

"My dear, do you want to see some excloosive models before any one else gets a look at them?" she demanded.

Jerry shook her head vehemently. Oh, to be able to follow her and stay—to spend the day reviewing the new designs and suggesting some of her own!

"I—no!—I've got to go!"

On the way home in the train she tried to pull herself together. The experiment of Lace was over; and the least she could do was to adopt her policy of not stewing over things that could not be helped. Once more she was without a purpose, without definite work other than keeping a home for herself and Phil.

She half smiled when she thought how many people would consider the last quite enough. People who had never lived lives crowded with work from the time they could walk, people who did not feel that they owed the world a debt that must be paid.

She wished that she had not gone into Charlette's. She had sworn that she would never go back, but there was that pull that clutched at her even when she passed the shop from the outside, the pull that had reached her most poignantly that morning. Fanchon had asked her why she didn't go back But of course that was out of the question——

LITTLE Eva was sitting on the porch steps with Johnnie Overton and looking distinctly, clearly bored. The relief with which they greeted Jerry was evidence that they had been quarreling. Johnnie appealed to Jerry.

"Listen here, Jerry, when you've been going with a girl for a week and she can plot out your next Monday's conversation a week in advance, what's left for a young fellow to do?"

"Read another book and get a new line," Jerry told him while Evadne grumbled:

"I wish you wouldn't say 'going with,' Johnnie. It sounds as if you were going to spit hay in another minute."

Johnnie glared.

"If I ever give any time to a Boston girl again! First they correct your pronunciation, then they go after your manners, and finish off with a little grammar-work!"

"I wish you'd go. I want to write a letter, or be alone, or something."

At this moment the telephone-bell rang, and Jerry left them to answer it. It was a strange voice asking to speak to Mrs. Lancaster; a fussy, pecking, little voice that was indistinct over the wire. Jerry held the ear-piece close and assured her that she was there.

"You don't know me, Mrs. Lancaster," the voice fluttered, "but I'm Mrs. Evarts of Beach, off Roseflower Lane."

"Yes," said Jerry. The people of Beach were mostly the newly rich who came to Eastport for the Summer and were left to the peace of oblivion by the older residents.

"Well," the voice continued, "quite by chance the other day I heard about your wonderful talent with the needle and that you were now—eh—being professional. I can't tell you how happy I was to hear of some one right in Eastport, and it just happens that I have been disappointed in a gown my dressmaker swore she's have for me by the end of the week——"

"What?" Jerry shrieked. "What are you talking about?"

"—and so I wondered, Mrs. Lancaster," the voice pecked on, "if you would be willing to step in and help me out, if you wouldn't be too busy, if you could perhaps put some other appointment aside for me just this once. I know it's asking a great deal on such short notice——"

"Wait a minute." Jerry had begun to understand and her words came softly. "Did—did Elsie Villiers tell you—about me?"

"Why, I believe the word did come through her at first. I haven't made a mistake, have I, Mrs Lancaster? I would be sorry to trouble you if—"

"Oh, no, you haven't made a mistake. Once a modiste always a modiste!" And Jerry threw back her head and laughed. It seemed incredible that Elsie could have gone to such depths of ingratitude over the sewing incident. And the joy of the whole thing was that it was manna from heaven—answer to prayer!

In that moment of telephone conversation an involuntary thrill had warmed Jerry. At the very mention of work she saw the light, recognized the urge of desire She had almost envied the "poor little rat" she had once been. She had almost envied Lace when she had said, "I got to be gettin' back. I want to work all the time the way you did." And this was the meaning of that awful stab at the heart when she had turned away from Fanchon and refused to go back into the Louis Quatorze salon.

THIS was what had been the matter with her all along. She had wanted to be back at her work, the work that had been a part of her all her life, the work that gave her joy of creation, the only joy of creation that might ever be hers.

"Glory!" she whispered into the telephone, and then calmed herself with a tremendous effort. She broke into Mrs. Evarts's incoherencies in the suave tone that had once been first nature. "Yes, certainly, I would be glad to get you in, Mrs. Er—er—; but are you acquainted with my prices? They are rather more than the stores'?"

"Oh, Mrs. Lancaster," the voice fairly wriggled, "when can you give me an appointment?"

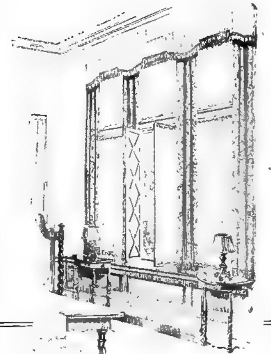
Jerry made the appointment, rang off, and began to fling herself about the room in a way that made questioning voices call from out-of-doors. She was laughing wildly as she called back reassurance. The thought had just occurred to her of how Elsie would take this. She could picture herself thanking Elsie with genuine gratitude for her "kind recommendation." If Elsie could know that her cattiness had solved Jerry's problem, crystallized the knowledge of what she needed in life! Through this customer she would get others. She would keep regular business hours——

She could not remember when she had been so happy. Her life was full once more; there would be no room for all that restlessness that was ravaging among them all——

The two young people outside were calling for her in a concerto that could not be ignored. She put her new exaltation away and came out with a little wonder. Time had been when Eva was not so anxious for Jerry's company.

The two were sitting on the door-step, shrieking in regular chords, and they hardly stopped when Jerry appeared, so delighted were they with their new pastime.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 78



For your Draperies, Furniture, Walls

KAPOCK
GUARANTEED
Silky Sunfast Fabrics

"I can not *believe* it is the same room." This remark is heard often. For KAPOCK gives unusual atmosphere and distinction to even the most common-place setting. With all its richness of appearance, KAPOCK is an economical fabric. Its double width permits splitting, and it is sunfast, tubfast and durable. The ideal silky fabric for all decorative purposes.

Send 10c in cash for New Drapery
KAPOCK SKETCH BOOK
Beautifully illustrated in colors.

A. THEO. ABBOTT & CO.
Dept. P. Philadelphia, Pa.
Be sure it's KAPOCK. Genuine has name on selvage.

How SUNSET brings you the skill of the master dyer

15c

NOW, without previous training or experience, you can completely transform your wardrobe, and the interior decoration of your home, by a cleaner, quicker, better method than has ever been known before. SUNSET is *modern*—different from all other dyes.

There are 22 standard SUNSET colors (see list below). These can be readily combined to produce a limitless number of unusual hues and off-shades which cannot be obtained in ready-dyed fabrics—all *fast*.

The Modern Method of Dyeing

SUNSET enables you to obtain uniformly perfect results, because the "know-how" of the professional dyer is built into the cake of SUNSET by one of the best-known dye chemists in America, by a patented process which is exclusive with SUNSET.

SUNSET is a *fast* dye—not a tint; gives a permanent, even color to all fabrics—silk, wool, cotton, linen or mixed goods—leaving the material itself not only completely re-beautified, but freshened and new-looking. Dainty hands are never stained. No dye remains on utensils.

Please don't hesitate to write us fully if you have questions to ask. Address our Home Service Dept.

22 Colors—*all fast!* (Ask to see color card)

Pink	Sand	Light Blue	Taupe
Old Rose	Khaki	Bright Blue	Heliotrope
Scarlet	Yellow	Old Blue	Purple
Cardinal	Orange	[illegible]	Light G[illegible]
Wine	Light Brown	[illegible]	Dark Green
	Dark Brown	[illegible]	

Just a few of the off-shades made possible by combining SUNSET colors: Lanvin Green, Muffin, Beige, Strawberry, Peach, Bittersweet, Cocoa, Nude, Coral, Orchid, Jade.
Our Home Service Department will gladly give you simple directions.

Always ask for SUNSET by name if you can't get it at any store, send us 15c for each cake. Address our Dept. 28

SUNSET SOAP DYES
ONE Real Dye For ALL Fabrics
Manufactured by
North American Dye Corporation
Mt. Vernon, N. Y.
Sales representatives
HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., Inc
171 Madison Avenue, New York

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Ideal Polish for Furniture

Johnson's *Liquid* Wax is the perfect furniture polish. It imparts a hard, dry, oil-less polish which will not finger-print or collect dust and lint. It takes all drudgery from dusting.

A Preserver of Linoleum

Johnson's Polishing Wax prevents cracking and blistering—brings out the pattern and color—protects linoleum from wear and makes cleaning easy.

Rejuvenates Floors & Trim

You can easily keep your floors and woodwork in perfect condition by polishing occasionally with Johnson's Wax. The Wax cleans and forms a thin protecting finish coat.

JOHNSON'S POLISHING WAX

Paste - Liquid - Powdered

You can give every room in your home that delightful air of immaculate cleanliness by using Johnson's Polishing Wax occasionally on your woodwork, floors and linoleum. Johnson's Wax cleans, polishes, preserves and protects —all in one operation. It adds years to the life and beauty of varnish. Easy to apply and polish.

It's easy to keep your floors and linoleum like new with a Johnson Weighted Polishing Brush *equipped with new Wax Applying Attachment.* Your dealer will give you a lb. of Johnson's Wax *FREE* with the brush. Price of brush $3.50—West of Rockies $4.00. If your dealer cannot supply you—order direct from us.

Insist on Johnson's Polishing Wax—For Sale at all Good Stores

Our Book Tells 100 Ways to Brighten Up Your Home. Use the coupon below.

Book on Home Beautifying FREE

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Dept. P. R. 10, RACINE, WIS.
(Canadian Factory—Brantford)
"The Wood Finishing Authorities"

Please send me free and postpaid your book telling how to make my home artistic, cheery and inviting. I understand that it explains just what materials to use and how to apply them—includes color card—gives covering capacities, etc.

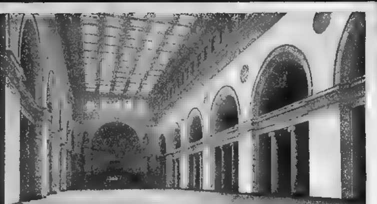
My Dealer is.......

My Name.......

My Address ..

City and State.........

For
PUBLIC BUILDINGS



Wherever Beautiful Walls Are Desirable

MUNICIPAL buildings, art galleries, court houses, city halls, auditoriums — all find in Alabastine the most appropriate wall finish. Here as in the home Alabastine colors may be selected harmonizing perfectly with furnishings and standing woodwork.

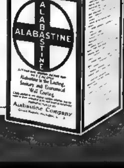
Alabastine is economical in decorators bills as well as artistic in results and the better stores selling paints carry it in many popular colors. No package genuine without cross and circle printed in red.

Ask your dealer or decorator to tell you about the ALABASTINE-OPALINE PROCESS or write us for samples and description of these new tiffanized wall effects.

ALABASTINE COMPANY
708 Grandville Avenue Grand Rapids Mich.

Alabastine

Instead of Kalsomine or Wall Paper



EVERY PACKAGE OF ALABASTINE HAS THE CROSS AND CIRCLE PRINTED IN RED

The Excitement-Eaters

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77

"What's the orchestra rehearsal in celebration of?" Jerry inquired.

Johnnie looked injured.

"You ran off before I had a chance to spread the latest gore, which duty has to be attended to by somebody, as the *Gossip* is slipping—absolutely nothing in it this morning. We have got to unite against the old people. They've started out on a regular wild rampage. I ask you, did you get a bid to the Russell-Jones's lawn-party? Cards were out to-day and not a darn one of us has been asked. I don't know who they have asked besides the older set and a few lame ducks."

"What do you care whether we're taken off their old lists or not?" Jerry returned with a shrug. "Those formal parties are deadly anyway. You know we've always said so."

"Yes, but it means a lot more than not getting in on a terrible lawn party," said Johnnie. "It means—it means—why, look here; here's another thing—Tracy is out of a job. His old man fired him this morning. Said he was sick of seeing him take the money away from a fellow who could use the salary better and do the work into the bargain. Of course he means he's sick of seeing Tracy under the influence or hearing about it. And Tracy did take a day off every other time he felt like. Everybody admits that Tracy chases a good thing through the clover, and old Villiers had given him a few hints in the past, but, all the same, it's a raw deal, with jobs as hard to get as they are now."

"Tough on both of them, I should say," Jerry commented.

"Elsie! I don't know how Elsie'll pull along. That girl has a million-dollar appetite. She gets Tracy into all his scrapes but the drinking ones. Everything's squeegee with the bunch just now. What with Cora and Fred scrapping so that they won't speak to each other, and the old people coming down around our ears like a ton of lead, and Eva behaving the way she has this afternoon, I could almost move away and start life anew!"

"Don't stop on my account," said Little Eva considerately. "It might be the makings of you, young man."

He scowled at her.

"Is 'makings' a Boston expression?"

She looked airy.

"A man and his cigaret both have to have 'makings. When both are incomplete the result's pretty flat."

HE IGNORED this and turned back to Jerry.

"Whattur we going to do? You don't want us to sit by and let the old people walk all over us, do you?"

"Fight 'em!" said Little Eva. "Show 'em you don't care what they try to pull off! You never cared before."

"I'd give Tracy a job if I ran some business myself," Johnnie meditated, "but I don't feel like recommending him to any one else. You know how you wouldn't."

"Well, I've got to get lunch," Jerry said, rising; "you can tell me about your line of action when you map it out."

Little Eva was rising too.

"I have to help Cousin Jerry," said she with sudden thoughtfulness. "Good afternoon, Johnnie."

"How about to-night?" Johnnie demanded as she stepped inside the door.

"I'm busy to-night. I told you. See you Sunday in the funny papers."

And Eva banged the door.

On the other side of it she turned to Jerry with timid young eyes. Jerry braced herself instinctively.

"Cousin Jerry, I'm going to have some one come to-night, a cousin of the Clarkes; we'll probably stay in. It won't inconvenience you and Cousin Phil, will it?"

"Oh, so that's it?" Jerry remarked in sudden illumination. Then she smiled. This was the first time that Evadne had given more than a minute's warning of her plans.

AFTER Jerry and Phil met Timothy and went through the usual rounds of perfunctory conversation, Jerry had sufficient tact to get out of the way. At one time things had looked dubious to Evadne when Cousin Phil had started to become interested in an argument with Timothy. Men were so funny. They always thought other men came into the house to enjoy a little conversation with them, or something. But before Little Eva's glance grew more than slightly acid, Jerry brought herself to bear on the situation, and the two Lancasters left for a spin in the car.

Timothy watched Phil depart with evident regret.

"Your cousin certainly is interesting," he told Eva.

Men were so funny. But she met his glance sweetly and watched his face soften as he realized he was alone with her.

He smoked, and they waited with eager interest to discover if all was as the evening before, if they still held each other in blind, rapturous enchantment. It was true, all true, only more so.

The pinnacle of ecstasy for Evadne came at a moment later in the evening. She had been telling him something and asked him if he remembered a remark she had made that had some bearing on it

He nodded quite simply.

"Of course I remember," he told her in matter-of-fact tone; then paused for an instant's reflection before going on to make a quiet statement that brought thunders crashing about Evadne's ears. "I think—I remember every word—that you have ever said."

Then a magical moment in which they both sat with hushed breath and listened to the beating of their hearts. One of those moments of exquisiteness that a girl holds close.

Eva did not care, in the sweetness of her thrill, if they did not speak again during the evening. Nevertheless she was finally the one to break the lingering silence.

"I—I wish you'd play." She was unable to control the little vibration that ran through her voice. "Cousin Jerry has a very good piano. Please play!"

THERE was only the dull gleam of the lamp by the davenport where they were sitting. But Timothy disclaimed necessity of any more light. Very often, he said, he played in the dark.

So he sat at the piano in the far corner of the room and Evadne stayed on the davenport, with her head turned away. This time she would let his music alone talk to her. And melody flowed from the darkness. It seemed as if all the wonder and beauty of the world were merged into song so marvelous that it approached heart-break; then everything crashed together in a delirium of bliss under which Evadne was afraid that she might cry out and supplement the tears that were racing down her face. Then the song returned to the first motif, in beauty so relentless that Eva hid her head in the cushions. It was gentle, then wistful, pure; it became transcendent.

Finished, and then a silence of recovery for both, while Timothy played aimless nothings, and Evadne found her voice.

"Wha-what was that?" she finally whispered.

"Liszt's 'Liebestraum,'" he replied in a voice as hushed as hers had been.

"Oh, 'Love's Dream'! Of course that must have been it." She had heard it often enough before. In fact she knew it was a hack, a thing musicians rather scorned. He left the piano, and she hastily mopped her face. She would not have him think that she had been so childish as to respond with slushy tears. So when he faced her she was calm and poised. "Liszt must have known all there was about love," she said, "to write a thing like that! Why, it's got *everything*—" She came to a sudden halt. She had been speaking with an authority that might have suited a woman of the world, but sounded out of place in a sweet young girl.

He made no motion to sit down beside her, but stood in front of the fireplace, his eyes upon her.

"I must go," he said; "it's late."

It was eleven o'clock. Little Eva had often had callers who remained until twelve, and as long thereafter as possible without risk of being thrown over the door-step. She was about to impart this gem of information to Timothy in a sudden rush of rebellion, but maidenly instinct restrained her.

She rose and gave him her hand, over which he bent. A sweet, electric shock went through her as his lips touched it. Another moment and he was gone.

Little Eva stood with clasped hands and parted lips, listening to the wild tumult of her heart.

JERRY, rushing through the night on the broad Connecticut highway, was talking eagerly to Phil, telling him the things that Little Eva's presence had prevented.

"Isn't it wonderful, Phil? Everything comes right now; my life will be whole again!"

And Phil, only a little less excited, replied, "Thank God, Jerry! I've been waiting for this. I knew that you'd think your way out!"

"You knew—" she gasped. Phil actually welcomed this solution, when she had been dreading the shock to his conventionality. He had not only welcomed but had expected it!

"But you've been so busy with your own reactions that you've forgotten to tell me what you and Lace talked about at Charlette's this morning—how you left her."

Jerry's joyous mood took flight. She had purposely left out the tale of her defeat and discomfiture. Lace's commentary on their lives had been so vivid that it remained in Jerry's mind word for word as it had been cried out to her. Slowly, exactly, she repeated the brief interview of the morning.

Phil heard her in silence. She waited for his comment. Instead he began to laugh. Peal upon peal of laughter until he was forced to stop the car. Jerry stiffened at first, then was swept into the contagion of his mirth. And was it not better to laugh than to cry over the high moral attitude of Miss Lace O'Brien?

The concluding instalment of "The Excitement Eaters" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published October 15th. If you don't like to read a serial by instalments, save your Pictorial Reviews and read it all at once.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Now!

A New Plan That *Doubles* The Face Value of Every Auto Knitter Pay Check!

WANT to make money at home? A new kind of money that has *double purchase value?* Through an amazing plan, every Auto Knitter dollar paid to you for spare-time work is worth two. You receive dollars that do double duty in buying the things you want. If your pay-check is for $25, we give it a $50 purchase value.

Conceived on a stupendous scale, and executed solely for the purpose of service, this new and unique idea is one of the greatest forms of PROFIT SHARING ever attempted. It is the Auto Knitter way of helping home workers make the most of their spare-time—the Auto Knitter way of enabling men and women all over the country to earn extra money, right at home, that buys twice the comforts and pleasures of money earned any other way.

To thousands now Auto Knitting, this plan will be great news. To new thousands, it will mean action at once, NOW. For no one who has any time to spare will be willing to waste it when it can be turned into *double dollars.*

Double Value Rewards that you can earn

We will send you this handsome Davenport, finished in walnut, for Auto Knitting only 25 dozen pairs of socks. For a few more dozen pairs you can have the other pieces in the suite.

There should be a vacuum cleaner in every home. For Auto Knitting 20 dozen pairs of socks we will send you this excellent American model, complete with attachments.

A roomy, attractive trunk for Auto Knitting only 12 dozen pairs of socks! See what wonderful double-value rewards you can earn under this new plan. Send at once for our big free book showing all the double-value rewards, and select those for which you will Auto Knit.

Your spare time now worth twice as much

The new plan actually doubles the value of every hour you can spare. You can now earn in one hour what would have required two hours formerly. You can now earn the phonograph you want, or the kitchen cabinet, or the sewing machine, or the furniture, or other things, in a most gratifying, double-quick way.

For instance, Mrs. Steward, of Raymond, Illinois, writes: "I have made as many as 36 pairs of socks on my Auto Knitter in a day, working spare time."

Full Information Free

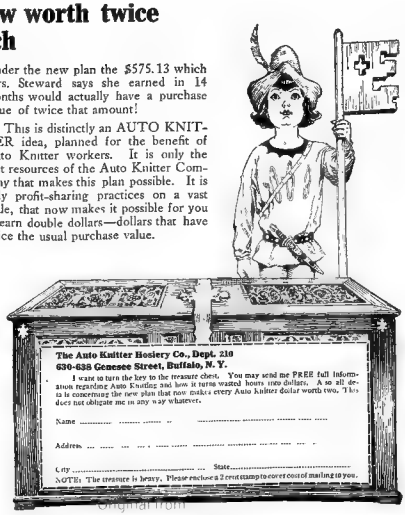
As an Auto Knitter home worker you will work when you like and as much as you like. The amount of your pay-check depends entirely upon YOU as an individual worker—upon the amount of time you devote to your Auto Knitter and the skill and deftness which you develop. For every dozen pairs of socks you Auto Knit at home, we will pay you a standard, fixed price. This price, now being paid to home workers, is greater than ever before in the history of this organization.

We would like to send you complete details explaining Auto Knitting fully and giving particulars concerning the new double-value plan. May we? Just your name and address will do. No obligation. No cost. Just use the coupon—it's the golden key that opens the wonderful treasure-chest.

We will be glad to include a copy of our big Reward Book, showing the pretty and useful things you can earn in your spare time the new double-quick way. Just mail the coupon now, and you will receive all details free in a day or two. THE AUTO KNITTER HOSIERY CO., Dept. 210 630-638 Genesee St., Buffalo, New York.

Under the new plan the $575.13 which Mrs. Steward says she earned in 14 months would actually have a purchase value of twice that amount!

This is distinctly an AUTO KNITTER idea, planned for the benefit of Auto Knitter workers. It is only the vast resources of the Auto Knitter Company that makes this plan possible. It is only profit-sharing practices on a vast scale, that now makes it possible for you to earn double dollars—dollars that have twice the usual purchase value.



The Auto Knitter Hosiery Co., Dept. 210
630-638 Genesee Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

I want to turn the key to the treasure chest. You may send me FREE full information regarding Auto Knitting and how it turns wasted hours into dollars. A so all details concerning the new plan that now makes every Auto Knitter dollar worth two. This does not obligate me in any way whatever.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

NOTE: The treasure is heavy. Please enclose a 2 cent stamp to cover cost of mailing to you.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Pyorrhea Strikes Four—Misses Only One

When the gums bleed, be on guard

All too few are immune to Pyorrhea.

The odds are overwhelmingly in its favor.

Dental records show that four persons out of every five past forty, and thousands younger, contract it.

Tender, bleeding gums are the danger signal.

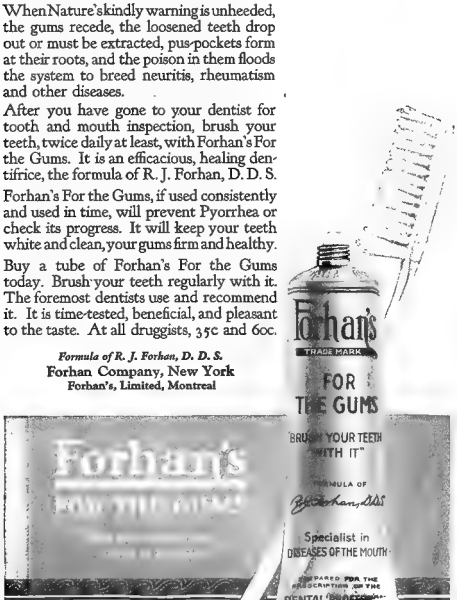
When Nature's kindly warning is unheeded, the gums recede, the loosened teeth drop out or must be extracted, pus-pockets form at their roots, and the poison in them floods the system to breed neuritis, rheumatism and other diseases.

After you have gone to your dentist for tooth and mouth inspection, brush your teeth, twice daily at least, with Forhan's For the Gums. It is an efficacious, healing dentifrice, the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.

Forhan's For the Gums, if used consistently and used in time, will prevent Pyorrhea or check its progress. It will keep your teeth white and clean, your gums firm and healthy.

Buy a tube of Forhan's For the Gums today. Brush your teeth regularly with it. The foremost dentists use and recommend it. It is time-tested, beneficial, and pleasant to the taste. At all druggists, 35c and 60c.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York
Forhan's, Limited, Montreal



Tumbling Run

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

If a monosyllable can change completely in its brief utterance from an expression of anger to one of amazement Abraham's monosyllable did. His wife lay in her place on the low, wretched bed; his daughter knelt by her side. Above Malvina bent the stranger, and at her, as tho at an angel, gazed the two women. Usually their eyes filled with terror at sight of Abraham, but now neither gave him a glance. The stranger had spread a white cloth on the table, and on it set four burning candles, a basin, towels, soap, and medicine in a flask. The candles illuminated the bed with its dying occupant and the white table and the stranger and Nancy; the rest of the poor room was in shadow. She had come there with a purpose, the outrageous, impudent creature! The Indians had been no more indignant at the sight of women sitting comfortably in cabin doors on their hunting-grounds. She must, moreover, have been sent for.

"Well?" he said again, his voice retaining this time its gruff tone till the end.

The woman straightened up without haste, and McCreight saw with his sharp, evil eyes that she was young. Her fine strong body was dressed in a plain uniform, made of a blue material not unlike the jeans which was the Summer wear in the mountains. She had clear-cut features, a firm chin, curly reddish-brown hair, and eyes which were at the present merely dark and bright, but which were a clear blue in daylight. Her sleeves, rolled above her elbows, left bare her round white arms.

"Well?" she answered pleasantly, in a voice as steady as Abraham's voice and as her own eyes. "Good evening."

McCreight took a step inside the door.

"What do you want here?" he asked.

His threatening voice reached the prostrate woman and the kneeling girl. The white face of Malvina grew gray; the face of Nancy seemed suddenly all black eyes. Nancy gave a terrified gasp, like the sigh of air escaping from a leaking container. The sound, the blanching faces, did not escape the young woman, tho she continued to look steadily at Abraham.

"I'm Miss Dorsey, a State nurse," she answered. "Your wife was reported ill, and I've come to do what I can for her."

"Who reported her?"

"I don't know. I simply received the order."

"I can do what needs to be done," declared McCreight loudly.

"You're mistaken about that," said Miss Dorsey, still pleasantly. "You may know all about farming and hunting, but not about nursing. I spent three years learning it."

McCreight was dumfounded, then furious—it was bad for his women to hear such talk.

"Ain't you afraid in these woods alone, a woman?" he asked at last evilly.

"No, indeed," said Miss Dorsey. "When I'm out late I carry a revolver here in my pocket. But no one has ever molested me or even spoken to me unkindly. They know I come to help, not to harm."

AS THO this conversation had lasted long enough she bent above the sick woman.

"I'll show you the road," said McCreight.

"Oh, I'm going to stay the night," said Miss Dorsey, her hands busy. "They know at headquarters where I am, so nobody'll be uneasy. If I'm not back in the morning some one will be sent to find me. I don't believe you have a shed for my horse, have you?"

McCreight saw suddenly a tiny black hole between the two blue-clad shoulders—to such rankness had grown the weeds in Donald McCreight's garden.

"I'd thank you to clear out," he said at last, thickly.

This time Miss Dorsey did not answer at all. She slipped her arm under the emaciated shoulders and lifted Malvina until a dreadful paroxysm of coughing was past. The look upon Malvina's face frightened even McCreight. He went out the door, cursing. Malvina tried to speak and failed and her eyes turned with desperation toward young Nancy, then toward the door. Nancy rose and went to a rough cupboard and took out a loaf of bread.

"Here, Pappy, here's bread," she called into the darkness.

McCreight's rough hand snatched it away.

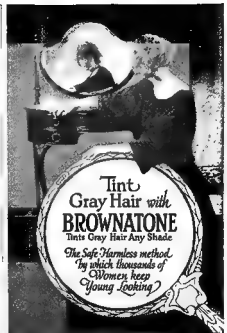
"Wait!" he warned. "You just wait."

Malvina looked up into the eyes of the stranger. She, too, uttered a monosyllable, a single long-drawn "Oh!" It had in it despair and a passionate appeal.

McCreight stood for a while outside the cabin. He was not curious about death; he had made up his mind concerning it. One died and disappeared in the earth—that was all. He was far more curious about another matter. Waiting without hesitation along the rough road, he turned into the woods and began to climb a steep ridge. He looked up at the sky and saw that it was overspread with a faint pink glow. He climbed on, reaching at last the summit. He saw there a magnificent and awful sight.

Up from Tumbling Run plateau rolled billow after billow of rosy smoke. The wind whirled it now this way, now that. The trees upon which, as saplings, the Indian had laid his hands as he climbed, the very oak from whose shelter Donald

CONTINUED ON PAGE 81



GRAY hair is a tattle-tale. Don't endure it until you are really old. If at 40 you still *feel* young, then you owe it to yourself and family to *look* young. It's just as easy to keep your hair young and beautiful as to retain your youthful interest in life and people. Tint gray, faded, streaked strands with Brownatone as thousands of women have done.

Here is what we *positively guarantee* for

BROWNATONE

1. It will keep the hair a uniform shade for years.
2. It will not cause dark streaks following successive applications.
3. It will not cause coarse, brittle, harsh hair after continued use.
4. It is Guaranteed Harmless to hair, scalp or *skin*.
5. It produces natural shades that cannot be detected.
6. You can completely control the depth and intensity of shade.
7. You can test for the proper shade before tinting entire head.
8. Hair can be colored quickly—no waiting for results.
9. Hair tinted with Brownatone will not rub off or wash out. It can be permanently waved. It will withstand the effects of shampooing, bathing, curling, waving, lotions or Brilliantine.
10. You will not have a sticky, messy operation when applying Brownatone.
11. You can obtain the exact shade you desire, whether golden, blond or varying shades of brown or black.

You will be using the preparation that is standard throughout all sections of this country and Canada—that is the most used and most popular hair coloring preparation on the market. At drug and department stores, 50c and $1.50.

Send for *Trial Bottle* — test it at home. Check the color you want on the coupon below, send your name and address, with 10c to cover postage and packing. Valuable booklet on hair will be enclosed free of cost.

The Kenton Pharmacal Company
388 Coppin Bldg., Covington, Ky.
Canada Address: Windsor, Ont.

NeTone Lemonated Shampoo, nature's hair wash, cleanses and beautifies. At dealers or direct 50c.

Enclosed find 10c (coin or stamps) for which send Trial Bottle of Brownatone and Booklet. I have checked shade preferred. Golden brown, medium brown, dark brown, black.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Tumbling Run

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

McCreight had leveled his gun were now merely briefly burning torches in the night. It was a sight at which a Nero might have danced and fiddled, but McCreight only looked steadily at the work of his hands. A good huckleberry crop was assured.

When he had satisfied his eyes he hunted for a little cave, one of many which he knew, and before it he made a fire and skinned and roasted a squirrel and ate it with the heavy bread. He would spend the night here; then he would go down and drive the insufferable stranger away. If Malvina were dead that would be all the better.

IN THE morning Abraham rose early. He was not stiff, the bed upon which he habitually lay being only a little harder and perhaps less smooth than the earth. The warmth of the fire which he had built close to the opening still lingered in the cave. It was half past six and dawn was presaged only by a faint gray in the east. According to his expectation the west wind had cleared the sky of clouds. He sat munching the bread which remained from his supper, while the light spread, creeping to his feet along the leaf-covered hillside, gilding the boles of the great trees and filling the air with the mysterious gleam seen only at dawn. The light carpet of leaves was a foot thick—here was ample material for a glorious conflagration. But the hollows must not be burned off; one must save covered passageways from place to place.

Hearing a slight stir, Abraham shifted his eyes without moving any other muscle in his body. Two deer eyed him from the thicket. He lifted an imaginary gun and cried "Bang!" and they bounded away, tossing their heels and their broad pennon-like tails.

His own gesture reminded him of his empty gun leaning against the wall of the cabin, and he remembered his sick wife and the unwelcome visitor. He thought again of a bullet-hole in the blue material and in the white flesh beneath. Her immediate departure was inevitable; it was laughable to think of any one, especially a woman, remaining when he had decided that she should go.

Rising, he slouched down the hill through the rustling leaves. The horse was still tied before the door, and from within the cabin came a sound of dreadful crying. Malvina, he concluded, was dead. He had no desire to witness Nancy's mourning and still less to participate in it. He decided not to enter; since the stranger had intruded, let her console. Perhaps she would arrange and pay for the funeral of Malvina.

He was so near the house that when Miss Dorsey appeared suddenly at the door he had to stand perfectly still to avoid being seen. Her face was white, her eyes heavy with weariness, and she looked anxiously out, a shading hand lifted against the morning sunshine. It was for him, of course, that she looked. But she should not find him. When she had stepped into the house he withdrew backward for a few paces, then walked leisurely away. He intended to visit Tumbling Run plateau and see the result of his work. Afterward he would go to the cabin of a friend five or six miles away. This friend would give him food and he would not need to return until night.

His hand had done an accurate and thorough piece of work at Tumbling Run. The plateau was in ruin. From the distance all seemed natural, but the standing trunks were dead and the earth was blanketed with a foul, black cover. Only deep in the ground life remained. In Spring the huckleberry-plants would grow luxuriantly and the next season shoots of oak and hemlock and pine would show above them, but the beauty of the place was gone for two generations.

The heat was so intense that Abraham could lift only his head above the rim of the plateau. If he could have taken a few steps more he would have seen a sight which would have startled even him, accustomed to the mountain tho he was. The extent of the opened view was enormous. Billow after billow of mountain rolled away to north and south. They were clothed with white oaks, and the clinging leaves were a gleaming brown in the sunshine. Through breaks in the hills showed distant towns, Gettysburg to the east, Shippensburg to the north, Chambersburg to the west. Beyond, a misty turquoise against the morning sky, lay the higher more level ridge of North Mountain. It was a landscape upon which the eye could rest with satisfaction and refreshment and awe for hours, it was so vast and so varied.

If Abraham's ear had been as accurately attuned to the music of running water as it was to the rustle of game or the approach of human beings, he would have noted a new sound. Some acoustic properties had been altered; the murmur of Tumbling Run was less deep and rich. But hearing nothing, he rounded the point of the hill, drank deep of the stream in its lower course and set off toward the north.

At nightfall, he came slowly home. Reconnoitering from the thicket, he could hear no sound. The bright illumination of many candles shone through the window. The horse was gone, and from the stillness he was certain that Nancy was alone. His

CONTINUED ON PAGE 82

The Custom-Corseted Look

How Old Is Your Figure?

IF your figure is youthful you can wear *anything* well. People then say of you, "she knows how to wear clothes." But what is the secret of keeping a youthful figure as you go on in life? The answer is—The right kind of corset. If your figure somehow *won't* look young, you haven't the right kind of corset. The remedy is to go to your shop and choose your personal model of the *right* kind of corset—the P.N. Practical Front.

Why P. N. Practical Front Is the *Right* Corset for You

The right P. N. Practical Front model for you will produce the correct style silhouette. The flexible Inner Elastic Vest* holds the front steels at the true body center. No off-center steels can prod the bust. No "riding up." The outer flaps lace swiftly, easily, over flat hooks*—like lacing a shoe. Each lacing lengthens the life of the corset's lines, creates a new fitting at each wearing and *retains* the original custom-corseted effect.

*Patented

P.N. Practical Front

PATENTED AND FOREIGN COUNTRIES

CORSETS

At Stores and Departments where right corseting is a study you may select your style in a variety of fabrics at $5 upward to $12

I. NEWMAN & SONS
222 Fourth Avenue, New York City

BOSTON CHICAGO NEW HAVEN

Manufactured exclusively in Canada by Dominion Corset Co., Quebec, P.Q., Canada
In England by William Pretty & Son, Ltd., Ipswich, England

"The Movement for Youth and Beauty"

Write for this helpful illustrated FREE Booklet and learn the real secret of retaining Youth and Beauty of Figure. Full of graphic, easily understood advice from a foremost master of this interesting new art. Send for your copy today.

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Where sunlight cannot purify—*germs breed*

NOTHING suits germs better than dark, moist, warm places. They thrive and multiply in dark, musty closets; in the toilet bowl; in the wash basin and kitchen sink drains; in the refrigerator pipe; in all out-of-the-way corners—wherever the sun's purifying rays do not penetrate!

Many of those germs are of a dangerous type. They spread disease. Soap and water alone cannot destroy them. An effective disinfectant, frequently used, is your only safeguard against their constant menace in your home.

"Lysol" Disinfectant is thoroughly effective. It is completely soluble with water. There are no undissolved globules in "Lysol" Disinfectant solution — every single drop has 100 per cent. germ-killing power. That is why it is used in leading hospitals everywhere.

Because of its soapy nature, "Lysol" Disinfectant helps to clean as it disinfects. Always put a little "Lysol" (two teaspoonfuls to one quart of water) into your pail of cleaning water. Then dip your broom or your brush or your cloth into this solution and you will be keeping your home not only clean, but *safe and healthy.*

All drug stores sell "Lysol" Disinfectant.

The ideal antiseptic for personal hygiene

(One-half teaspoonful to one quart of water)

"Lysol" is the ideal antiseptic for feminine hygiene. It contains no free acid nor free alkali; in proper solution it does not irritate. In fact, it is soothing as well as cleansing.

The use of "Lysol" for this purpose is due to the realization of women that *antiseptic* personal cleanliness is a safe-guard of health.

Manufactured only by LYSOL, INC., 635 GREENWICH ST., NEW YORK CITY

Sole Distributors: LEHN & FINK, INC., NEW YORK

Canadian Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Limited, 10 McCaul St., Toronto

COMPLETE *directions for use are in every package. The genuine "Lysol" Disinfectant is put up only in brown glass bottles containing 3, 7, and 16 ounces; each bottle is packed in a yellow carton. The 3-ounce bottle also comes in a special non-breakable package for travelers. Insist upon obtaining genuine "Lysol" Disinfectant.*

Lysol Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. Disinfectant

For household and personal use

Tumbling Run

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81

mind touched lightly the subject of Malvina—there was a little inner room; they would have put her there. He was hungry, and he strode to the door and flung it open.

Then Abraham stood still. Two women sat by the table sewing. One was Nancy; the other was an even more disagreeable person than Miss Dorsey, the hated Eliza, to whom there seemed to have been assigned all the good health and courage and good fortune in her family. She was a small, plump woman with dark hair and snapping black eyes which indicated a temper, and a wide, loquacious mouth which indicated an underlying good nature. Abraham's dislike for her was equaled by her dislike for him. She had believed that she understood every evil impulse of his soul, but her trembling niece had further enlightened her.

Ostentatiously shifting the black material in her hands, she looked at Abraham. She had determined for many reasons to be pleasant. She took for granted his knowledge of his wife's death and ignored his absence—the longer he remained away the better for her plans.

"Nancy, get your father some supper," she directed briskly, and Nancy rose to obey. Her unsteady hands rattled cup and plate together and she spilled a few drops of coffee on the stove.

"What are you doing here?" demanded Abraham.

"I'm here to attend my sister Malvina's funeral," answered Eliza, reminding herself of her good resolutions. "Also to help my niece and make her a dress for to wear at the funeral."

The funeral was, Abraham remembered, a necessity to be reckoned with. There was a little cemetery on the edge of the forest toward Carlisle where the mountain people buried their dead. He glanced a little uneasily toward the door of the inner room where Malvina doubtedly lay.

"When is this funeral?" he asked.

"To-morrow afternoon," answered Eliza.

"Well, I ain't going to no funeral," announced Abraham firmly.

Eliza said under her breath, "Well and good." She recovered her composure and went on with her sewing while Nancy set out the meal. The supper was excellent. Eliza had brought two large baskets, one filled with clothing, one with food

Abraham ate ravenously and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. He was conscious of Nancy's every motion, especially of the terrified rising and falling of her breast and the contortions of her face when she tried to control her sobs of grief and terror. He was about to deliver himself of an affirmation when he heard voices and the sound of horses' feet.

"What does this mean?" he demanded. "Who comes now?"

Eliza rose, her every motion expressing the most profound contempt and dislike. She flung open the door as the this were her house. There was a creak of leather, a light laugh, and a gentle thud as the some one had sprung to the ground. Abraham recognized the voice which had defied him. In an instant Miss Dorsey stepped into the light, then upon the doorstone, then over the threshold. Behind her came a man with a parcel in his arms. He was young and alert and erect. While Abraham stared open-mouthed Miss Dorsey took the parcel and entered the inner room.

FROM her brother-in-law to the newcomer Eliza looked with bright, inquisitive eyes. Her expression had another quality—it was triumphant.

"McCreight," she said lightly, "this is Mr. Doyle. He's the new Superintendent."

"Superintendent of what?" asked McCreight, as the amused.

"Of South Mountain," answered Eliza.

Doyle looked at McCreight with keen curiosity. He had not come into his position without first made aware of its complications and dangers and he knew that one stood before him in the flesh. He spoke quietly, looking steadily and brightly at McCreight.

"What we mean to do will improve and safeguard your property as well as that of others. We mean to make South Mountain a source of pleasure and profit to the whole State. First of all we shall prevent fires. Last night some careless person set a fire on Tumbling Run and the finest trees in the finest situation on South Mountain are gone."

"How are you going to do it?" asked Eliza. She could not tell whether the young man had an ulterior purpose in his remarks, but she knew that they might apply in general at least to McCreight. She did not dare to look at Abraham, but she knew without looking that fury smoldered in his eyes.

"Watch and punish," said young Doyle pleasantly.

Abraham spoke at last.

"Watch!" he mocked. "How will you watch?"

"Towers and watchmen," said Doyle still lightly.

Abraham laughed, then broke off suddenly. Fear entered into him and with it his fury quickened. He turned his back and sat before the fire. He wanted to curse them and drive them out, but he had nothing to enforce his threat; his rifle stood empty in the corner.

Miss Dorsey stayed only a little longer; then she and her companion rode away into the black woodland. At once Abraham's foul tongue was loosed. He denounced the nurse and Doyle as tho he were their angry Creator, tried too long by unspeakable offenses.

"They're going to be married in a week," said Eliza. "In the Summer they'll live in the woods. You can talk your tongue out and nobody'll believe anything against either of 'em. He's right about the watch-towers—he're makin' the iron in the foundry. Watch-towers a hundred feet high and a hundred men watchin' and movin' about and waitin' for him that sets a fire. The woods is to be the same as a house. Him that sets fire to a house commits arson and goes to jail for life, and trees is to be henceforth the same as houses. Huckleberries or no huckleberries," she finished with a snap.

Abraham closed his hand like a claw, feeling in imagination her soft white throat. How one could press and press, and how like a dying hen she would look!

"To-morrow evening at this time I'll be back," he said. "Then Nancy'll be here and no one else. You'll be gone and then two and all the howling neighbors and the psalm-singer." As he spoke he filled his pockets with fragments of food. "Do you hear me?"

"I ain't going to stay longer than I must," said Eliza, her face bent close to her black seam. "You can be dead sure of that."

ABRAHAM spent the night in his cave on the hillside. Again he slept soundly, warm and comfortable tho the night was cold. In the morning he made a long journey to the north. The hundred men of whom foolish Eliza prattled had not arrived; nor, he believed, would they ever come. How he hated her, the prying, chattering, fat creature! How he hated Miss Dorsey and Doyle! How he hated his few and scattered neighbors, who would be by now assembling, curious to see his cabin and him!

His rage demanded expression, and in a deep hollow he arranged cleverly a heap of twigs with a light covering of leaves and struck a match. In the next hollow he arranged another little heap and struck another match, and beyond the next hill still another. There were no huckleberries here—the act was sheer wantonness. It would be impossible to trace the fire to him—save himself no one was abroad for twenty miles in this direction.

In the early afternoon he turned his steps homeward. He sniffed the air as he passed to leeward of the locality where he had set the fires. He could smell nothing, but some of them at least must be burning slowly. He could see the smoke rising and hanging for a while in the lofty bolgna of the pine-trees before it wound its way through their thick crowns. He smiled—one could keep up a guerrilla warfare like this forever even against a hundred men.

He did not mean to reach home until it was time for the party to have returned from the cemetery and the funeral to be over; then, if Eliza and her husband lingered, he would drive them away. He was a little uneasy because he had no cartridges. To-morrow he would buy them at the store, charging them up against the time when he should have some pelts.

As he tramped on he grew thirsty, not for water, but for a draft of the whisky which he distilled, and he quickened his step, making his way rapidly down to the rough cart-track which led directly to the cabin. It was now five o'clock and almost dark. The guests should all be gone.

He began to whistle a shrill and lively tune. He felt elated, as tho a burden had been lifted from his shoulders, and as tho he were entering upon a new and pleasant existence. He saw with surprize and pleasure that the cabin was dark—then they had come and gone! There was never a funeral without a feast. It did not occur to him that in the thirty years since he had attended a funeral, observance of this custom might have lapsed, or that if it were still followed, the refreshments for this funeral might be served elsewhere.

Nancy, of course, was here. He supposed that she was hiding from him, and the thought added a zest to his evil humor. Entering the cabin, he began to search, first in the living-room, then in the inner room where Malvina had lain and where two rough chairs still faced each other about five feet apart. He went then to the lean-to and to the edge of the woods. His search vain, he finished the supply of food brought by Eliza, drank deep of the applejack, and sat down on the door-step to wait. The air was wintry, but the liquor warmed him and evil heated him like an inward fire. He suddenly shouted "Begone! Be gone!" as he neared to shout at those who brought Nancy home. He fetched his empty gun and laid it across his knees.

His head drooped, then lifted, then drooped again. He was about to drop off to sleep, when at last he heard an unmistakable sound and was at once awake and alert. She was nearer than he thought, and she was alone Already she was in the clearing. All the evil that was possible to the heart of man burned suddenly in his eyes. It was not civilization alone which

CONTINUED ON PAGE 84

Digitized by Google

Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

BEFORE

Photograph of hand of Mildred McKamy of La Grange, Ill., showing hand before wearing Dr. Egan's Magic Night Gloves.

AFTER

Photograph of Miss McKamy's hand after wearing the Magic Gloves just four nights.

Like Magic- these Gloves Whiten Hands

Astounding Scientific Discovery—Dr. Egan's Magic Night Gloves! Make rough, reddened, work-worn hands soft and white over-night!

Results Absolutely Guaranteed in Writing. Legal Guarantee Bond With Every Pair

JUST think of it—putting on a pair of gloves for a night and finding your hands exquisitely white and soft! That is the magic of Dr. Egan's amazing medicated Gloves! Nothing like them ever known! These gloves of medicated fabric (not rubber) actually turn your hands white, as white as a lily and as smooth and soft.

Wear them while you sleep or an hour or two a day while doing your work

No matter how red your hands, or how sallow or yellow or how deeply blotched with freckles or liver spots—no matter how rough or coarse or work-worn your hands, the magic of these medicated gloves will turn them white and soft, fresh and young-looking. Women who try the gloves are simply astonished with the results!

See How Astonished Women Are

"I never thought there was a thing in the world that could whiten my red hands," writes Miss Ruth Kenney, 1.08 Rosemont Ave., Chicago. "Now after using the gloves only a week my hands are as soft and white as a person could wish for."

"My hands were so sore from housework," writes Mrs. Jessie Scriggs, Ashland, Ore. "Now they are white and smooth as they look like a new pair of hands. I cannot get over the wonderful change that took place so quickly."

"Dr. Egan's Magic Gloves have worked wonders in my hands," writes Mrs. Agnes N. Homan, 3 Hungerford Ave., Adams N. Y. "I noticed a decided change from the beginning. I keep on using the gloves as I have housework to do and farmers fires to look after."

"In every respect I find Dr. Egan's Magic Gloves all that is claimed for them," writes Mrs. Harriet Deal, 835 Riverside Drive, New York City. "They surely do whiten and soften the hands."

"Have found Dr. Egan's Magic Night gloves very helpful," writes Miss Bessie Knight, Apt. 3, Mrs. S. Weston, Golden West Hotel, Reno, Nevada. "My hands were always red and rough and your gloves are making a great improvement."

"Your Magic Gloves are all you claim," writes Maud Young, Concert Pianist. "They have certainly improved the texture and colored my hands."

© K. C. Co. 1923

The complete $5 Dr. Egan Magic Glove outfit which we are offering for a limited time at the special introductory price of only $1.95 consists of the following: one pair freshly medicated gloves; one jar Dr. Egan's Pore-Lax; one bottle Glove Medicator; one copy Dr. Egan's booklet, "The Care of the Hands;" all in neat container. The Pore-Lax is a special cream to apply before donning the gloves to open the pores of the skin for the action of the medicated gloves. The glove medicator is for restoring the potency of the gloves after a period of wear.

Gloves may be worn at night while you sleep or during the day while doing your sweeping and dusting.

Results In One Night

Just one night's wear of these marvelous gloves is enough to convince you. You see a difference in your hands almost unbelievable. Wear the gloves four or five nights and you have a new pair of hands. It's the medicated fabric that does the work. The gloves are impregnated with a marvelous solution perfected by the famous Dr. S. J. Egan. The medicated fabric when activated by the natural warmth of the hands has a peculiarly potent whitening and softening effect upon the hands. The hands become white—a charming, natural white. They become soft and smooth as velvet. And all so quick as to be dumfounding.

Try the Gloves FREE

See the magic of these medicated gloves for yourself! Put them to the test at our risk. Send today for the complete outfit for five days' free trial.

Note the difference in your hands from just one night's wear. See the complete and amazing transformation in three or four days. Mark how lovely your hands, how white and smooth. If five nights of wear of the gloves doesn't make your hands more beautiful than you ever dreamed possible, don't keep the gloves. Return them to us and you won't be out one cent to us for the free trial. You are the judge.

SEND NO MONEY
Just the Coupon

Send no money now—just the coupon. Pay the postman only $1.95 (plus postage) on delivery of the gloves. If in 5 days you are not more than delighted and amazed with the results from the gloves, just send them back and your money will be promptly refunded in full. We give you a written guarantee to this effect. You run no risk. Fill out and mail the coupon now or copy it in a post card or letter. If apt to be out when postman calls send $2.00 now. Our guarantee assures you of your money back if you are not perfectly satisfied. Address Dr. S. J. Egan, Dept. 53, 220 S. State Street, Chicago, Illinois.

$1.95 for Complete $5.00 Outfit on This Amazing Introductory Offer

These gloves will soon be offered the public through the regular channels at $5 the pair. But a limited number of sets are now being offered for advertising purposes at practically cost—$1.95. You can get this complete $5.00 outfit—Medicated Gloves, generous supply of Pore-Lax and Medicator—all for $1.95 on this introductory offer. But you must act at once, as only 10,000 sets are to be distributed at the cut price. You may pay the postman or, if you prefer enclose $2 with coupon and receive package all paid for. Remember, every penny of your money back if you say so. Clip and mail the coupon now before you forget.

Dr. Egan's Is the Original Magic Glove Outfit

Dr. S. J. Egan, Dept. 53
220 S. State Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me (in plain package) for free trial, a pair of Dr. Egan's Magic Gloves for whitening and softening the hands, with Pore-Lax and Medicator. I will pay postman $1.95 (plus postage) on delivery of the gloves. (If you prefer, send $2.00 now in full payment.) If I am not perfectly delighted with the change in my hands in 5 days, I may return gloves and get my money back in full.

Name .....

Address .....

My druggist is .....

Digitized by Google
Original from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Orinoka

DRAPERIES & UPHOLSTERIES
COLORS GUARANTEED SUN & TUBFAST

Gorgeous Colored Draperies that do not fade in washing

ISN'T it a joy to know that you can have your windows as gloriously decorated as you please with fabrics rich in color, and still feel that your choice is *practical?* Orinoka has made this possible. You need not hesitate to select any fabric, no matter what its color or design, if you make your purchases from Orinoka guaranteed materials. Glass curtains of rose, or blue, or gold—or any other delicate tint—will wash without fading. While over-draperies, however lovely they may be, also retain their color in washing. They should be laundered, of course, in the same way as a fine blouse, or any other handsome fabric.

The beauty of Orinoka fabrics is the kind that *lasts.* And the secret is in the special Orinoka process of hand-dyeing the yarns before they are woven into cloth. Orinoka patterns are woven in, not printed on, and the colorings are permanent. This permanence of coloring is guaranteed. If the fabric fades, the merchant is authorized to replace the goods, or refund your money. Orinoka Draperies and Curtain Gauzes, in great variety and for every type of window and house, are sold at the better department stores and smart decorating establishments.

THE ORINOKA MILLS
516 Clarendon Building, New York City

THE ORINOKA BOOKLET

"Color Harmony in Window Draperies" was prepared by a New York decorator. It contains many illustrations in color of dainty window, door and bed draperies. Its suggestions for selecting materials and making and hanging draperies are practical and helpful. Send us your address and 20c.

The Orinoka Guarantee

is printed on the tag attached to every bolt of genuine Orinoka sunfast fabrics. Look for it when you buy.

"These goods are guaranteed absolutely fadeless. If color changes from exposure to sunlight or from washing, the merchant is hereby authorized to replace them with new goods or refund the purchase price."

Tumbling Run

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

he hated, as the Indian had hated it; it was the whole creation, and he meant to be revenged upon it in the person of little Nancy. He moved to the side of the step—she would try to enter the house and he would catch her as she passed.

Then suddenly he leaped to his feet. The figure before him was not that of a short, frail girl; it was that of a tall man. There was another figure to his right, another to his left. Behind him was the closed door of the cabin. He had a moment in which to decide between the strangers and fly, but he spent the moment rubbing his incredulous eyes. When he had rubbed them open it was too late.

He knew the voice that addressed him and the hand that first seized him. There was the flash of an electric torch which made a little circle of intensely bright light, its center his furious eyes.

"McCreight," said the smooth voice of young Doyle, "to-day on Piney Mountain you set a dozen fires. We suppose you set the fire on Tumbling Run on Monday. If you come quietly you may get off with five years."

ONE May morning four and a half years later Abraham McCreight rose early, according to a habit which he had not always had, but to which he had been trained.

A half-year of his penalty had been remitted, and instead of marching from his cell to the penitentiary workroom he walked behind a guard to the office and thence into the city street, and the heavy door closed behind him. Few persons who had known him on South Mountain would recognize him now. He was clean and he wore a new suit instead of rags. His skin, once rough and brown, was soft and pale. He still had a good deal of muscular strength, having worked steadily, and to his eyes, downcast for the most part, but bright and hard when they were lifted, a cherished, clearly defined, and cruel intention gave keenness and steadiness.

He had money in his pocket, earned penny by penny, and larger than any amount he had ever had at one time. He bought a ticket for Chambersburg to the west of South Mountain, tho Gettysburg was nearer both Philadelphia and home. But he had been tried in the Gettysburg court, and he thought best not to be seen there.

He had acquired a little experience of the world and of travel, and he proceeded without hesitation to carry out this first detail of his cruel purpose.

He might have gained still more knowledge of the world as he traveled homeward, seeing now with free eyes the prosperous Pennsylvania landscape, the towns and villages and smooth farms and fine mansions. But in them he was not interested. He had forgotten already the denunciations of his fellow prisoners of all those who held property of any sort. He had even forgotten much of his own past. Nancy he had ceased to think of, Malvina had become the figure of a dream, for Eliza his hate was long spent. But two persons he had not forgotten—the nurse and the forester, symbols of the change which had ruined him. Extermination was to be their fate—root, and if there were children, then branch also.

In Chambersburg he purchased food and also a rifle and ammunition. A clerk with his wits about him would have noticed the queer discrepancy between his new clothes and white hands and his evident intention to walk out of the store with the cartridges loose in his pocket and the rifle hung upon his arm as tho he belonged in the mountain. But the clerk was dull and closing-time was approaching. He laid the rifle in its box and wrapped it and took in exchange Abraham's new money.

Outside the town Abraham stood still. To the east lay South Mountain, low to one who had seen even the higher ridges of the Alleghanies, not worth the name of mountain to one who had seen the Alps, but to most eyes which rested upon it a noble elevation. The eyes of poor Abraham rested upon its sunny expanse with awe and affection which tore his heart. This was the first time he had looked upon the ridge from afar.

It was his purpose to walk through the forest to his old home and see what remained and to learn the whereabouts of Doyle and his wife. His arrest had destroyed his confidence in his ability to move about unseen, but the situation now was different. Then they had been watching for him, now his presence was unsuspected.

When he was well out of the town he unwrapped his rifle and threw the box away. He felt the weight in the hollow of his arm with a savage pleasure, and for the first time in five years he smiled a strange, wry smile. When he reached the thick growth he stopped to eat the sandwiches which he had bought. It was twilight; mind and body were tired, and in the first grove of pines he lay down, his arm across his gun.

Hours after, daylight wakened him and he turned on his back and lay looking up at the gray sky. The birds had begun their chorus, but he heard them only faintly, tho their silence would have startled him. The gray changed to violet, then to rose. He got to his feet and went to the edge of the grove from where he could see a large segment of the sky. A vast curtain seemed to be moving across it, not upward, but sidewise, exposing the inner surface of a radiant, pale-blue dome.

When the curtain was wholly rolled back he turned away toward the northeast. With this section of the ridge he was unfamiliar, but he did not go a yard out of the shortest route. He would have to cross three ridges, taking advantage of the eroded ravines. The ridge down which fell Tumbling Run would be the last and he would reach there about noon.

The forest was as it had been, untouched, silent, seemingly boundless. The hardwood-trees were not yet in full leaf and the ground was thickly set with flowers, drifts of dogwood, masses of azalea, beds of violets and columbines. The sun rose into a cloudless sky; a little breeze carried the odors of rich earth and young leaves and sweet flowers. The clear streams ran full. To Abraham the unchanged conditions indicated that the interlopers had withdrawn; he did not dream that things were as they had been because the strangers had remained.

At about one o'clock he saw before him the steep ridge of Tumbling Run. Its base was thickly clothed with trees and the top was hidden He forgot that he had burned it off; he remembered it crowned by century-old trees, musical with the sound of dripping water. So Donald McCreight had seen it a hundred and fifty years ago, so the Indian had seen it in his single brief glance, so Abraham expected to see it now.

HE TOOK the same course which the Indian had taken, up the bed of the stream, climbing, however, with far more effort than the Indian, from rock to rock. His step was not firm, his gun clicked often against the mossy stones, and sometimes he leaned upon it. He examined it and loaded it, pretending that it was for this purpose that he had halted. He saw no change in the stream and did not realize that by his own hand he had lessened its volume and reduced its voice.

Twenty feet from the top he looked shivering into the deep pool. Its blackness and its cold breath chilled his heated body to the bone and he began to tremble. There were sounds, but he did not hear them, alien as they were to this spot; a woman's voice, then a child's, then the shrill, alarmed barking of a young dog, then reassuring laughter. The last climb required all his energy; he could only lift his body, suddenly grown heavy, from stone to stone; he could not hear. When he stood on the rim of the plateau he could not grasp that which was spread clearly before his eyes.

In the center of the level area stood a tower a hundred feet high. At its foot were several cottages, one for the chief forester, two for the watchmen. The shrubbery was low, and in every direction could be seen the panorama which Abraham had unveiled, hills and valleys, farms and cities.

But Abraham did not see the billows of fresh verdure, nor the distant plain, nor remember that he himself had opened them to the view. He saw before him an erect young woman and a little child and a barking dog. It was unmistakably the woman whom he hated, a little older, a little more beautiful, still happier. He lifted his new rifle.

For an instant the two faced each other. The young woman had no weapon but her clear, imperious eyes, and these she fixed upon him, hopeless, yet with defiance, stepping between him and her child. She saw the hills and the plain, the budding forest, the flowers, the murmuring cataract, her child—what monster could bring death into her lovely world?

"For shame!" she cried in her high voice. "Oh, for shame!"

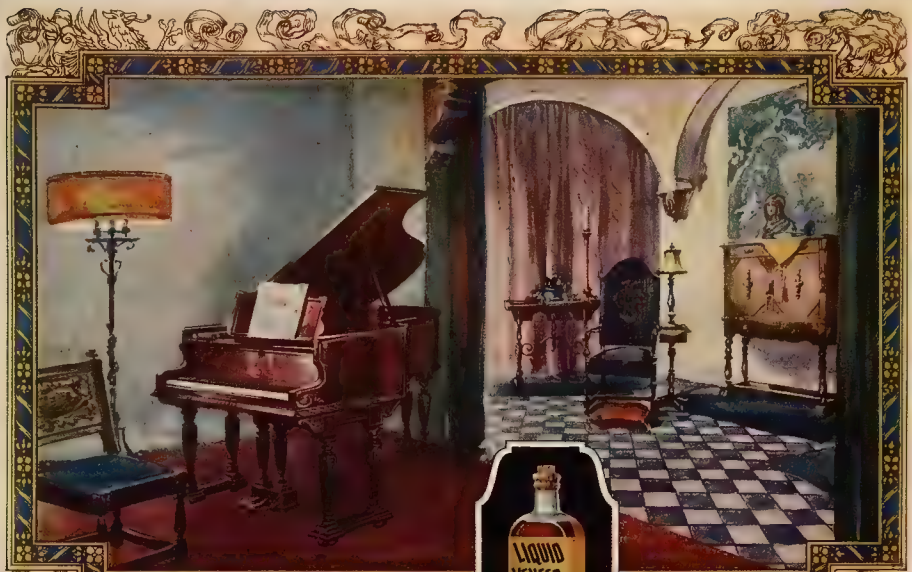
Her defiance had no effect upon Abraham. But his exhaustion of body and his amazement undid him. He had already pressed the trigger when something seemed to snap in his head. There was a loud report, but the shot went wild, and he toppled backward with a shrill cry, and Tumbling Run closed over him, taking into its black pool another symbol of another era which had passed.

BE SURE TO VOTE

Turn to Page 1 and do it now

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Digitized by Google
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY



Does Your Furniture Reveal ALL Its Loveliness?

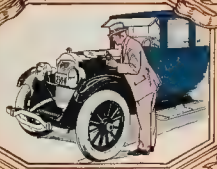
WHY is it that some homes are blessed with more of brightness and cheer?

You've noticed the rich reds of their mahogany pieces; the velvety browns of their walnut radiate unusual beauty; their pianos and cabinet phonographs gleam with an enviable lustre; even the woodwork and floors smile with more than customary cheer.

LIQUID VENEER

Perhaps even greater loveliness is possible for your own furniture and woodwork. For Liquid Veneer on your dustcloth will remove all traces of use and age, revealing the rare color, grain and lustre of the original finish. And again you'll experience the joy and pride of the days when your home shone with the charm and freshness of "everything new."

Liquid Veneer costs so little and does so much—try it. Buy it for 30c, 60c, or $1.25 at grocery, drug, hardware or housefurnishing stores.



To keep floors at the "pink of perfection" use Liquid Veneer Mop Polish on the Liquid Veneer Mop (or any mop). Gives better results; goes further; price right.

Helpful Booklet and 10c Trial Bottle

One of America's foremost furniture authorities has written "The Proper Care of Fine Furniture," of help to every housekeeper. Send for this FREE booklet, and 10c for generous trial size of Liquid Veneer (enough for the furniture of several rooms). Write today—now—lest you forget.

Buffalo Specialty Co.
Buffalo, N. Y.

London, Eng. Bridgeburg, Can.

BUFFALO SPECIALTY CO.
371 Ellicott Street, Buffalo, N. Y.
Enclosed find 10c for which send me generous sample of Liquid Veneer and copy of "The Proper Care of Fine Furniture."
Name .....
Street .....
City .....

The Great Quality Finish

Google

"The Joob Street Blues"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

down and became a fit subject for salvation under that age), then when decrepitude backed him into complete righteousness, and when he had mourned and repented his past and died, then, immediately, he would reappear in heaven, a brisk young angel of eighteen or nineteen, dressed exactly like Mr. Walter Dalrymple.

THE white man in the automobile speeding across the low inter-Florentine hills noticed the negro-boy who came running from East Florence, apparently to intercept him. He slowed down somewhat, looked twice at the negro, recognized him, and surmised what he wanted. When the black boy came within earshot Mr. Dalrymple asked in the faintly bored tone of an employer who is about to listen to a complaint against the foreman:

"Want to see me, Wimb?"

"U-u-uh—no-o, suh."

"You don't want to see me?"

"No, suh."

Mr. Dalrymple looked at Wimbleton. "Where you going?"

"To de fact'ry to wuck, suh; I wucks at de fact'ry."

"Are you just now getting in?"

"Yes, suh."

"You mean you are just now getting to work?"

Came a certain little tone creeping into Mr. Walter Dalrymple's voice that suggested to Wimbleton that presently he would be a free, jobless negro trudging back to the Imperial Colored Tonsorial Parlors ready to knock the bones and black boots intermittently at a quarter a day.

"Yes, suh," he admitted cheerfully. "Jest now gittin' to wuck. I stopped by the ba'bah-shop tuh git a shave an' a ha'cut 'fo' I come on ovah an' connected up wid de pick." Wimbleton hardly knew why he falsely added the shave to his shortcoming, unless it were from the fact the two words seemed to go together and pleased his negroish sense of euphony.

There was a faint, a very faint flavor of what Mr. Dalrymple styled "impudence" in the reply as a whole, and especially in the phrase "come over and connected up with the pick." That distinctly was impudence. He sat in his car looking at Wimbleton.

"That was thoughtful of you, Wimbleton," he proceeded in the same slightly off-key voice. "I fancy it would be embarrassing, working in the phosphate without a shave and a haircut?"

Wimbleton was a trifle nonplused at such a falling in with his views. "Why—yes, suh; guess it would."

"I trust you had your nails manicured?"

"Muh nails, Mistuh Waltuh?" He looked at a hand curiously.

"Yes, your finger-nails, Wimbleton. I much prefer you to get here as late as eleven, or even twelve, Wimbleton, a well-groomed young man, than to come on at six-thirty with dirty finger-nails. A fertilizer factory is the natural place for the cultivation and practise of the refinements."

These were strange words to Wimbleton. He stood staring at the immaculate white man and his pleasing gospel. His hope of a sudden discharge teetered. And yet with a negro's sensitiveness he savored the irony behind the speech. On the other hand, Dalrymple was so perfectly tailored himself it was barely possible he wanted Wimbleton to come to work in the same fine style. So perhaps it was not irony after all.

Wimbleton stood staring at Mr. Walter, trying to think of something to say, but merely swallowed. Here Mr. Dalrymple changed his tone completely:

"Is Aunt Glad well?"

"Ya—yessuh."

"Depends almost completely on you for a living now, doesn't she?"

"I keeps huh out o' de wash-pot, Mistuh Waltuh." Wimbleton's voice showed genuine pride in the achievement which he was planning so speedily to drop.

Mr. Dalrymple nodded "Uh, huh." He sat pulling at the tiny mustache he had cultivated in France, and, looking at Wimbleton from under a slightly elevated brow, said, "I fancy you need a little assistance in keeping up Aunt Glad, Wimbleton."

Wimbleton's eyes widened at this amazing turn of luck.

"Weh-ull, it's putty ha'd on me, s'po'tin' muh mammy all by muhse'f. I dunno as I min' a li'le bit of assistance, Mistuh Waltuh, ef you feels lak it."

"I feel like it," said the manufacturer crisply. "I don't suppose Aunt Glad knows what a Beau Brummell she's raised?"

"No, suh, I don' guess she—a whut you say she raised?"

"Beau Brummell."

"No, suh, she ain't got no chillun by that name."

"All right," agreed Mr. Walter, this time in an ordinary conversational tone. "Hop on the running-board and we'll go on to the factory and I'll see what I can do for Aunt Glad."

Wimbleton came forward discreetly and stepped on the running-board. The roadster murmured swiftly forward.

During the brief run to the fertilizer plant Wimbleton's mind did a hop-scotch among a ring of probabilities. He was not altogether at ease. There was something funny about this. Their whole conversation had been a very funny conversation and had worked out in a very funny way. Mr. Walter, apparently, was motoring him to the factory to do him some large good because he, Wimbleton, had been late coming to work. That was a funny thing to do. Wimbleton kept walling his eyes around at intervals to study the immaculate figure at the wheel. But as the roadster puttered millward Mr. Walter seemed completely to forget that he had a passenger, altho Wimbleton hung there in plain view. Once the black boy was seized with a panicky impulse to jump off, but the motor-car was going far too fast for that.

The runabout dashed silently into the sweetish, sickening smell of the fertilizer factory, made a sharp turn which slung Wimbleton heavily against the side of the machine, and came to a whispering stand close beside a scattering of laths which had been left over from a recent plastering of the factory office.

Mr. Dalrymple opened the door and stepped out briskly.

"Now, Wimbleton," he said, again becoming aware of his guest, just as Wimbleton concluded himself permanently forgot, "you are getting to that uncertain age when just a little swing one way or the other will make a good steady negro out of you, or a trifling, good-for-nothing, crap-shooting bum."

"Y-yes, suh," agreed Wimbleton, his curiosity wandering still further afield on scent of what was coming.

"Aunt Glad was my old nurse, Wimbleton," proceeded Mr. Walter briskly, "and I'm willing to do all I can to help you support her as she deserves to be supported."

Wimbleton was overcome. "Mistuh Waltuh, I sho' am obleeged. I sho' does thank you." He speculated wildly on the size of the donation he was about to receive.

"Don't mention it," said Mr. Walter briefly, and then he picked up the fag-end of a lath, took Wimbleton by the shoulder, and in another moment proceeded to assist that youth to keep his aging mother out of the wash-pot.

Wimbleton was amazed, shocked, astounded beyond all the astoundments he had ever known in his life. At every stroke he leaned far outward and protested with an eloquence known only to his race:

"Ho, Mistuh Waltuh! Hey, Mistuh Waltuh! I undahstan's, Mistuh Waltuh! I sees clea'ly, Mistuh Waltuh! 'Fo' Gawd, ain't you nevuh gon' ah quit?" Then Wimbleton took to downright whooping and yelling, and his outward bends were extraordinary.

When Mr. Walter finally stopped, rather red-faced and breathless, a crowd of negroes had blocked off the windows and doors of the factory to watch the performance. The sack-handlers on the long delivery-platform had stopped their trucks to stare and grin. The whole side of the factory was a multiple grin. The different heads were talking, nodding, and winking. They told each other that Wimbleton was making up for lost time; that Mr. Walter was winding up Wimbleton's alarm so he would go off earlier in the mornings; that Mr Walter was using Wimbleton for the twelve o'clock whistle to save steam; in fact a great many ingenious and interesting theories were advanced by the delighted gallery.

Mr. Walter never did things by halves. When he had finished with Wimbleton he reached down in his pocket, drew out half a dollar, presented it to the youth, then told him to go to Eaton, the foreman, and tell Eaton not to dock him for being late, " . . . and," added Mr Walter in the friendliest way, "don't let this occur again, Wimbleton!"

Wimbleton pocketed the half and started toward the phosphate-shed where he worked. He strove as best he could to wear an answering grin in face of the hundred headed grin from the windows and doors, but this didn't come off very well. It increased the laughter against him. He made an effort to produce a more convincing grin, something jaunty and devil-may-care, but he found his face had set hard and fast at his first faulty attempt, and it could not now be altered.

THE fertilizer business at Florence, Ala., is a very simple trade. All necessary is to freight down raw phosphate rock from Mt Pleasant, Tenn., grind it up, pour sulfuric acid over it to reduce it to a soluble, bag it up, and sell it. There are millions in it; and some of them make money.

This particular factory was a three-story building tailed by a string of sheds, with a railroad-spur lying on each side of the string. Phosphate rock and acid came in on cars from the western or receiving side of the building and went out over the eastern or shipping side. The movement of raw material into finished bags of fertilizer through a space of fifty yards constituted the fertilizer business. As seen from an airman's view-point, it must have worn a certain look of legerdemain.

The acid and phosphate were mixed in huge leaden tanks in the top story. Aerial trams received the mixture, ran back just underneath the roofs of the sheds, and dumped their loads into them. So in each

CONTINUED ON PAGE 88

You may be next to pay this bitter Penalty

—and she, too, blames everything but her FEET!

STILL young in years, yet each afternoon finds her OLD—nerve-worn—exhausted—incapable of doing the things she most wants to do. The object of PITY!

That nagging backache—the sullen "dragging" sensations—those dizzy headaches and palpitating weaknesses—*what causes them?* She has tried all kinds of things to hold the bloom in her cheeks—to restore the buoyant spirits—the poise—the joyous *verve* once hers. She believes she has been more than ordinarily careful of health. Then why—*why*—WHY should this happen to *her?*

"Ground-Grippers" never pinch

And, all the while, *encasing her FEET* are the "pretty little things" at the base of the trouble;—the stiff-arched, unnaturally shaped, cramping SHOES that (because the deformities they create are *covered up*) have been allowed gradually to misplace bones, deaden muscles and strangle circulation until now her entire body and nervous system are unbalanced and in revolt.

Feet were made to FLEX FREELY in every part at every step — and must be KEPT PLIANT.

That is why Shoes with sensible toes and heels—Shoes conforming with the straight inside lines and graceful outer swing of the feet as Nature modeled them—with *pliant arches* that keep muscles alive and blood coursing vigorously—are the ONLY shoes that will not weaken *and eventually wreck* the foundation of health, beauty and efficiency which is the most precious of feminine (*and maternal*) birthrights.

Style without "stunts"

SUCH SHOES ARE "GROUND-GRIPPERS"—*the famous ORIGINAL Flexible-Arch, Muscle-Developing, Health Shoes that prevent and correct all foot troubles—and, by so doing, not only insure contented FEET, but refresh and exhilarate you from the ground up.*

THE SPIRIT OF YOUTH IN YOUR FEET

Finely aristocratic in Style, too. A variety of smart new models. Be absolutely sure, though, that what you buy ARE "Ground-Grippers" and not cheap imitations that merely *look* like them. You can get the genuine article at any of the stores listed below. There's a world of difference in RESULTS!

[*Write us for a copy of our FREE BOOK—"What You Should Know about Your Feet." It's mighty enlightening.*]

GROUND-GRIPPER SHOE COMPANY, Inc., 171 Brookline Street, EAST LYNN, MASS.

Ground Gripper
Widely Imitated *Never Duplicated*
WALKING SHOES

Allentown, Pa., H. Leh & Co.
Akron, O., Shumaker Shoe Co.
Ames, Ia., Bauge & Son
Ann Arbor, Allmand & Forsythe
Baltimore, Md., N. Hess' Sons
Bay City, Mich., Joe The Shoeman Co.
Beloit, Wis., P. Murkland
Bethlehem, Pa., M. E. Kreidler & Son
Birmingham, Ala., D. & H. Rich
Bluffton, Ind., F. F. Engeler & Co.
Boone, Ia., Schultz Shoe Store
Boston, Mass., 32 West Street
196 Washington Street
Brooklyn, N. Y., 310 Livingston St.
Buffalo, N. Y., C. H. Barton
Burlington, Ia., Hertzler & Boesch
Butte, Delphin-Doney Shoe Co.
Canton, O., H. L. Smith
Cedar Rapids, Ia., The Killian Co.
Champaign, Ill., W. Lewis & Co.
Charleston, W. Va., May Shoe Co.
Chicago, Ill., 29 East Lake St
40 No. Clark St.
77 Jackson Blvd. W.
Cincinnati, O., 38 East 4th St.
Cleveland, O., 927 Chester Ave.
Columbus, O., 18 East Broad St.
Davenport, Ia., Harned & VonMaur
Dayton, O., Rike Kumler Co.
Denver, Colo., Fontius Shoe Co.
Des Moines, Ia., 509½ Sixth Ave.
Detroit, Mich., 126 W. Fort St.
36 W. Grand River Ave.
Duluth, Minn., 21 N. 4th Ave., W.
Erie, Pa., Trost & Lacey
Evanston, Ill., Rosenburg's
Findlay, O., L. E. Snyder
Ft. Wayne, Lehman Shoe Co.
Fort Worth, Texas, McKee's, 404B Houston St.
Grand Rapids, Chas. Trankla Co.
Green Bay, Wis., Mohr's Shoe Store
Hagerstown, Md., C. H. Eyerly
Hartford, Conn., 695 Main St.
Harrisburg, Pa., 19 North 4th St.
Huntington, W. Va., Northcott, Tate Hagy Co.
Indianapolis, 207 Guarantee Bldg.
Iowa City, Ia., Philip J. Stach
Joliet, Ill., Hutchinson Shoe Co.
Kansas City, Mo., J. J. Fontius & Sons
Lansing, Mich., H. P. Woodworth
Lewiston, Me., D. H. Day
Lincoln, Neb., Speier & Simon
Los Angeles, Calif., C. H. Fontius
Louisville, Ky., 421 W. Walnut St.
Lynn, Mass., J. A. Gagnon, Inc.
Marquette, Mich., Getz Dept. Store
Milwaukee, Wis., 128 Wisconsin St.
Minneapolis, Minn., 89 S. 7th St.
Monroe, Mich., F. J. Yaeger & Son
Muncie, Ind., The Keller Co.
New Bedford, Mass., J. Berkowitz
New Haven, Conn., Eli Boot Shop
Newark, N. J., Hausman's, 813 Broad St.
New Orleans, Imperial Shoe Store
Newport, R. I., R. Bullock, Inc.
New York City, N. Y., 23 W. 35th St.
137 W. 125th St.
29 W. 46th St.
Oakland, Calif., 520 16th St.
Omaha, Neb., J. J. Fontius & Sons
Peoria, Ill., Eugene Kepler
Philadelphia, Pa., 38 So. 17th St.
Pittsburgh, Pa., 317 Grant St.
Portland, Me., Dean Bros.
Portland, Ore., 372 Morrison St.
Portsmouth, O., Marting Bros. Co.
Providence, 385 Westminster St.
Rochester, N. Y., 47 Clinton Ave. N.
Sacramento, Calif., W. S. Friesecke
St. Louis, Mo., 313 No. 8th St.
St. Paul, Minn., 48 E. 6th St.
Salt Lake City, J. J. Fontius & Sons
San Diego, Calif., C. H. Fontius
San Francisco, Cal., 687 Market St.
Schenectady, Lindsay Boot Shop
Seattle, Wash., Buck Shoe Co.
Sioux City, Ia., Ben Schulein
Sioux Falls, S. D., Fantle Bros. & Danforth Co.
South Bend, Ind., Paul Kuehn
Spokane, Wash., Curry, Fortner Co.
Springfield, O., Charles Baldwin
Steubenville, O., K. R. McCoy
Superior, Wis., Lightbody Wingate Co.
Syracuse, N. Y., 416 So. Salina St.
Tacoma, Wash., 756 St. Helena Ave.
Terre Haute, Ind., J. Bernheimer
Toledo, O., 509 Madison Ave.
Tulsa, Okla., Lyons Shoe Store
Uniontown, Pa., Campbell-Hathaway Co.
Warren, O., Frank & Wolkoff
Washington, D. C., Robt. Berberich's Sons
Waterloo, Ia., Fox Shoe Store
Wheeling, W. Va., M. H. & M., 1047 Main St.
Wilkes Barre, Pa., C. Walter & Son
Winona, Minn., Rogers & Schuster
Worcester, Mass., Mark F. Cosgrove, 540 Main St.
Youngstown, O., Proctor Hall, Co.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

"They All Love Its Flavor"

Protect Young Teeth From Grit

Modern Dental science has shown that proper care of children's teeth builds eager, active minds and sturdy bodies.*

Here are precautions thoughtful mothers should take:

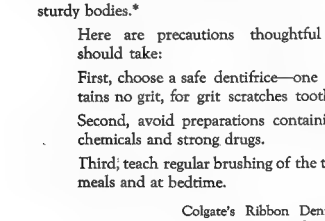
First, choose a safe dentifrice—one that contains no grit, for grit scratches tooth enamel.

Second, avoid preparations containing harsh chemicals and strong drugs.

Third, teach regular brushing of the teeth after meals and at bedtime.

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream contains no grit or harmful ingredients. It is a safe, double action dentifrice; (1)—its specially prepared chalk loosens clinging particles; (2) its mild vegetable-oil soap gently washes them away.

COLGATE & CO.
Established 1806



Large Tube 25c

*Five year tests at Bridgeport, Conn., show 50% reduction in backwardness among school children receiving dental care.

Truth in Advertising Implies Honesty in Manufacture

Plant Peonies Now!

The Most Splendid Flower in Cultivation

Our collection is one of the largest in the world. We guarantee our Peonies true to name.

Can you imagine one hundred miles of Peony blooms in one field at one time? Our planting comprises over 938 varieties from which to make your selection. We are making you the following "Get Acquainted Offer" at very special prices. These are all splendid strong divisions with from two to five eyes. Every Peony in the collection is a gem. Try them.

Old Garden Collection

Should be planted by the entire nation—vigorous growth and lots of bloom.

La Rosiere, White and Gold, $1.00; L'Indispensable, Baby Pink, $1.00; Madame Thouvenin, Rosy Red, $1.50; Madam Jules Cabot, Lilac White, $1.00; Livingstone, Lilac Rose, $1.00.

Any 2 for $1.50; the entire collection for $3.50

Grandmother's Collection

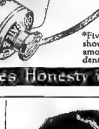
Here is the fragrant, exquisite collection for the artistic taste.

James Kelsey, Pure White, $1.50; President Taft, Hydrangea Pink, $1.50; Leviathan, Deep Rose, $1.50; Venus, Shell Pink, $1.50; Adolph Rousseau, Dark Velvety Red, $1.50.

Any 2 for $2.50; the entire collection for $5.00

PEONIES FOR PLEASURE. A beautiful booklet de luxe. A great treat for every Peony admirer. Gives facts and helpful cultural directions. Send for your copy today.

The Good & Reese Company
Department 116 Springfield, Ohio
Largest Peony Growers in the World



Would an Extra $50 a Month Make You Happy?

Do you have to go without comforts other women can afford?

Are you one of the thousands who have a vital need for more money—to properly bring up your family—to pay off a mortgage or buy a home—to educate your children—to properly clothe yourself? We have helped thousands and can help you. Have money to spend and a permanent assured income by becoming our representative and selling our *World's Star Hosiery and Underwear* to your friends and neighbors. We will show you—as we have shown thousands of others—how to obtain a comfortable income and have your own money to spend.

We've Helped More Than 28,000

Hundreds of our representatives earn from $100 to $250 each month. Thousands of others have modest but steady incomes for part time work. You can do the same. With our help you can quickly and easily build a permanent, profitable business.

Complete Line of Hosiery and Underwear

Write today, while the impulse to succeed is upon you! We will send you our beautifully illustrated catalogue showing how easy it is to become a World's Star Money Maker. Dept. 105

World's Star Knitting Company
Bay City, Michigan

"The Jooh Street Blues"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87

shed was built up a mountain of acid-fuming, boiling-hot phosphate.

Wimbleton entered the sweetish atmosphere of the third shed from the acid-tower with an attempt at nonchalance, but one of the sackers, a dumpy negro covered with a solid gray dust from wool to torn shoes, gave the boy an annoying wink. Wimbleton returned the wink mechanically, took a pick from a pile near the entrance, and chose a place to dig into the mountain of phosphate.

The stuff was still lukewarm from the recent fury of the acid, and as Wimbleton broke through its outer crust, occluded fumes arose about him with a heavy, sweet malodor. It stung his eyes and tickled his nose and throat. It barbed his work with petty physical pangs. These discomforts and the humiliation of having been whipped before the whole factory coalesced into a plexus of misery.

Twenty-five or thirty negroes worked in the different pockets around the mountain of warm phosphate. When Eaton, the foreman, was not looking, these negroes talked and scuffled and amused themselves with the facility of their kind.

A VOICE behind Wimbleton caused the unscribund youth to drop his work at once and turn around. He saw a negro named Loaded Blimmans, so called from the fact that Loaded always shot dice in which the fortuities of chance were eliminated.

"Ha'cut looks good, Wimb," remarked Loaded.

Wimbleton straightened and felt better. For some reason this speech eased some of the deeper injuries Mr. Walter had inflicted.

"Mistuh Haidus cut it fuh me." Wimbleton reached un. fel his Hitler-like grooved cap of wool, and a pleased expression came on his face.

"Gon' uh git uh new suit 'o' clo'es tuh go wid It?" inquired Loaded admiringly.

Instantly Wimbleton was affected by this idea. He speculated on it. "Wch-uh, I don' guess I kin this Fall."

"Why, I heard you lsi" cried Loaded in surprize.

Wimbleton looked at Loaded with a vague hope forming in his heart that he was about to get a suit in some way of which he now knew nothing.

"Now, maybe I is. Loaded." Wimbleton thought over possible ways a suit of clothes might come to him. "Who tol' ju?"

"Eph Bimis tol' me."

"Eph Bimis!" Wimbleton was amazed.

"Yeh, Eph say he seen Mistuh Waltuh Dalrymple takin' yo' measuh fuh a suit—he say you seem to be havin' a fit!"

The last of the sentence was drowned in a roar of loose negro laughter. Diggers began to pop in front of Wimbleton's pit, doubling up with disgusting cachinnations, winking at Wimbleton, whooping at him.

The gangling boy stared at Loaded with a dry mouth, struggling to think of a reply. In fact, Wimbleton had fallen into what the negroes call "a ketch." Wimbleton was amazed and wounded that Loaded should approach him with fair words just to spring "a ketch" on him.

The boy reformed his face into its painful semblance of a grin to show that he was not unmanned, that his spirit was still strong and careless; then suddenly he thought of something, and he pointed an eager finger at Loaded.

"Y-y-yeh," he stammered loudly so he could be heard. "Yeh, Mistuh Waltuh was cuttin' out a suit, b-b-but hit's fuh hisse'—h-h-hit's uh lawsuit!"

The laughter stopped at once. In such instances where a crowd of negroes are baiting another one the man in the minority has no gallery. Wimbleton had wriggled out of a desperate situation with what is technically known as "a comeback."

Another digger took up the attack: "Heah you've been to a eye-doctuh, Wimbleton."

The youngster was on guard now, but he must ask his question after the custom of that sort of logomachy.

"What makes you say dat, niggah?" at the same time groping for a possible "comeback" about eye-doctors.

"Well, I guess you been to a eye-doctuh. I heah you yellin' at Mistuh Waltuh, 'I sees clea'y, Mistuh Waltuh! Oh, Mistuh Waltuh, I sees clea'y!'" and with the words he reproduced Wimbleton's gyrations.

The other negroes staggered around, leaned on each other in an excess of mirth—their side was aching.

"Yeh! Yeh!" howled Wimbleton above the uproar. "I does see clea'y! I sees a fool niggah clea'y when I looks at you!"

A hit. Silence. Another black Mark Twain took up the patter:

"Th' lumbah jack is th' mighty onsetted these days, Wimbleton."

Wimbleton's thick lips twitched uncontrollably. "Wh-whuf-fo' you say dat, Eph Bimis?"

"I notice lathes arisin' an' afaillin' putty brisk."

Wimbleton gulped. He groped, he prayed for a comeback, but emptiness seized him. It left him staring at his adversaries, a sort of empty husk fashioned in a grin. That grin, Wimbleton knew, would never come off again. He knew he would never rally his demoralized forces. He felt a sort of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 89

The Princess Grand

The favorite piano of the day is the small grand. Above is shown the most popular IVERS & POND—our "New Princess Grand". Its dainty Colonial lines, exquisite finish, delightful tone and touch, mark the highest development of its type.

Ivers & Pond PIANOS

whether smallest upright or largest grand, are of one quality only—the finest. Their supremacy in the musical world is witnessed by their use in more than 500 Conservatories and Schools and 70,000 discriminating homes.

How to Buy

Leading dealers throughout the United States sell IVERS & POND pianos. Where no dealer sells them we quote lowest prices and ship direct from the Factory. Easy payment plans. Liberal allowance for old pianos in exchange. For catalog and full information, *write us today.*

Fill out and send this coupon to

IVERS & POND PIANO CO.
171 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.
Please mail me your new catalog and valuable information to buyers.

Name.....

Address.....

Be a Nurse

EASY, SIMPLE WAY

Learn in Spare Time at Home

Every woman should learn. We train beginners, practical nurses, mothers and religious workers by our fascinating Home-study Method. Leading Chicago system. Endorsed by physicians. Thousands of successful graduates. Established 25 years.

Earn $30-$35 a Week

Earns $50 a Week

"I am hard nurse in large private hospital at $50 a week." writes Mrs. Zilpha Pearson, Indianola, Miss. "Easily earn $40 a week," writes another. "Have earned over $1,000 at home while my husband pay nothing me to move house easily," says another.

You can earn while learning. If you are over 18 and under 55 years send for illustrated catalog and 32 Sample Lesson Pages with FREE details of money-back Guarantee, And FREE NURSES EQUIPMENT.

Chicago School of Nursing
Dept. 410
421 S. Ashland Blvd., Chicago

Even Eggs!

We used to think Tiro would mend anything except a broken egg.

But now a woman writes that she saved a valuable hatching egg, broken in transit, with a tiny strip of Tiro, put it in the incubator—and the chicken is doing very nicely.

So there you are!

15c 25c 50c.

At Your Druggist

Mail This For Free Strip

BAUER & BLACK, 2500 S. Dearborn St., Chicago

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Pic. Rev. 10-23

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

"The Joob Street Blues"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88

spasm pass over his set face; tears stung his eyes. He felt himself slipping. He knew, in another moment, he would be disgraced forever, but the great gods, who impale us all, anon, on their pins for sport, this time were merciful. The twelve o'clock whistle sounded.

Out of habit the negroes flung down their picks, gave a cotton-field yodel, and started for their lunch-baskets. It seemed to Wimbleton that there were certain "ketches" which had no "comeback" whatever.

THE black boy took his lunch-basket, moved self-effacingly down the whole length of the shed and around on the receiving-platform where he would be quite by himself. There he dropped on a pile of new sacks marked "King Cotton." He still had that queer, husk-like feeling. All his virtue, all his solidity were departed from him. Any one could walk up to him and "ketch" him and laugh at him now and get away with it. His morale was gone.

Amid his brooding, the voice of Mr Eaton, the foreman, swearing, caught his attention. Mr. Eaton swore seldom, but when he did it was with energy and to a purpose. Now he kept up a steady vituperation at some dozen negroes who were pushing a tank-car down the length of the receiving-platform to the intake of the acid-vats. The necessity of such bitter language arose from the fact that the twelve o'clock whistle had blown, and the negroes wanted to stop work at once, while the foreman wanted the car pushed about twenty yards further while the car was under way. The difficulty about moving a loaded car by man-power is in overcoming its original inertia and persuading it to start moving.

The foreman's spiritual aggressiveness was prevailing. The black men hucked the tank, their small heads jammed to one side or the other, or completely under the hooch of their big shoulders against the tank. They seemed careless of their heads.

As the car creaked even with the intake, they broke their straining slants and capered into the factory to their lunches. One of them spied Wimbleton, winked, made a motion of whipping, and disappeared inside.

A VOICE edged with authority interrupted Wimbleton's mastication of a sandwich. He looked up and saw Mr. Walter Dalrymple standing on the platform beside the tank, apparently enjoying good health, altho Wimbleton had just slain and buried him.

"Come here, Wimbleton," he was saying, "let's connect this up and run the acid in by the twelve-thirty whistle. We're out of acid up-stairs."

Thus undid all of Wimbleton's consolations. It flung him back into his original despondency. He quit chewing and sat looking at Mr Walter.

"Get up and come on."

Wimbleton began lifting himself with the deliberation of a sunrise

"*Wimbleton!*"

Wimbleton snapped up and hurried down the platform

When he reached the spot, Mr Walter was fussing with the screw-connection between the outlet of the tank and the intake-pipe. He worked with the peculiar awkwardness of an office man essaying an outside job.

"This connection doesn't seem exactly to screw on," said Mr. Walter, twisting at it with the tips of his fingers and dusting off the rust between efforts

The finical way in which Mr. Walter worked intrigued Wimbleton. He wished he could work in that delicate, gentlemanly fashion. His ancient admiration of Mr Walter rose up under his recent wrongs.

"Run up and connect the air-pump, Wimbleton."

"Yes, suh"

The negro's tone was warm and brisk. He unhooked the rubber hose, took a bar-wrench, and climbed up the iron ladder that led from the side to the top of the tank. Up there he adjusted his wrench to the square tap with an effort to do it daintily, à la Mr Walter. Then he began pushing it around and around, taking care not to allow the rusty handle to touch his noisome overalls When Wimbleton lifted off the tap the fumes of the acid wreathed up out of the hole like white smoke. A whiff of it touched Wimbleton's nose, and his head flew back as if some one had jabbed him in the nostrils with a needle

As Wimbleton snugged down the air-pipe connection the ancient allegiance of his family for the Dalrymple family had fairly resserted itself This allegiance had been tested under similar circumstances by Mr. Walter's grandfather and Wimbleton's grandfather, by Mr Walter's father and Wimbleton's father, and now Wimbleton was running true to form. He kept looking down over the swell of the tank at Mr. Walter's expensive hat, his correct shoulders, his tapering white hands, kept immaculate through all this operation. If Wimbleton were good, persistently good, and died repentant, he would be like that one of these eternities.

"All tight up there, Wimb?"

"Yes, suh, Mistuh Waltuh, yessuh!"

He clambered down, delighted at this intimacy.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 90

STOUT WOMEN
DRESS FASHIONABLY LOOK SLENDER

Correct Clothes Make Such a Difference!

"WHY, I hardly knew you! What a difference the lines of that dress make in your figure! You look so nice and slender!" Thus your friends will greet you when you wear clothes designed to give straight slender lines to your figure.

Time was when the woman of fuller proportions had to be content with almost anything that would go on at all. It was so discouraging! Her choice was limited. Her size was difficult to find and never was found in the newest style garments—until Lane Bryant solved her problems for her.

Do Not Envy Slender Women

Now, the stout woman need no longer envy her slender sister the fashionable clothes she wears so well. She, too, can dress as fashionably. No more shopping everywhere in vain for a size that will fit—Lane Bryant has garments for every type of stout figure, ready to put right on and wear, in every size up to 58 bust.

Paris Styles on Slenderizing Lines

Following the dictates of Paris and their acceptance by smartly dressed New York women, Lane Bryant interprets each new mode into garments of fuller proportions with pleatings here, and flounces there—with panels and draperies that effect longer lines, concealing fulness in one spot or adding fulness where fulness is needed.

Always, though, featuring the newest style details, as created for the average figure, building them into garments made large enough to fit the woman of fuller figure.

The garments pictured here are typical of the hundreds in the new Lane Bryant Style Book for Fall and Winter.

Send Today for Your Book

Eighty-eight pages, many of them in color, showing Dresses, Coats, Suits, Blouses, Skirts, Sweaters, Hosiery, Corsets and Underwear for every type of stout figure—in full-cut sizes from 38 to 58 bust. Style Book Sent Free. Write for it today.

Stores: New York Brooklyn Chicago Détroit

Lane Bryant

38th Street at Fifth Ave. NEW YORK Address Dept. 32

Digitized by Google

Your Watkins Dealer and his Home Remedies

Watkins Home Remedies have been the favorites for more than half a century, and their popularity increases year by year. Only medicines of known value bear the Watkins label. Unless Watkins Home Remedies were of the very highest quality, their popularity would have faded and died in the beginning

There are no secret formulas in Watkins Home Remedies. They are the same old standbys that our grandfathers used, and the kind we use every day ourselves. They are the kind of medicines that should be in every home, Aspirin, Liniment, Grippe Tablets, Cough Medicine, Compound Mustard, Menthol Camphor Ointment, and many other common every day medicines that you know and use.

Millions of homes now have Watkins Home Remedies in their medicine chest. The reason why folks buy and use Watkins Remedies is because they have implicit confidence in their superiority and quality. They know that Watkins Home Remedies have been in constant use for more than 55 years. There are more than seven thousand Watkins Dealers in City and Country supplying the needs of millions of homes.

Your Watkins Dealer brings his store of more than one hundred and fifty of the supreme Watkins Products right to your home This convenient plan of buying in your own home is a refreshing change from every day shopping. Your Watkins Dealer will show you at your leisure, the complete line of Watkins Products from new Fresh Spices, Extracts, etc., to the Supreme Garda Line of fine Toilet Preparations.

More than seven thousand Watkins Dealers in City and Country are ready to render you "Watkins Service With a Smile." Look up the Watkins Dealer in your community. He is a good man to know.

BUY FROM YOUR WATKINS DEALER
IT PAYS!

THE J. R. WATKINS COMPANY
"From Ocean to Ocean"

New York, N. Y. Chicago, Ill. Boston, Mass. Columbus, Ohio Winona, Minn. Kansas City, Mo. Memphis, Tenn San Francisco, Calif

In Canada
Montreal, P. Q. Hamilton, Ont
Winnipeg, Man Vancouver, B. C.

A Selling Opportunity
If you are interested in selling Watkins Products write for our proposition Particulars and samples are free state whether city or country territory is desired Address Dept. 36-L (nearest office)

Sold in Every State and in Every Province

Free Catalog
We illustrate below a few of the Watkins Products Know and use them all Complete descriptive catalog free from your Watkins Dealer or write the J R. Watkins Co., 275 Liberty Street, Winona, Minn.

Protection against Coughs and Colds

"The Joob Street Blues"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 89

The white man pulled a cord that signaled the engineer at the air-pump. Then he stepped away and stood looking at the connection.

Presently the two heard a slow knocking, a sort of pulse in the rubber hose. A bend in the hose slowly straightened itself as if it had grown weary of its cramped position.

At the same moment a trickle of liquid seeped out of the connection Mr. Walter had just screwed down, and traced delicate strings of smoke through the air.

The white man picked up his wrench quickly and advanced toward it. Wimbleton stepped forward with a widening of his eyes. "Wait, Mistuh Waltuh, wait!" he advised sharply; "ring down de engineah fus'!"

The connection needed but a twist, an extra turn, and office men are not humble beings. It is not drilled into them, as it is drilled into common labor, that they must walk softly before the god of steam and chemicals.

Came a little spew; a spray of white smoke streaked the air. The white man moved more quickly to rescue his property as the pressure increased.

Wimbleton shrieked, "Git! Git uhway f'um thauh, Mistuh Waltuh! 'Fo' de Lawd, git uhway! Run!" He leaped forward between the white man and the leaky faucet.

At that moment came a sort of cough. Something like a splash of smoking liquid sprayed over Wimbleton's back. The negro shrieked. The force of his lunge bore both himself and Mr. Walter out of the incinerating spurt, but the next moment he went down on the boards, howling, writhing, screaming.

"Good Lawd, Mistuh Waltuh! I'se bu'nin' up! I kain't stan' it! Shoot me! Oh! Oh!"

AT THE uproar the pickmen came flying out of the mill with faces spread to laugh at Wimbleton's renewed punishment. Instead they saw a leaky connection spewing smoke, Wimbleton writhing on the platform in the fertilizer dust, and a white-faced Mr. Walter shouting for alkali.

Acid-burns are not uncommon in fertilizer factories, and all the hands know what to do. Some of them seized buckets of potash solution, rushed for the platform, and douched the victim. Then Eph Bimis dived into the wriggling figure and captured an arm; three more negroes seized an arm and two legs, and they clamped him fast to prevent the victim from raking off his flesh with his struggles. Then one of the men very carefully began peeling away the corroded denim of the overalls.

Amid Wimbleton's howls and shrieks Mr. Walter cautioned the operators, "Careful! Careful, boys! Don't touch the skin! Lie still, Wimbleton! Endure it, my boy!" Mr. Walter was blinking his eyes. Besides having saved him from the acid, the negro lad had some sort of indefinable claim on Mr. Walter. It was somehow his boy being burned before his eyes.

All this howling and sympathizing was interrupted by Eph Bimis's voice saying:

"Lookee heah, niggah, wha' *is* you bu'nt?"

"Oh Lawd, Eph—all ovah! all ovah!"

"All ovah whauh?" Eph was stripping off the charred cloth more carelessly.

"Me!" yelled Wimbleton.

"Careful! Careful!" from Mr. Walter.

"Heah; look fuh yo'se'f, Mistuh Waltuh." Eph suddenly released Wimbleton's arm. "Tu'n him loose," he grunted to his helpers in disgust.

Thus suddenly released, Mr. Wimbleton Piffey did not immediately rake off all his skin as he had been struggling to do. Instead, much of the burning vanished from his back, and he lay still with a dazed sensation.

"Isn't I bu'ned, Eph?" he asked in a small voice.

"Naw," growled Bimis, "habin' me an' Loaded an' Piker an' Lil' Joe settin' on yuh fuh nuthin'—we nevuh will heah de las' uh this."

"I decla', Wimb," complained Loaded, "you is de beatin'es' niggah fuh gittin' yo'se'f an' yo' frien's in trubble I evuh did see." He looked around at the gang of workers, who were already beginning to grin.

Among illiterate persons only physical suffering arouses compassion; mental suffering, such as Wimbleton had experienced, is the stuff humor is made of. It is the basis of the practical joke, that hallmark of immaturity.

Mr. Walter waved the negroes back to work and took Wimbleton into the office to put him into new shirt and overalls. Both the white man and the black boy were shaken from their experience. Quivery sensations played over Wimbleton's body. He was not entirely convinced that some of the acid had not soaked in before Eph had douched it with alkali; he was not sure that his reeking bay rum had floated all the stuff from his scalp.

He walked into the office with all the back out of his clothes, and only his little round cap of wool intact and jaunty. Mr. Walter stopped him before a pile of blue overalls, and the smell of new cloth filled the boy's nostrils.

"All right, what size do you wear, Wimbleton?"

Wimbleton stood looking down on the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 91

The Only NICE Way to Clean a Toilet

The only thorough method. The only sanitary way to clean a toilet—use Sani-Flush.

You simply sprinkle Sani-Flush into the bowl. Follow directions on the can. Flush! All stains, discolorations, incrustations disappear. The bowl shines. No scrubbing. No scouring.

Sani-Flush also cleans the hidden, unhealthful trap. Purifies it. Destroys all foul odors. Won't harm plumbing connections. Nothing else will do the work of Sani-Flush.

Always keep it handy in the bathroom.

Sani-Flush is sold at grocery, drug, hardware, plumbing and house-furnishing stores. If you cannot get it at your regular store, send 25c in coin or stamps for a full-sized can, postpaid. (Canadian price, 35c; foreign price, 50c.)

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
Canton, Ohio

Foreign Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd.
Toronto, Canada
33 Farringdon Road, London, E. C. 1, England
China House, Sydney, Australia

Sani-Flush
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

Cleans Silverware
No matter how tarnished
Fine for Gold
Diamonds
Platinum

Shi-nup
Makes NEW Again

If your dealer hasn't Shi-nup Silver Cleanser, send us his name and 35c for a half pint. Money refunded if dissatisfied.

SHI-NUP PRODUCTS COMPANY
1132 Main Street Racine, Wisconsin

THE PEASE CLOTHESTREE
(PATENTED AND PATENTS PENDING)

Save Space and Weary Steps for Yourself

The Pease Clothestree stands when open in 35 inches space; 5 ft. 10 in. tall gives 40 FT. HANGING AREA plenty for average ironing) It REVOLVES you can iron sitting down Use one or any of the 36 arms IT ROLLS ANYWHERE Dry or air your clothes over register, by radiator or in sun Keep in corner when not in use Hard wood, nothing to rust or stain Will last lifetime Ideal gift Write NOW for folder Give dealer's name.

H. G. WOOD MFG. CO.
Dept. K-1 Dexter, Me.

FREE
HOT IRON HOLDER
Of Cretonne
To Pictorial Review Readers
SEND FOR IT
Look for the Dean Label
DEAN'S RHEESTITCHED APRONS
45 E. 17th St., N. Y. C.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

At Night

Coffee without Caffeine

THERE is now an exquisite coffee with the caffeine taken out. The name is Kaffee Hag.

It is pure coffee—a rare and costly blend. You never tasted flavor more delightful.

Caffeine removal leaves the taste unaltered, for caffeine is an almost tasteless drug. The quick bracing effects remain. Caffeine stimulation does not come until two hours after drinking, so you don't miss that.

Thus you get all of coffee's delights at their utmost, with none of coffee's harm.

Not a substitute

Kaffee Hag is not a coffee substitute. It is coffee at its best. Yet all may drink it to their hearts' content. Children may drink it. Anyone may drink it at night and sleep!

Millions of homes have adopted it. The finest hotels the world over now serve it. Does not some one in your home want coffee without caffeine?

Try a few cups and see.

KAFFEE HAG

Pure Coffee without Caffeine

Send the coupon with 10 cents—to cover postage and packing—and we will send you a package to try. Cut out coupon now.

KAFFEE HAG CORP
1487 Davenport Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio
Send me a trial package of Kaffee Hag. I enclose 10 cents.

NAME.............

ADDRESS.............

Would you like to make the best Angel Food Cake in town? I'll disclose a secret I've shown 40,000 women in the last 17 years—makes perfect cake every time—failure impossible. I also send you my secrets of prize winning Mahogany, Klondike, Lady Baltimore Fudge Cakes, and many others. Cakes you make MY way are so superior that many people make $10 and more a week baking them for others, or for hotels, country clubs, etc. Get my secrets, either to make money or just for the joy of being the best cake maker in town. *Write your name and address on letter, postcard or margin of this page, and send to me for free particulars.* Mrs. Grace Osborn, Box 2210, Bay City, Mich.

LOOK FOR THE RED RING ON THE LUDEN-YELLOW BOX

LUDEN'S

MENTHOL COUGH DROPS
GIVE QUICK RELIEF

Be a Hotel Hostess

Enjoy your work! Hundreds of openings in big hotels for women to act as Hostess. Fascinating, uncrowded field that develops charm and personality. One student writes: "I am hostess and manager of an apartment house in a fashionable section—salary $3600 per year with beautiful apartment for my girls and self." Write for free book. Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Room 2816, Washington, D. C.

Maternity

STYLE BOOK FREE

LANE BRYANT Maternity Clothes enable you to dress stylishly during all stages of maternity—and *after* baby comes, as well. Very latest modes, cleverly designed to conceal condition. Simple adjustments provide expansion.

Style Book FREE

New Style Book showing latest styles in Dresses, Coats, Skirts, Corsets for Maternity Wear. *Write today.*

Lane Bryant Address Dept 31 38th at Fifth Ave. **New York**

"The Joob Street Blues"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90

clothes doubtfully. A plan was forming in his head to get out of work at the factory by stressing to his mother the terrible danger of the acid, but if he took these overalls it would complicate matters. He cleared his throat.

"Ah—Ah'm afraid Ah kain't take none, Mistuh Waltuh."

Mr. Walter looked at his negro. "Afraid you can't take 'em—why?"

"'Fraid Ah kain't pay fo' 'em."

"Why, they're free!" exclaimed Mr. Walter, vaguely hurt. "Think I'd let you pay for overalls you burned up getting me out of raw acid?"

"We-uhll," drawled out Wimbleton, still very dissatisfied, "'at's diff'unt, but I sho' don' wan' take no ovahalls an' not pay fuh 'em, Mistuh Waltuh; I sho' wants tuh be hones' an' squah."

MR. WALTER regarded this thirst for righteousness with rising perplexity. It was unique in his rather wide experience. For a moment a wild diagnosis flitted through his mind that perhaps some acid had splashed on Wimbleton's head after all and had unseated his reason. At the same instant Wimbleton went on to explain, and to lay the grounds for his final escape from work.

"I was afraid I couldn't pay, Mistuh Waltuh, 'cause—er—Ah'm thinkin' 'bout quittin' wuck." This last in a low tone.

"Quitting work?"

"Uh—er—um——" Wimbleton swallowed and became silent and very still, staring down at the overalls with a melancholy face.

A distressing silence ensued. Wimbleton was wondering if this white man to whom, in a vague sort of way, he felt he belonged, would not, after his heroic exploit, let him go.

"What you going to do?" The tone was kind, but there was no trusting Mr. Walter's tones, which just as likely worked backward as forward.

"M—m m —"

This mumble meant that Wimbleton did not know what he was going to do, that he had no specific plans, and Mr. Walter, having worked with negroes all his life, so interpreted it.

"Put on the overalls."

Wimbleton put them on.

"Wimbleton," said Mr. Walter after another oppressive silence, "how do you feel?"

"Don't feel good, Mistuh Waltuh." He twisted in his overalls.

"Nervous?"

"M—yessuh."

"Odor of the acid disagreeable to you?"

Wimbleton nodded, trusting that reply would lead him to the door of the factory to return no more.

"I suppose you'd just as soon work with me as with any one else—you've got to work somewhere, you know."

"Oh, yessuh," lied Wimbleton, looking up with a doglike fidelity written all over his face; "you know, Mistuh Waltuh, my fambly and yo's—a—a—'at wuz de reason I hop in an' help you out'n dat acid."

Wimbleton had no idea how fine an answer he had concocted. It even took in Mr. Walter because he had mixed about three-fourths truth with it. Besides it touched Mr Walter's emotions, and emotions are never very clever at analysis

"So the only reason you don't want to work at the factory is because you can't stand the acid?"

"Yes, suh, Mistuh Waltuh."

Mr. Walter stood considering, and after a number of moments diagnosed, "Wimbleton, you have developed what doctors would call an acid plexus That is to say, in your subconscious mind you have received such a shock from the acid that it inhibits you from working in it, or enduring its odor, or— Oh, well, you don't understand that. Anyway, the point is, you don't have to work in the factory any more."

"Don't Ah?" Wimbleton was surprized and highly delighted at this turn.

"No, I'll think up another job for you—something light and pleasant. I wouldn't think of turning you off in these hard times without work. I tell you—I have it—I need a chauffeur. You can be my chauffeur."

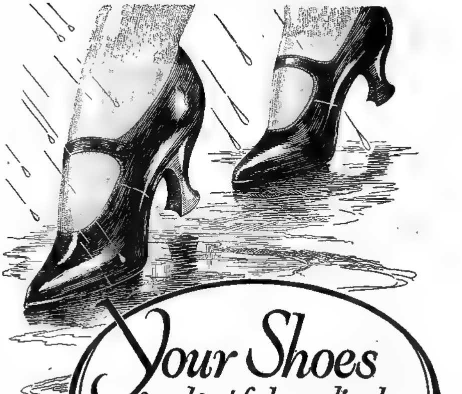
Wimbleton caught a long breath, then blew it out, puffing out his thick, drooping lips.

"All right, Mistuh Waltuh. Much oblige," he said sepulchrally.

AS FAR as Wimbleton was concerned it really turned out not so badly after all. The glory of driving the Dalrymple car hushed even the haunting syncopations of the Imperial Tonsorial quartet. Indeed, when the black boy stepped into the roadster it felt much like the promise of music come true. The swoop of the machine up the hills was a cadenza; flight through the long magnolia-scented streets of Florence was a jazz.

Above all, it placed Wimbleton socially where he always had wanted to stand. Colored girls who somehow never before could see Wimbleton now recognized him at long distances and began bowing the moment the Dalrymple car came into sight. Billiard halls out of which Wimbleton had known many an ejectment now opened hospitable doors and allowed the gangling

CONTINUED ON PAGE 92



Your Shoes
need not fade nor discolor

What an assurance for you to *know* that shoes will not fade.

Or if they have faded, to *know* that a single application of Barton's Dyanshine will restore at once a smooth, clean, even color.

And ugly scuffs, too! Think, now, of your own shoes. Or more, perhaps, of the shoes of the children.

When you use Dyanshine consistently—just once a week—you *know* that scuffs will never show. For Dyanshine keeps them always neatly concealed.

You need only shine them regularly to do all this. Dyanshine does the rest.

It preserves the leather. Restores the color. Conceals the scuffs. And shines your shoes.

Dyanshine is available in Black and the popular shades of Tan and Brown. Also White Canvas and White Kid.

BARTON'S
DYANSHINE
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
DOUBLE SERVICE SHOE POLISH
50 Shines 50 Cents

Free

The Dyanshine Dry Dauber method of demonstration is a most unique and surprising illustration of what this remarkable polish really means to your shoes.

We invite you to send for it now and to try Dyanshine once at our expense. See for yourself how quickly and successfully Dyanshine will *restore color, conceal scuffs* and *shine* your shoes. Just mail the coupon.

Copyright 1923, Barton Mfg. Co.

Digitized by Google
Original from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

18 inch. $41.00
24 inch. 51.00
30 inch. 60.00

Others priced to $350.00

Deltah PEARLS

1893
1923

Time has changed the setting of all gems but pearls. Their subtle charm has ever been the same against the beauty of woman's skin.

Time marks 30 years' service for the makers of Deltah Pearls. Jewelers are showing the many new creations and exceptional values in Deltah necklaces, specially made to celebrate this event. Now is the opportune time to buy that gift of Deltah Pearls.

Deltah Pearls are made by the producers of the Heller Hope Sapphires and Hope Rubies.

L. HELLER & SON, Inc.
358 Fifth Avenue, New York
Paris— 40, Rue Laffitte
Providence, R. I. Los Angeles, Cal.
Chicago, Ill. Toronto, Can
Geneva, Switzerland

Deltah PEARLS

18 inch. $13.50
24 inch. 16.00
30 inch. 18.00

Deltah Necklaces from $10 up

"The Joob Street Blues"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 91

youth to sit as long as he would because Mr. Walter's machine awaited outside. It was a strange and inexplicable thing, this transference of value from a De Blissier, $8,500 flat, to its negro driver, flat.

Among other emoluments Wimbleton enjoyed waiting on the Dalrymple table and eating his meals there, sleeping in the outhouse, going to the theater and sitting in nigger-heaven when his master and mistress chose to go, having a sure enough doctor visit him when he was sick, and besides this Mr. Walter gave him a trifle to spend now and then, clothed him, and kept his old mother out of the wash-pot.

In this sequence of innumerable blessings and happinesses there was just one queer little defect, and that was Mr. Haidus. Wimbleton wanted to display his glory before Mr. Haidus, to impress Mr. Haidus, and he was a little nervous going about it. He was afraid Mr. Haidus in his huge white barber's coat and checkered vest and gold watch-chain would glance at him, even in the De Blissier, and think nothing of the combination.

Several times in his spins about town the adolescent had turned the snout of his machine toward the Imperial Colored Tonsorial Parlors, but each time, at the last pinch, he had veered off into another road, quite overcome by that curious sort of stage-fright that sometimes afflicts a boy in the presence of the man who is his hero.

ONE day, however, Wimbleton drove out on Joob Street to give his mother her weekly allowance, and he determined he would drive back home past the barber-shop. It was rather a moment.

Wimbleton's mother, Gladiola, a white-haired old negress, came out to admire her son in his car, and a sudden stir of maternal pride at having reared such a wonderful youth put it into her head to ask Wimbleton to let her ride up-town with him.

It gave Wimbleton a turn as if she had jabbed him with a pin. He turned on the seat and looked at her blankly, groping for a way out of his dilemma.

"Oh, no, Mammy," he said earnestly; "Ah wush Ah could. Lots o' times I ast Mistuh Waltuh, Won't he please lemme ca'ie my mammy out ridin', and he say, No, he di'n' want me to ca'ie nobody—he's mighty partick'lar."

The old negress paused in the act of stepping into the car. She stepped back with the wounded face of mothers.

"He mus' be partick'lar if he don' 'low he ol' black mammy who nussed him to ride in he ca'."

"Yes'm—'at's what he done said," lied Wimbleton nervously as he pressed the self-starter. "Well—goo'-by—bring you some mo' money nex' week."

The old woman stood looking at her son with tragic eyes. "Money ain't evahthing, Wimbleton."

"No-o-o—'tain't evahthing. You sho' spoke a mouthful then—sho' ain't evahthing. Well—goo'-by—bring you some mo' money nex' week," and off he went.

Wimbleton drove away, conscience-struck at his lie and his cruelty to his mother. He had no clear-cut idea why he did not want Mr. Haidus to see him with his mother, but he felt vaguely that all his glory would be shorn away from him. For a boy to attempt to take the attributes of manhood and importance in the presence of his mother is an impossible thing. It can not be done. The woman somehow compresses the adolescent back into the boyhood from which he is struggling with all his power to escape. The woman always takes the view that her boy is a baby, and her attitude is impressed upon all who see the two. Up in the twenties the situation is reversed, but until that date a mother is about as welcome to a normal boy as the lock and chain to a captive hyena.

As the car purred through the mean surroundings of Joob Street Wimbleton swiftly forgot his mother in the excitement of meeting Mr. Haidus. The boy planned swiftly just how he would do: drive up, step out casually, and say, "Hello, Mistuh Haidus! Could you give me a ha'cut?" Or he might even ask for a shave and a haircut. It would be Wimbleton's first shave—a high moment to inaugurate the beginning of that endless process of holding up a clean face to the world.

However, he would have to watch Mr. Haidus. Mr. Haidus had a mean trick of giving a boy his first shave with the back of the razor. Of course, the boy could never tell, and he would pay Mr. Haidus, thinking he had been shaved properly, and the first thing the boy would know of the fraud would be when Mr. Haidus caught him in a crowd and told it on him. This was certainly a dirty trick—and very embarrassing. So Wimbleton resolved that he would watch closely.

At this point Wimbleton slowed the car down. He had come to the Imperial Colored Tonsorial Parlors. He stepped out with a beating heart.

When the motor was entirely hushed Wimbleton found himself standing in the mean thoroughfare in the midst of a great silence. For a moment he thought Mr. Haidus must be shaving one of his occasional customers; another glance showed him the doors were shut. Not only that, but the sign "Imperial Colored Tonsorial Parlors" had been removed from its place and in its stead hung a piece of cardboard, taken out of a cracker-box, bearing this legend:

FOR RENT
Three Dollars a Month — Very Cheap
Apply to
J. Chamfer, 23 Lynn Street

The boy stood reading the words over and over as if he could not grasp what they meant.

"For rent." The shop was for rent. "Three dollars a month. Apply to J. Chamfer." Then Mr. Haidus must not be renting it any longer. "Very cheap." He must be gone.

A quivery feeling set up along Wimbleton's backbone and afflicted his diaphragm. He kept standing in the hot sunshine, staring at it, reading it over and over. "For rent. Very cheap. Apply to J. Chamfer."

The smart of tears pricked Wimbleton's eyes.

At seventeen life seems as solid and anchored as the universe itself. Any change seems impossible. And when change does come it always comes charged with tragedy. Perhaps in the least change, the young life senses that endless sequence of change which shall obliterate this and that and the other, until all things are resolved into the swift-moving fantasmagoria of old age, with nothing permanent, nothing one can lay hold of; and until finally the life itself vanishes from the face of things and makes way for other life in this swift and tumbling universe of change.

A negro man came whistling down the street, and Wimbleton began an eager questioning as to what had gone wrong with his friend. The negro was indefinite. He had seen Mr. Haidus ride away on a truck-load of barber furniture; he had shouted and asked Mr. Haidus what he was going to do, and Mr. Haidus had shouted back that he was "Gon' uh make a change."

The mysterious disappearance of the Joob Street establishment cast a gloom over the remainder of Wimbleton's day. He drove here and there, now slowly, now swiftly, but the closed doors and blind windows of the barber-shop hovered in the back of his head and his depression of spirit continued until dinner-time, nor was it entirely dispelled when Mr. Walter gave him two dollars and sent him to get seats at the vaudeville, which Wimbleton knew meant that he would find his place among the gallery gods that evening.

Wimbleton went for the tickets, and two hours later turned his master and mistress out at the theater door, parked his car, then set about getting himself into nigger-heaven with the ticket Mr. Walter had provided. The chocolate boy gave his ticket to the ticket-taker, who tore off an end, and then nodded toward the black mouth of a disreputable stairway. It was a long climb. There were endless flights of stairs which grew dustier and narrower and rougher the higher Wimbleton went. The heat, too, increased as if the mercury were going up with Wimbleton to see the show from nigger-heaven.

Nigger-heaven itself is a dark little hole high up against the roof, and it looked as if the architect who built the theater had set for himself this problem: Determine that point furthest from the stage at which a seat can be jammed and still remain inside the building. The answer was where Wimbleton found his seat. It has a mean annual temperature of 106.4 degrees F. The stage, far below, looked the size of a picture post-card. Here Wimbleton spent some of the most breathlessly happy moments of his life. This is Art.

THE performance was a third over when Wimbleton reached nigger-heaven. From a great distance came the voice of a man telling of his sweetheart who was so thin that she looked like a thermometer when she drank pink lemonade.

Wimbleton began grinning the moment he listened in, for he had heard this joke quite as often as any other inhabitant of the United States and he knew that it was a very funny joke. And sure enough, as the comedian whipped his jest to a close, Wimbleton was convulsed. He was still laughing when a clown came out and tried to put a chair on top of a table. But the clown kept stepping on his gloves and slippers, falling down and getting tangled up with his chair, so that presently Wimbleton was holding on to the iron rail that defines the limit of nigger-heaven, doubled up, gasping, with a keen pain under his floating ribs and tears rolling out of his eyes.

In the midst of this agony of laughter a disgusted voice beside him said:

"Niggah, you fall fuh dat ole stuff?"

Wimbleton sobered and looked around in amazement. He saw a withered yellow negro with protruding eyes half closed, and a large mouth which twitched now and then from one side of his face to the other. Altho looking at the clown, this strange creature remained as sober as the funny page in the Sunday paper.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 94

Reduced 53 Lbs. in Nine Weeks!

Society Leader Takes Off Every Bit Of Excess Flesh; Mrs. Bayliss Tells Here How She Did It

Mrs. Jessica Penrose Bayliss of Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, did not find it hard to go from 191 lbs. down to 138. Do you see a single sign of gauntness, or any flabby look?

"I NEVER dreamed you could do it, Mr. Wallace," wrote this well known young matron of Philadelphia's social elect. She reduced more than 50 lbs. in nine weeks. Her letter should interest anyone who thinks reducing is still a long, laborious process! But read her own story:

"Here I am, back to 138 pounds after my *avoirdupois* had hovered round the impossible two hundred mark! Your perfectly wonderful music movements—nothing else—did it. You have reduced my weight from 191 to 138, and lightened my heart as no one can know who has not had activities and enjoyments curtailed for years—and suddenly restored.

"Thanks to Wallace, I am dancing, golfing and 'going' as of yore, and wearing styles I would have had to forego with my figure what it was. Because I once laughed at the idea of 'getting thin to music' I offer in humble apology this letter, my photograph and permission to publish them should you desire."

It's SO Easy to Do!
No Starving, No Punishment

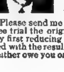
Most women of bulky figure would make almost any sacrifice to attain the symmetry Mrs. Bayliss' photo reveals. But you need not sacrifice your health, comfort or even convenience. The process is *enjoyable!* You use Wallace's records but ten minutes a day! Yet the reduction is felt within five days of starting; the second week will bring a noticeable improvement; the third or fourth week will find you lighter by many pounds.

The beauty of Wallace's method is its absolutely *natural* reduction and *redistribution* of weight. Unlike the drastic dieting and drugging methods, there is no loss of flesh where you cannot afford to lose it.

How long will it take? Some lose seven or eight pounds in the first five-days' test period; others but two or three. Much depends on the individual constitution. But you *can* and *will* lose *steadily* by this method—as fast as is good for you. And everyone who ever reduced this way will tell you it's downright *fun*.

Free Proof—Send No Money

Just try Wallace's way for five days. That's all he asks. Don't send any money; don't promise to pay anything now or later. The trial is *free*. If you don't see surprising results in even these few days—simply mail back the record and you will not owe Wallace a penny. Let the scales decide. Here is the coupon that brings first week's reducing lesson complete, record and all:



Mail This Coupon to WALLACE
630 So. Wabash Avenue
CHICAGO (201)
Brings First Lesson FREE

Please send me FREE and POSTPAID for 5 days' free trial the original Wallace Reducing Record for my first reducing lesson. If I am not perfectly satisfied with the results, I will return your record and will neither owe you one cent nor be obligated in any way.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Style Specialists since 1888

Why not buy your clothes in the Home of Fashion?

YOU do not need *to live* in New York to see and to know what New York is wearing.

You do not need *to come* to New York to buy the styles New York's best dressed women wear.

We have been Style Specialists for thirty-five years. Our experts see all that New York and Paris wears. No new style escapes our attention. No worthy style is overlooked in making our selections for you.

Your "National" Style Book Shows the Season's Best Styles

Why not wear "National" Styles—the selected best of all New York's styles? Why not buy your clothes where every garment is made of serviceable, proven material? We say proven material, because we take no one's word on fabric quality. Our own chemist and textile expert analyzes and tests and proves every material worthy.

When we say "all wool"—*we mean 100 per cent all wool proved by chemical test.* When we say "all silk"—we mean every thread all silk. And we tell you the exact truth about every material that goes into every "National" Garment.

Let the "National" Style Book be your shopping guide, your Style authority. There is a price to suit every purse. Coats from $5.00 to $45.00. All-silk dresses from $6.98 to $23.95. Suits from $7.98 to $29.98. Hats from 79¢ to $4.98. There is everything in wearing apparel for man, woman and child, all priced at a saving and sold under our guarantee: "Your money back if you want it."

The "National" has two houses located to serve you quickly—one in New York, one in Kansas City—twin homes of the "National," providing you with the same selected New York Styles at the same money-saving prices—exactly the same.

This is the complete "National" Fall & Winter Style Book that enables you to buy New York's best styles at "National" Money-Saving prices.

A copy of the "National" Style Book will be sent without charge. Ask for Style Book No. 71 and send your request to New York if you live east of the Mississippi River or to Kansas City if you live west of the Mississippi River—exactly the same Style Book and the same prices at both houses.

National Cloak & Suit Co.,

New York City — **Kansas City, Mo.**

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

The NEW Angélus Rouges ~amazingly perfect!

Angélus
ROUGE INCARNAT

A face rouge that spreads smoothly, does not streak or disappear under the most trying conditions, and is practically indelible. Such is the Angélus *paste rouge.* In three natural shades—Light, Medium and Dark; and the *new,* fashionable Orange.

50c the case

Angélus
LIP STICK

Angélus Lip Stick is also as nearly *indelible* as can possibly be made, and will not smear or cake. It spreads quickly and appears neither over-brilliant nor artificial! In an exquisite gilt-metal case. Three shades—Dark for Day, Light for Evening use; and the *newest,* Orange.

$1.00 the stick

Angélus
LEMON CLEANSING CREAM

Penetrates deeply into the pores, removing rouge and powder, dust and impurities. As it cleanses it cools and soothes, imparting to the skin a soft, clear, velvety texture. For the beauty of her complexion every woman should use the famous Angélus Lemon Cleansing Cream before retiring. $1.00 the jar.

If your druggist or department store cannot supply you kindly order direct from

Park & Tilford
529 W. 42nd St.
New York City

Canadian Agts.
Geo. W. Brown, Inc.
183 St. Paul St.
West, Montreal.

One of the Park & Tilford Quality Group

"The Joob Street Blues"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92

"Fall fuh it!" repeated Wimbleton, doubting his ears.

"Yeh, laugh at it."

"Good Lawd, niggah, don' chu laugh at it?"

The serious one lifted a bored eyebrow. "Suttinly not—ole pattah."

Wimbleton gave up looking at the clown and twisted around in his seat.

"Look heah, black man, what is you?"

"I'se a critic," and he returned his weary eyes to the stage.

"Fuh Hebben' sake," murmured Wimbleton, dropping his mouth open and staring at the enigma. After a while he looked at the stage again, but it held no more humor for him. The presence of the unsmiling critic spread a chill atmosphere all about him. It made Wimbleton uneasy. Finally he said:

"Look heah, niggah, don't you laff at nuthin' but jess once an' then no mo'?"

"Sometimes I don' laff a tall."

"Niggah man, how come dat?"

"It's muh occupation. A reg'lar critic lak me is a man whut sets aroun' studyin' up some way so he won't take no injoyment in nuthin'."

"Go-od La-a-wd! Wha' chu wan' do dat fuh?"

"Why, so I kin show othuh people how to come heah an' not injoy theyse'ves eithuh."

Wimbleton's jaw sagged again. He stared bewildered at the weird occupation of this black intellectual.

Presently his eyes were drawn from the critic by a boom of music that spread out in the opera-house in swift drumming chords. Next moment four rich negro voices soared away in the syncopation of a jazz. The powerful accents caught Wimbleton up at once. It set his big feet patting, his little head bobbing, and a pulse beating under his woolly skull. The music beat in on him like a surf, wetting him, drenching him. It set his backbone thrilling and brought tears to his eyes. Crude, blatant, lowbrow music always did him that way, just as it does the other hundred and ten million American jazz-hounds, who refuse, mainly, to admit it.

Then, in the midst of this rhapsody, came certain familiar phrasings of the music. It seemed somewhere, some time before, he had heard that jackass bray of the trombone protruding from the plangent uproar, that satanic cachinnation of the saxophone—he had heard it before. Indeed it came to him with an intimacy that was heart-sick.

The negro leaned forward on the iron rail, staring far below at the post-card stage. Then over the proscenium he made out an ancient, familiar sign, "Imperial Colored Tonsorial Parlors," and on each side of the stage read the hoarding of the act:

THE JOOB STREET BLUES
By
THE JOOB STREET BARBER-SHOP QUARTET

It was exactly as if Wimbleton were looking in through the side of the old shop on his home street. There stood Mr. Haidus, beside his greasy barber's chair, performing the queer feat of booming out a roaring bass and flinging a jazz jacquerie from his fiddle; there stood the other barbers, strumming and blowing and singing; and there was even the dusty mirror in which Wimbleton had followed the progress of his haircut.

Recognition of who the players were, where they came from, filtered through the house, and with it came laughter and handclapping, and finally a demonstration. After all, Mr. Haidus was a native son, yellow but sonorific. Hitherto Florence had been putting out a brand of native sons that amounted to nothing more than Governors, Senators, Cabinet Members. Every one felt this was a change for the better.

Very slowly Wimbleton Piffey realized the glory which might have been his, and which had passed him by. If only he had known this he might have been one of the performers down there with Mr. Haidus, drumming and belling and tinkling. But—as Mr. Haidus had warned him—"Rist nuthin', have nuthin'."

Wimbleton's mouth turned dry. As he stared down on the splendor that might have been his, he felt a queer titillation in his stomach, his head doddled. Then he had a sensation as if nigger-heaven were giving away. He could feel himself falling, dropping, clinging to the iron rail which fell with him through unearthly spaces—a hand was shaking his shoulder and a distant voice saying in his ear, "What's mattah wid you, niggah, keelin' ovah lak dat listenin' to dis ole stuff?—it's ole stuff I heared it befo'."

The act was just finishing. Then Wimbleton viewed the quartet below him a little less emotionally and perceived that Mr. Haidus still had no drummer.

The first show of the evening was over. The second would begin in about ten minutes. In the Florence circuit the players only make a one-night stand, and have to dash for the depot at the end of their last performance.

Wimbleton shivered down endless flights of stairs on watery legs. A fear beset him that he would be too late. He could visualize crowds of black boys besieging Mr. Haidus for the vacant job of drummer. But he, Wimbleton, would get it if he only got down in time.

The negro boy hurried the best he could. Other negroes coming down bumped into him. At the bottom of the stairs he was caught in a swirl of white folks coming out of the main floor. He could not make way against them. No negro is allowed to push through a crowd of white folks in Alabama. So he was carried out on the pavement, willy-nilly.

He was maneuvering to get back into the building when he heard the voice of Mr. Walter calling his name. Wimbleton had forgot Mr. Walter and the automobile. If he had remembered, he never would have come out where Mr. Walter could see him. A great dismay seized him. Mr. Walter had seen him; he would have to go. For ten seconds he stared miserably at the row of motors before he recognized the one that claimed him. He went to it and climbed in mechanically. Before he started he turned in the seat to Mr. Walter with a plea on the tip of his tongue for Mr. Walter please to discharge him, p-l-e-a-s-e to let him go and get back before the Joob Street performers had left town forever.

But at that very moment Mr. Walter was laughing with Mrs. Laura about these very performers, and he had trained Wimbleton never, never, never, not even if he were dying, to interrupt white persons talking.

THE car eased away from the pavement and gathered speed. It seemed to be hurling Wimbleton out of light into darkness. The negro clutched the steering-wheel. The wind beat about his face. He twisted on the driver's seat and shuffled his big feet among the pedals with the spasmodic movements of a wretch inhibited on the very verge of a great ecstasy. He was surprized himself when the motor began to slow up.

Mr. Walter called out: "Hello! What's the matter, Wimbleton?"

The boy came to himself, and with him came a sudden glorious plan. It was so extraordinary that he stammered when he replied: "I—I thought I heard uh—uh knockin' in de injine, Mistuh Waltuh."

He stopped the motor completely and started crawling out.

"I didn't hear anything," said Mr. Walter, surprized, for it was he who usually discovered engine troubles.

"I—I take a look," shivered Wimbleton, stepping into the flare of the headlight and lifting the hood.

"You aren't cold, are you, Wimbleton?" inquired Mr. Walter with some slight concern.

"M—uh—no-o, suh—" he peered about in the machinery; "don't see nuthin', Mistuh Waltuh."

Wimbleton's voice was so suggestive that Mr. Walter had requested the examination that the white man replied genially: "Well, climb in and let's see if she won't go."

Wimbleton climbed in and she went, but not far. Within a couple of hundred yards she stopped again with a very distinct gasping and sobbing. The white man was surprized at Wimbleton's prescience.

"Well, there is something wrong!" He got out, went around, and opened the hood. In the wash of the headlight the engine lay in apparently perfect condition, sending up shimmers of heated air.

At his master's side Wimbleton stood first on one foot and then on the other. He moistened his lips and occasionally shivered. Presently he said:

"H-h-h-hed I bettah go back fuh d-d-de trouble shootah?"

"Well, perhaps you had," agreed Mr. Walter, perplexed, for all the vulnerable points of his big French engine appeared intact.

The negro turned and started townward on the run. The last Mr. Walter and Mrs. Laura ever saw of Wimbleton was a lanky black figure appearing and disappearing under the glare of each succeeding street-light, legging it for the down-town district as if the hounds of heaven were on his heels.

Mr. Walter continued his search for his engine trouble with the large patience of a Southern man, and as he searched he began gently whistling the refrain of "The Joob Street Blues." After a considerable time he found, quite by accident, a little dab of chewing-gum stuck over the end of the breather-pipe to the vacuum-tank. Mr. Walter was surprized at this queer accident. He removed the slight obstruction and showed it to Mrs. Laura, then he got into the driver's seat and started the engine.

"Shall we run back to the garage and get Wimbleton?" he called through the glass.

"Certainly not," Mrs. Laura's voice was spiced with a faint disdain; "Wimbleton isn't at the garage."

"He isn't? What makes you think—" but it was too much trouble to start a discussion above the sonorous engine.

As the big motor drummed off down the fragrant thoroughfare, Mr. Walter whistled under his breath the chorus he had heard in the minstrel.

The crippled girl who became the world's most perfectly formed woman

Annette Kellermann's Own Story

When I was a child I was so deformed as to be practically a cripple. I was bow-legged to an extreme degree; I could neither stand nor walk without iron braces. For nearly two years I had to fight against consumption. No one ever dreamed that some day I would become famous for the perfect proportions of my figure. No one ever thought I would become the champion woman swimmer of the world. No one ever dared to guess that I would be some day starred in great feature films. Yet that is exactly what has happened.

My experience certainly shows that no woman need be discouraged with her figure, her health, or her complexion. The truth is, tens of thousands of tired, sickly, overweight or underweight women have already proved that a perfect figure and radiant health can be acquired in only 15 minutes a day, through the same methods as I myself used. These startling, yet simple methods can now be used in your own home.

I invite any woman who is interested to write to me. I will gladly tell you how I can prove to you in 10 days that you can learn to acquire the body beautiful, how to make your complexion rosy from the inside instead of from the outside, how to freshen and brighten and clarify a muddy, sallow, pimply face, how to stand and walk gracefully, how to add or remove weight at any part of the body; hips, busts, neck, arms, shoulders, chin, limbs, waist, abdomen; how to be full of health, strength, and energy so that you can enjoy life to the utmost, how to be free from colds, headaches, neuralgia, nervousness, constipation, weak back and the many other ailments due to physical inefficiency; in short, how to acquire perfect womanhood.

Just mail the coupon below or write a letter and I will send you at once and without charge my interesting, illustrated new book, "The Body Beautiful." I will also explain about my special Demonstration Offer. Just tear off the coupon now, and mail it, before my present supply of free books is exhausted. Address, Annette Kellermann, Dept. 1810, 29 West 34th Street, New York City.

Annette Kellermann, Dept. 1810, 29 West 34th Street, New York City.

Dear Miss Kellermann: Please send me, entirely free of cost, your new book, "The Body Beautiful." I am particularly interested in ☐ Reducing Weight ☐ Body Building.

Name..

Address..

City........................State..................

Dye Old, Faded Things Like New

Sweaters	Waists	Draperies
Skirts	Dresses	Ginghams
Coats	Kimonos	Stockings

Diamond Dyes

Each 15-cent package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple any woman can dye or tint any old, worn, faded thing new, even if she has never dyed before. Drugstores sell all colors. Wells & Richardson Co., Burlington, Vt.

ROCK-A-BYE ROADSTER

The ideal babysulky. Nothing else like it. Baby cannot get out. Frame and handle of ½" black enameled steel. Disc wheels and ½" rubber tires. Seat is of neat gray material. At dealers or by express. Write for catalog of baby nursery accessories.

Perfection Mfg. Company
2705 N. Leffingwell
St. Louis, Mo.

14½¢ per ounce

BUY finest quality Peace Dale yarns direct from mill. Big money saving! Only 14½c—27c per ounce! All wool worsted and fibre silk and worsted yarns for any kind of knitting. Lovely colors. Old New England firm. Satisfaction guaranteed.

FREE—Send today for over a hundred and twenty lovely samples free. Address Peace Dale Mills, Dept. 1130, 25 Madison Avenue, New York.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

The Prince of Wales

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

and often cruel—one, a symbol of steady, honest effort at honest government for the people; the other, a memory of an autocracy in which the people were given little heed. It constitutes the difference between the present and the past of England—a difference which has enabled England of to-day to stand sturdily on her feet while other monarchies are either tottering or have tottered to definite downfall. While England can produce young monarchs such as the present Prince of Wales there is little fear of a change in her government.

Rare indeed is his gift of consideration and thoughtfulness for others. A story told of him is an indication of this. In London was a young lady who wanted to meet the Prince. And in this she was not different from a million other ladies—old ones too as well as young. Several of her friends thought it would be quite a trick to have some fun at her expense. So they sent her an invitation purporting to come from a certain home of distinction and inviting her to "meet His Royal Highness" at dinner.

At the appointed hour she drove in anticipation to meet the Prince, only to find the house in darkness and no one at home.

The story got about and finally to the Prince of Wales. Immediately he wrote telling her how sincerely sorry he was that his name should have been involved in so mean a game, and asking her to give a party on a certain evening when he would be delighted to attend. The party was given and the Prince was there, which made of both it and her a great success.

He is like that always, considerate and thoughtful. He is never a house guest that he does not send for the cook and thank her (or him) for looking so well after his comfort.

The proudest possessions of the boy who was post dispatcher to the Prince on his trip around the world on the *Renown* are a wrist-watch and a letter of recommendation written and signed by His Royal Highness.

The credit for these rare qualities of character is not entirely due to the lad himself. Sons are what their mothers make of them. And Queen Mary of England, noble by character as by birth, has reared her children well. Before she was Queen of England or Princess of Wales, or even Duchess of York, she was Princess May of Teck. There was little money in her family and she knew the meaning of self-sacrifice. She knew, too, that much money and vaunted aristocracy do not grow fine character, and from the beginning she instilled into her children's minds and hearts the principles of simplicity and gentleness and service

One of the first lessons given young David—the name he is called by in his family—was that he did not belong to himself, but to the nation, and that when the nation called he was to forget himself and the thing he wanted to do and answer that call. It was not for nothing that King John, at the battle of Crécy, conferred upon the Black Prince the three white feathers which, with the legend "*Ich Dien*" (I Serve) (the response of the Black Prince to his monarch), became the crest of each successive Prince of Wales. It was that legend which was constantly upheld in the education of the present Prince.

Raised in an atmosphere of simplicity, neither the Prince nor his sister and brothers had much money to spend. They were quite half grown before they knew what it was to have a half-crown a week to do with as they pleased. At Windsor and at Sandringham they played freely with the village children. When at ten David was ready to play football he became a member of the village team. It was not *who* a boy was as a playmate that mattered with his mother, then Duchess of York, but *what* a boy was. One of the Prince's treasures is a photograph of the village football team at Sandringham where he stands in the center as its captain.

WHEN he was sent to Paris to learn something of the history and customs of France, he went, not as the future King of England, but as a plain English boy. He lived with friends of his father and mother, a French marquis and his wife, the latter an American lady. He was introduced into a students' club as a "young man who has come to Paris to study men and things." Throughout his stay in France he remained just that to all he met. Altho at Oxford every one knew him, he insisted upon being treated as any other student and upon following the same rules and regulations

He has carried that principle into his grown-up years. Only recently he was by the ringside at a boxing contest when the managing director requested that the audience refrain from smoking. At that moment the Prince was lighting a cigaret. The man catching sight of him hastened to add, "Of course that does not apply to His Royal Highness." But His Royal Highness had already thrown away his cigaret, and he did not light another one.

As for his ready wit—a gift which has helped him over many a stile—it, too, was early born. His tutor tells of a history lesson when he learned for the first time of the five marriages of Henry VIII. It was a day when he had been a bad little boy, for he is not a complete saint—this Prince of the people. Remembering the severity of his mother's reprimand and of her precepts, he glanced with a roguish eye at his tutor, asking quietly. "Does mother know that?"

Recently, at the wedding of his brother, the Duke of York, Queen Mary made a quip or two about her elder son's persistent bachelorhood. To her he replied: "Give me another two years' fling, Mother, and I promise I'll marry any one you choose for me." Then he hesitated, and with a sly twinkle in his eye went on, "Any one but—" and he named a girl whose tactlessness and lack of charm have made her the butt of many fashionable jesters.

UPON his arrival at a city of New Zealand he was given a tremendous ovation. It was in a district where the radical element was in power. The Mayor, a leading radical, exclaimed as he greeted his royal young guest: "I'm delighted that Your Highness has received such a welcome. I was a bit doubtful, for you know I represent an anarchist group."

"Really!" the Prince replied glibly; "I should like to meet some more anarchists."

Once when he was on his way to make a speech in a country district his car was "hung up" on the road. He got out and stood smoking a cigaret. A working man in passing stared at him, murmuring contemptuously a sneer about the "idle rich."

As quick as a wink the Prince laughed back good-naturedly: "Right you may be about the rich, but, hang it all, not about the idle."

Nothing was ever truer. No man works harder than this young man. His time for months ahead is always mortgaged, and when I say time I reckon not in days, but in hours. I was given a glance into his engagement-book, and his days are marked out by the hour and sometimes the half-hour, and it is a rare day indeed when he has an hour to himself before midnight. The only personal leisure he was permitted between April and September was a few days' shooting in Scotland. A schedule of one day's work is typical of all his days:

Morning—8 to 10: Conference with his secretariat.

10.30: Opened the International Air Congress with a speech.

12 to 1.00: Kept four business appointments.

1.00 to 2.30: Took lunch with his grandmother, Queen Alexandra, to discuss the care of ex-service men.

2.30 to 4.30: Visited Gifford House at Roehampton, the Queen Alexandra Home for Ex-Service Men.

5.00 to 6.00: Played polo.

7.00 to 8.30: Went through day's mail and gave instructions regarding it.

9.30: Dined and spoke at regimental dinner of the Third Welsh Grenadiers.

12.30: Looked into dance at the Duke of Westminster's.

Often his calendar is so crowded that he does not have his hour for polo, and to have his proper breathing-spell he must get up at six o'clock in the morning and take a canter in Hyde Park before his day begins.

And it was a hard burden put upon one of so sensitive a spirit when he was sent to India! It was a strong card, too, played by the deft hand of the British Government. Day after day, during the boycott, he drove down deserted avenues with no one but his guards about him, and where bomb plots and riots were a part of the drama of welcome prepared for him. But even India could not withstand his winsomeness and his charm, and in places where feeling ran the highest, one by one the people were drawn out of their houses to gaze at him and then to weaken.

At twenty-nine life for His Royal Highness is one long, tireless effort to do his bit. Older and case-hardened politicians have gone down in shorter and less strenuous campaigns. But the lad never falters.

While I was in London he made a week's tour of the provinces, and in that time he was continuously on the platform, speaking seven or eight times a day. According to the papers he kissed hundreds of babies held up to him from their mothers' arms. At times when he returns from trips such as this, it is said, he must wear his arm in a sling for days afterward because of the strain of the hand-shakings.

At the International Air Congress at Westminster only one simile came to my mind; an exaggerated one, perhaps, but to those who understand conditions in Europe to-day it would not seem so. He entered the hall flanked on each side by men of older years and far wider experience. On the platform were great scientists and politicians. Among them he took his place—a boy, whose duty it was to meet them, man to man.

At play he has all the abandon of youth. When at work the lines of a great fatigue deepen beneath his youthful eyes until he is as a young Atlas, bending beneath the world upon his shoulders. For true it is that no Prince of England's past has had so heavy a weight to carry. He is England's greatest asset. England knows it and does not spare him. His popularity serves her well—and the world too. For if England should falter, Europe would fail and civilization would be disrupted.

If one wants to know what the young

CONTINUED ON PAGE 96

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Aluminum for Better Baking

Mirro bakes everything so well because the heat-conducting metal assists *even* baking. Crusts crisp invitingly. Foods do not stick; cleaning is easy. And Mirro pans are inexpensive and lasting.

Aluminum Goods Manufacturing Company

General Offices: Manitowoc, Wis., U. S. A.

Makers of Everything in Aluminum

MIRRO

The Finest Aluminum

The Prince of Wales

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 95

men of England really think of their Prince, an hour or two at any hospital which he visits—and he inspects a hospital nearly every day—gives ready answer.

I went to Gifford House and spoke to a number of boys whose war years left them physically done for. Some are paralyzed; others lost both arms or both legs, while the lives of others still are slowly wasting away. One and all were enthusiastic in the praise of their young Prince. One blessed boy whose lungs are almost gone and who sleeps in a little cottage which has been built around his bed, leaving both sides open to the air and sun, was propped up in his pillows making illuminated book-covers. I asked him how he had enjoyed the visit of His Royal Highness the day before. A light kindled in his eyes as a smile spread over his wan face and he replied: "Ah! He's the boy, Lady! When he comes to see you he makes you feel that life is a little bit of all right!" And then he added with a fresh burst of joy: "You know, he sat down on the side of my bed here and talked with me for about ten minutes just like he wasn't any one."

ANOTHER lad, only twenty-six, has a bad hip. He must be kept out in the open and his mind occupied, and so he has a rabbit-hutch and a pigeon-cote. He took me to the wicket and opened it, explaining: "His Royal Highness stooped down and went under it with me and he looked at my pigeons and my rabbits and he bought some. He's a Prince, all right! I told 'em I was going to make him come in here with me and they laughed at me; but he did, all right, and he didn't mind getting mud on his trousers!"

Another fine boy, who lives always in a wheeled chair, and who was busy working at some block-prints, said: "His Royal Highness was so pleased with my work. He bought one. It means something to a fellow to have a visit from him. He always says something to make us laugh."

In another little shop I saw a man who had been hurt in India a number of years ago. Gifford House, which is under the patronage of Queen Alexandra, was intended only for those wounded in the late War, but through the Prince's efforts he was brought to this home, where he has learned to make exquisite lacquer trays and screens, which he sells to the smart London shops.

A grotesque, limping little boy, whose head is not quite right from the War, took me to his flower-garden, and said: "I made fifteen pounds through His Royal Highness and his friends yesterday. I said I was going to sell him something and I did!"

It may not mean much to the average reader that the Prince of Wales bought their wares from the ex-service men, but it really does mean a great deal, for there is a continuous drain on his purse and he is not rich in the sense of having all the money he wants. He gets exactly the same income as our President. Out of that he must pay for the upkeep of York House, for his secretariat, and for his expenses when he is on tour in England.

He is the patron of any number of hospitals and other philanthropic organizations, to all of which he gives liberally. In addition he is an honorary official of hundreds of organizations throughout the world. I saw a list of organizations to which he belongs and counted through the A's, which totaled more than two hundred. I went to fifty in the B's and then gave up. Looking through the book, I found that practically every letter had just as many listings under it. About eighty per cent. of these organizations are in England and Scotland, and every time one holds a reunion or a congress or a convention the Prince is expected to be there and make an address. He seldom fails to meet these expectations.

IT HAS generally been supposed that he did not write his own speeches. This is erroneous. It would not be possible for one person to write all the speeches that he must make; but his decision is absolute that he will not deliver a speech unless he has helped to prepare it and has gone over it after it is prepared to see that there is nothing in it which does not sound like him. He is not a spendthrift or an idler, you may be sure. But if he works hard he plays hard, too.

And why not? As I said before, he is not a complete saint. What a bore he would be if he were! And, after all, the serious side of his life is so onerous that the little time he may spare for the gay job of being just a spirited young person should be his without comment. But it is not. The slightest breach of convention on his part is carried about from mouth to ear and from ear to mouth, until he in truth becomes a fairy-tale Prince.

While I was in London there was a story in the paper that the previous evening His Royal Highness, returning late to York House, found he had forgotten his latch-key, that the bobby saw him prowling around and, not recognizing him, threatened arrest; that the bobby, after due recognition, boosted him into a window; that when His Royal Highness was half-way in he called to the bobby to help him

CONTINUED ON PAGE 97

Mother Eve—Her Daughters —and Nadine

Consider Mother Eve and the probable pristine gloss of her nose. Think of the shiny glisten of her cheeks which Adam had to endure. Alas, Mother Eve knew no better, and—perhaps—Adam did not care.

Times have changed since Mother Eve ruled at Paradise. The daughters of Eve find that if they would possess a winsome charm their complexions must be soft and lovely, and their noses must be powdered for the sons of Adam DO care.

For a quarter of a century the daughters of Eve have enjoyed the rare beauty which Nadine imparts. Wishing lessons made soft, smooth and velvety by Nadine the daughters of Eve can be certain of a subtle, attractive beauty.

You will like Nadine Face Powder. It adheres; it protects from sun, wind and dust. It lends an alluring fragrance. If not entirely pleased we will refund your money. Price 50c at toilet counters. Miniature box by mail 4c

Tints—WHITE, FLESH, PINK, BRUNETTE.

NATIONAL TOILET COMPANY,

Dept. P PARIS, TENN.

Every muscular ache must yield

Muscular aches—they seem so hard to reach, buried as they are under layers and layers of bodily tissue.

Yet relief is easily at hand. Over the aching place, gently spread Sloan's Liniment. You don't have to rub it in.

Immediately you feel a warm glow of comfort, then—almost suddenly—the pain is gone. Get a bottle of Sloan's from your druggist today. *It will not stain.*

Sloan's Liniment *kills pain!*

The New OLSON

RUGS

Luxurious, Up-to-Date Rugs

At Half the Price

Write today for beautiful book in colors on "Rugs and Home Arrangement." Describes the OLSON patented process by which we *reclaim* the materials in

Your **OLD RUGS**

Carpets and Clothing

First we clean, picker, card and bleach your material, then dye and weave it into fashionable one and two-toned new rugs, any color, any size—seamless, firmly woven, rich-toned rugs that rival the high-grade Wilton and Axminsters, and will stand the hardest wear. In use in over one million homes

FREE TRIAL—if not satisfied we pay you for your material. Every order completed in ONE WEEK.

FREE Book in Colors gives you Full of suggestions. Write today! We pay express, freight, or parcel post charges from all states. You can still order at the lowest prices in years.

(Largest rug factory in world dealing direct with home)

Olson Rug Co., Dept H-36,35 Leflin St., Chicago

Agents! A Sale In Every Home

Take orders for our beautiful Dress Goods, Silks, Wash Fabrics and General Yard Goods. Our agents get big business. Large Book of nearly 1000 handsome fabric samples furnished to agents. Write today!

National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. 2X 573 Broadway, N. Y.

Digitized by Google

Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Send for these free samples and see what I am like ~

My name is PETER PAN FAST COLOR GINGHAM. Women who know me will tell you I am *reliable*. I want you to know me, too, so I have put my name on the selvage of every yard, like this:—

Genuine Peter Pan Fast Color

My name on gingham is your insurance of satisfaction, like the stamp, "18 karat", in a ring. The old established house of Henry Glass & Co. endorse me, too. They guarantee my quality—

GUARANTEE
We are ready to replace any garment made of genuine PETER PAN GINGHAM if it fades.
HENRY GLASS & CO.

If your dealer cannot supply you with PETER PAN FAST COLOR GINGHAM, in plain shades, yard wide; in woven checks, 32 inches wide, with my name on the selvage, write to Henry Glass & Co. for the book of

34 LARGE AND BEAUTIFUL SAMPLES . . FREE

They will have your order filled promptly by a reliable retail house. Be sure to give the name of your dealer and say if he sells

PETER PAN FAST COLOR GINGHAM

Desk 10

HENRY GLASS & CO.
46-48-50 WHITE STREET
NEW YORK

Magic Flowers Surprise

These wonderful water flowers make a beautiful garden for the home. Put them in a bowl of water and behold, they unfold their colorful beauty. Attractive to children and grown-ups. There are little shells filled with happy surprises and a little pot that holds a bright flower, besides flowers in various shapes and colors. Attractively boxed, with gift card, only 50c postpaid. Ask for No. 4432. This is just one of hundreds of novel and useful things shown in our gift book, sent free.

POHLSON GIFT SHOP, Dept. 59, Pawtucket, R.I.

YOU CAN END
Your garter worries with the Cord Slide

Wilson Garter

And you will give your child greater ease, greater pleasure—health. The Wilson outwears 3 or 4 ordinary pair, does not tear hose tops or waists. Saves darning, saves worry, saves money.

Shoulder Style for boys and girls, 1 to 16 years, white or black web, 50c. Give age. Women's sizes, same style, for home, athletics, or maternity wear, 85c. Bust sizes.

Money back if not the best ever. At dealer's or we send post paid at price given.

Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. A. M. Wilson Co. Dept. 13 Cherokee, Iowa

AGENTS: $42 a Week

New hosiery proposition for men, women and children.

All styles, colors and fancy stripes, including the finest line of silk hose.

Guaranteed One Year
Must wear 12 months or replaced Free!

A prospect in every home. Often sell dozen pair to one family. Repeat orders will make you a steady income. You can sell for less than store prices. Mrs. McClure made over $200 first month. Mrs. Perry made $27 a week in afternoons. Work spare time or full time. Anybody can sell this guaranteed line.

Silk Hose Free—Try our hosiery before selling it. We want you to become familiar with our hosiery line. Write for particulars if you mean business, and state size of hose worn.

Thomas Mfg. Co. H 4054 Dayton, Ohio.

REMNANTS 66c A Yd.

Beautiful assortment of serges, Tricotines and Suitings at less than wholesale prices. All newest colors. Each Remnant Sufficient To Make Complete Suit or Dress. MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED. Save money. Make your own clothes. These mill remnants save you up to $1.00 a yard. WRITE FOR FREE LIST. —TEXTILE MILLS CO., DEPT. 202, KANSAS CITY, MO.

The Prince of Wales

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96

down as he was in the housemaid's window, and that, being duly extricated, he got through another window and up a spiral staircase to the roof, where he let himself into his room by a skylight.

Having a sense of humor, the Prince was highly amused, particularly as there is no spiral staircase at York House; but the real incident, which occurred five years ago, when he first went to live at York House, was like this: He was out late and he had no key. Neither had the bobby. So the latter, with his penknife, slipped the lock of the window in the telephone-room, entered and let His Royal Highness in. That was all there was to it. But the bobby probably told his wife, and she told a housemaid, who told another housemaid, who told her mistress, and after five years' persistent growth it got to the ears of a newspaper reporter.

The Prince likes to dance and to drum. Best of all he likes American music. But if he goes to a restaurant or night club where there is a jazz orchestra and it gets about, at once the place becomes fashionable, and he must either stay away or accept the possibility of having his slightest act become a topic for exaggerated public gossip.

Once, at a fashionable night club, he thought it would be fun to displace the drummer and beat out a dance or two himself. When the story got about it ran that not only had he played the drum, but had as well stood the pretty girls in a line and marched them around the floor

Even if this had been so there would have been no harm in it. Comparing his life with that of the young men of his age, the balance of gaiety is on this side of the water.

At twenty-nine the majority of our golden youths are not much taken up with the serious side of life. They work, but not too many hours a day. When their desks are closed they are off to dine and dance and flirt and fritter, with never a thought of what is coming to-morrow. The Prince dines and is dined—the latter the most likely—and not often with those of his own choosing. He dances when he may—and that is not too often either, since his job of being a prince makes great demands upon him. He golfs and plays polo and rides, but with him these are not too frequent diversions. With all the pretty girls in the world at his feet, he may only smile and pass lightly by—for some day he will be king—and romance is not for kings.

He is always in the shadow of great events which bear upon the future. Whatever he does to-day must be done with an eye to to-morrow. As for true leisure, he has little. No young man I know has so little realization of personal pleasure as he.

Underneath the smile of this gay and gallant youth is a poignant wistfulness. He seems as one who wanted something out of life he has not got It may be love, it may be personal freedom, it may be a reflection of the world's weariness. But it is there for those who can read to see. Being—and he is without a doubt—the most popular young man alive is evidently not the answer to his heart's desire. After all, it is that perhaps which is a part of his big appeal.

TWENTY years ago, in the funeral procession of Queen Victoria, seven kings rode down the Mall in London. The figure which stood out among them was a frowning warrior on a white horse, supreme, arrogant, forbidding; an emperor who willed to conquer the empires of the world by a cruel autocracy.

Farther back, in a carriage with his mother, was a little boy, simple, gentle, and unaware of himself. That little boy grew up to be Edward, Prince of Wales, the lad who has so easily won the hearts of the world through the spirit of a great friendliness.

The Average Woman and Social Success

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

to leave all the preparations in her hands. "I felt awfully mean to leave her in the lurch like that," he said to a friend of his after his return, "but you don't need to tell me that the dance was a success. Anne said she'd see to everything. And Anne's word is just as good as the Bank of England."

And Anne, by the way, has since become one of the most famous hostesses of her State.

The second quality which seems to me to be absolutely essential to the woman who hopes to be a social success is that of charity, which of course includes kindliness and broadmindedness and quick sympathy. The woman who thinks and speaks slightingly or slanderously of the people she knows, who feels that every one who does not share her religious beliefs is wicked, and every one who does not conform to her hygienic standards is dirty, and every one

CONTINUED ON PAGE 98

Copyright 1923 A. S. Hinds Co.

A perfect base for face powder. Apply a little cream. When nearly dry dust on the powder.

Protecting The Beautiful Complexion

HINDS Honey and Almond Cream is a soothing, refining cream that by daily use prevents any tendency to roughness or irritation. An invigorating cream that tones and freshens and protects the complexion from injury by dusty winds or chilly atmosphere.

A cream that softens the skin to a velvety texture. This cream is so simple to apply, so sure in its improving results that it readily becomes the favored complexion cream of all who try it.

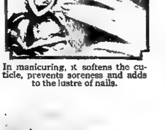
Its economy is due to the small amount required—only enough to moisten the skin. Let the use of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream become a part of your daily program.

Hinds Cre-mis Face Powder, surpassing in quality and refinement; distinctive in fragrance and effect. White, flesh, pink, brunette. Boxes 60c, 15c. Samples 2c.

All dealers sell Hinds Honey and Almond Cream, 50c, $1.00. We will mail a sample for 2c, trial bottle 6c, traveler size 10c. Try-out Box of 5 samples, assorted, 10c. Booklet Free.

Hinds Cream cleanses the pores, heals sore, eruptive conditions, and refreshes sallow, withered, complexion.

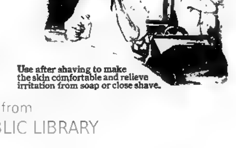
To keep the hands smooth and attractive all day. To relieve catchy fingers, apply while at work.



In manicuring, it softens the cuticle, prevents soreness and adds to the lustre of nails.

Write
A. S. HINDS CO.
Dept. 42,
Portland, Maine
U. S. A.

Alkaline dust in Western States dries and irritates the skin. Use Hinds Cream.



Use after shaving to make the skin comfortable and relieve irritation from soap or close shave.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

How I Managed When Left a Widow

At first it was pretty hard—now I keep my pocketbook comfortably filled

By Mrs. Bessie English

WHEN my husband died, two years ago, it seemed the end of the world to me.

There I was with two small children—one only six weeks old—and no income.

My husband's long sickness had taken every dollar of our savings. Baby's coming had brought another expense. The insurance was barely enough to meet all the bills. I was left almost destitute.

I was totally unprepared for the responsibility of being the family breadwinner. The only thing I knew how to do was housework. The outlook was anything but cheerful.

I Wouldn't Hear of It.

Mrs. Bessie English
97 Pitman Street
Pennsgrove, N. J.

Everybody was very kind. There were many offers of help. But I had too much pride to be willing to accept charity, even from relatives. My folks urged me at least to let them take the children, so I would have only myself to provide for, instead of three. But I wouldn't hear of it. My babies were all I had in the world, and I was determined that nothing should take them from me.

But how was I to manage? I couldn't sleep thinking about it. Both children, and especially the baby, were at the age where they needed a mother's constant care. I couldn't leave them alone to go out working. Yet I faced the necessity of somehow earning enough to provide food and clothing and a home.

I live in a small town. At best there aren't many ways here for a woman to earn a living. And I had to find something that wouldn't take me away from the children. That didn't leave much choice. I would have to take in washing or starve.

I was none too strong. It was a hard grind. At times both my back and my courage were ready to break. But always the thought of my two children kept me going.

It was terribly discouraging. The children, of course, required quite a bit of my time. No matter how long or how hard I slaved over the wash tubs, what I earned was barely enough to keep body and soul together. Even with sewing added, the amount I earned was still pitifully small.

Worst of all, the hard work was gradually wearing me down. I lost twenty pounds. I began to fear I couldn't hold out much longer. The strain and worry of it had me almost in despair.

Just What I Had Been Hoping For

One Sunday I was so tired and discouraged that I was about ready to give up. Trying to get my mind off my struggle, I picked up a paper which a neighbor had brought over. As good luck would have it, the first thing that caught my eyes was a way to earn money at home. Exactly what I had long been hoping for but never expecting to find—good pay for work I could do entirely at my own convenience, without stepping out of the house, without any tax on my strength, without set hours, without having to leave or neglect the children.

I read it from beginning to end. It told how a Mrs. Himberg in Brooklyn, New York, had averaged about $12 a week for nearly two years—in her spare time. How hundreds of other home workers each earned all the way from $5 to $25 or more every week—the amount depending on how much time is given to the work.

I made up my mind I could do as well as anyone else. The work looked easy and interesting—knitting socks for the Home Profit Hosiery Company. I didn't know a thing about knitting, but it said no experience was necessary. I immediately wrote for full information about the plan.

The mere thought that perhaps my drudgery at the wash tubs would soon be over put me in better spirits than I had been for weeks. The more I found out about the plan and the money others were earning, the more convinced I became that here was my chance. So I sent in my application. In due time I received my Knitter, a supply of free yarn, and a book of simple and clear instructions that made everything plain and easy. Honestly, I fell in love with my Knitter as soon as I saw it—it looked so clever and capable. After a little practice, I could knit socks fine enough for any millionaire. It is no trick at all on this skillful little Home Profit Knitter. And I can sit down at my machine and earn a good day's pay while watching the children.

My First Check

My first check from the Home Profit Hosiery Company made me happier than any other money I had ever received for it meant that at last I had found a way to be self-supporting without making a slave and drudge of myself.

Since then practically every dollar I have had has been earned on my Home Profit Knitter—I call it the family Bread Winner. And I have done this without tiring myself or neglecting the children or housework. Compared with washing or sewing, the work is actually restful. I have regained all the weight and strength I had lost—and have regained my old cheerfulness and self-respect. I am able to give my children all the necessaries and some of the comforts of life. I am gradually putting a little money aside. Above all I can face the future with full confidence that I will always know where the money for the things we need is coming from because the Home Profit Hosiery Company has signed a life contract with me to take all the socks I can knit. It was a lucky day for me when I read about the Home Profit Home Work plan.

Mrs Bessie English,
97 Pitman Street,
Pennsgrove, N. J.

It Is Helping Fill Hundreds of Pocketbooks

The Home Profit plan is putting easily earned extra money into the pockets of people all over America—helping them pay for homes, helping them put money in the bank, helping them pay debts, helping them buy furniture and automobiles, helping them dress better and live better, helping them in all the ways that money can be used for.

Some earn $5, $10 or $15 extra every week; a few as much as $25 or $30 or more—in the privacy of their own homes, and without any interference with their other duties.

How much one can earn in this way all depends on how much spare time can be given to the work. You are always your own boss—can start and stop knitting whenever you like—any time of the day or evening. You can knit as many or as few socks each day or each week as you choose. Whether few or many, the Home Profit Hosiery Company guarantees to take every pair of socks you can knit for them, in accordance with their simple specifications, and to give you good pay for the socks you send them. They also supply free yarn for all the socks you send them. (But if you prefer, you can buy your yarn from the company at wholesale price and sell the finished hose at your own price to local stores, neighbors, etc. You can also knit sweaters and many other articles on the Home Profit Knitter, either for your own use or to sell.)

There is an enormous demand for the fine quality of wool hose so easily knitted on the skillful little Home Profit Knitter, and the Home Profit Hosiery Company is ready to make guaranteed arrangements with spare time home workers anywhere. It doesn't matter where you live. You don't need to know anything whatever about knitting at the start—the simple and clear instruction book quickly shows you how. All you need is a Home Profit Knitter, a little spare time, and the willingness to use it. No matter what you need money for, it will pay you to send for free information about the Home Profit guaranteed plan. Simply tear out and mail the coupon—now, while it is in your mind. That takes only a minute, but it can easily make a difference of hundreds of dollars a year to you.

HOME PROFIT HOSIERY CO. Inc.
Dept. 222, 872 Hudson Avenue
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

HOME PROFIT HOSIERY CO., Inc.
Dept. 222, 872 Hudson Avenue
Rochester, N. Y.

Send me full information about making money at home in my spare time with the Home Profit Knitter I am enclosing 2 cents postage to cover cost of mailing, and I understand that I am not obligated in any way

Name ....

Street ....

City .... State ....

(Write Name and Address Plainly)

The Average Woman and Social Success

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 97

who has been differently educated from herself is ignorant, is likely to have a surprizingly small number of friends. The narrow-mindedness and bigotry which cause a woman to entertain such views are by no means confined to small villages, as some people seem to think, tho I think they are more common, perhaps, among women who have lived a restricted existence, wherever that may be.

The most narrow-minded woman I have ever known, who rarely speaks of any one except to condemn him, lives in a large city; while another social tragedy is that of a woman who has had, as we commonly say, "everything"—wealth, position, beauty, talents—and who is facing a lonely old age because she has found it so easy to believe evil, especially sexual evil, of every one she knew, so impossible to refrain from repeating scandal which usually had little or no foundation in truth.

THE third essential quality is, I think, simplicity. Every one hates a woman who "puts on airs," who is a "snob," who "tries to push"—oh, how many doors are shut and locked forever because some one tried to push them open—and it is, moreover, a crime—I use the word advisedly—of which the really great are never guilty, at least those whom I have known, a form of that dishonesty which I condemned before employed by the person less sure of her position and less secure as to her bank-account than she would have us believe.

People who are very rich—unless their money is a very recent acquisition take it too much as a matter of course to brag about it. People whose families have been prominent for centuries assume that you know it, or are entirely unconcerned as to whether you do or not. And, in like measure, the woman who thinks it is "smart" to be rather "fast," who fears that she may be considered old-fashioned or prudish if she is not, is making a very grave mistake. It is not "smart." It is cheap and vulgar and silly. I happen to know of one great international alliance which was prevented by the ducal suitor's family, not—as was popularly supposed—because the girl was an American—American girls have been made extremely welcome in the circles in which he moves—but because, in the quaint and unidiomatic fashion in which they expressed it—"she was not a serious person." It was, in their estimation, absolutely essential that the future mother of future dukes should be "a serious person."

Customs vary in different places, of course, and it is about equally unwise to either flout such customs because they are more rigid than those to which we have been accustomed, or condemn them because they seem more lax. And, aside from this, a woman's own instinct is usually a pretty safe guide. The minute she begins to question whether she is doing right or not, she is fairly safe in assuming that she is not. But if she can not trust her own instinct, she should not be too proud to ask the advice of some one older and wiser than herself.

Personally, I have always liked extremely the brief and simple formula which a great diplomat gave to his bride—a beautiful woman much younger than himself—when he first took her to live at the great capital of which she later became one of the chief ornaments: "Avoid talking about yourself; never let any one touch you; and remember that this world becomes a very different place after ten o'clock at night."

Simplicity does not, however, or should not, make a woman shy or diffident, or rob her of her self-confidence. It is quite true that in order to bring home the wealth of the Indies we must carry the wealth of the Indies with us, but that wealth consists of many different treasures. There is not a woman living who has not something she can do for her neighbor, give to her neighbor, if she only will, and the fact that it is not the same thing that her neighbor can give her or do for her only makes it more valuable.

I heard a young writer who has since become very successful but who was then slenderly blessed with the goods of this world say once that she hesitated to accept the hospitality of a certain very wealthy and charming hostess because she could not return it. "Do you think," another friend who was present at the time asked swiftly, "that she ought to hesitate to ask you to her house because it would not be in her power to give you an autographed novel?" The question gave me considerable food for thought, which I have since digested with considerable benefit.

Let us take our wealth, whatever it is—riches, beauty, power, intellect, or something apparently much humbler and less desirable than any of these—and offer it freely to every one with whom we come in contact, with neither apology nor arrogance, but with thanksgiving that we have it to offer and with the certainty that the offer will be welcome—and we shall invariably find not only that it is accepted at its full value, but that other wealth pours in to us in exchange.

After the three essentials—the firm groundwork on which the rest of the structure of social success must be built if it is to endure—come, of course, many other materials with which it is well to build. Tact, which, after all, might be

CONTINUED ON PAGE 99

PYORRHOCIDE POWDER
keeps the gums healthy

Bleeding gums

A sign that pyorrhea threatens the root sockets

PYORRHEA works *under the gum line* where you cannot see it. From the gum tissue, the infection spreads to the root sockets which hold your teeth in place. Then the teeth loosen and fall out—or must be pulled—because their support is weakened.

Dental clinics since 1908 have proved the effectiveness of Pyorrhocide Powder as an aid in *correcting*, as well as in *preventing*, pyorrhea. It is medicated with Dentinol, a gum-tissue healing agent used by the dental profession in the treatment of pyorrhea at the dentist's chair.

Pyorrhocide Powder keeps the teeth white and clean. It has a tonic and healing effect upon the gums. It corrects bleeding gums—strengthens tender gums—hardens soft gums. It helps healthy gums to *keep* healthy.

Use this dentifrice daily—see your dentist regularly—and you can avoid pyorrhea. The economical dollar package contains six months' supply. At all druggists.

FREE SAMPLE
Write for free sample and booklet on causes, effects and prevention of pyorrhea.

The Dentinol & Pyorrhocide Co., Inc.
Sole Distributors
Dept. M 1480 Broadway, New York City

To Get Rid of Skin Pore Impurities

Get two ounces of calonite powder from any druggist, sprinkle a little on a hot, wet cloth, rub over the blackheads briskly for a few minutes, then wash off the face. Not a blackhead left, big or little. Squeezing is a bad, dangerous habit, makes hard lumps in the skin. Calonite powder dissolves the blackheads and leaves the skin soft, smooth and perfectly clean in just a few minutes.

If druggist cannot supply you, send $1.00 to
RESEARCH LABORATORIES
659 Thompson Building Chicago, Illinois

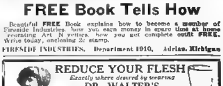
New Way to Make Money at Home

Do you need money? National organization, Fireside Industries has a few openings for new members. Wonderful, easy way to earn $6 $10 or more every day right in your own home. Fascinating, pleasant work. No experience needed. We teach you everything.

FREE Book Tells How

Beautiful FREE Book explains how to become a member of Fireside Industries, how you earn money in spare time at home decorating Art Novelties, how you get complete outfit FREE. Write today, enclosing 2c stamp.

FIRESIDE INDUSTRIES, Department 1910, Adrian, Michigan



REDUCE YOUR FLESH
Exactly where desired by wearing
DR. WALTER'S
Famous Medicated Reducing
RUBBER GARMENTS
Cover the entire body or any part.
Bust Reducer $6, Chin Reducer $2.50
Anklets for Reducing and Shaping the Ankles $7 per pair. Extra High $9
Send for illustrated Booklet
Dr. Jeanne Q. Walter 389 Fifth Ave., New York

GO INTO BUSINESS for Yourself
Establish and operate a "New System Specialty Candy Factory" in your community. We furnish everything. Money-making opportunity unlimited. Either men or women. Big Candy Booklet Free. Write for it today. Don't put it off!
W. HILLYER RAGSDALE. Drawer 50, EAST ORANGE, N. J.

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

"We are advertised by our loving friends"

Bruce B. Fish, Whitewater, Wis.

Estella L. Kurtz, Glendale, Cal.

Mellin's Food

When you think of Mellin's Food, picture in your mind healthy babies, as the two naturally go together. Mellin's Food and milk is just the diet a baby needs to thrive and develop, as Nature intended.

Send for a copy of our book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants", also a Free Trial Bottle of Mellin's Food.

Mellin's Food Company
177 State St., Boston, Mass.

Every Boy
Has an Ingersoll
Coming to Him

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, famous author says, "I hope the time will come when every boy and girl in our country will have some friend wise enough to give him or her an Ingersoll Radiolite."

Radiolites $3 to $6
Other Ingersolls $2 to $10

Ingersoll
Reliable Watches at Low Prices

7 Diamond Solitaire Cluster

$2 DOWN

Seven perfectly cut and matched blue white diamonds expertly set in hexagon shaped platinum mounting. Focus for a large angle solitaire. Beautifully engraved gent's gold shank. Only $27.50.

10 Months to Pay
$2 brings this ring to you. If satisfied, keep it and pay balance on easy $5.00 a month. If not satisfied return it and you get your money back.

FREE Our handsome Diamond & Gift Book sent on request. Hundreds of sensational bargains illustrated. It costs nothing. Write for copy 913-R.

THE HOUSE OF QUALITY
CAPITAL $1,000,000
L. W. SWEET INC.
1650-1660 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

The Average Woman and Social Success

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98

included with kindliness, since it is part and parcel with it, is useful all the way from attic to cellar. A sense of humor makes a very dependable first story. Adaptability—since true social success does not consist in the ability to shine in any one sphere, however exalted, but in the ability to be equally happy—and equally welcome—in a little green-shuttered cottage tucked away under the hills, or a brownstone mansion, or a royal court—will serve for the wide-opening doorways on every floor.

But the stairwise, without a doubt, must be built of intelligence—the intelligence which causes a woman to find a use for everything she has ever learned, from Greek verbs to washing paint, and, having found it, not to lose it, but to add to it, whenever and however she can. The intelligence which makes her dress so well, whether her purse be fat or lean, that "no one will ever know what she has on, because they will always say, 'What a charming woman!' and not 'What pretty clothes!'" (It was a President's wife, one of the loveliest we have ever had, who said that, and I think I have never heard the statement so well put.) The intelligence which is "given to hospitality," and which graces and dignifies it, whether that hospitality is a "stalled ox" or merely a "dinner of herbs." The intelligence which is not unmindful of its own shortcomings, or jealous of that greater than itself. The intelligence which, above all things, is mixed with a mortar of true friendliness of spirit and love of all human beings, will inevitably carry the average woman who possesses it straight to the top of that staircase of social success which she wishes to ascend.

The Rover

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

the glare, that he opened his lips to ask: "And what do you propose to do with this tartan, Citoyen?"

Peyrol simply answered that the tartan was fit to go anywhere now, the very moment she took the water.

"You could go as far as Genoa and Naples and even further," suggested the cripple.

"Much further," said Peyrol.

"And you have been fitting her out like this for a voyage?"

"Certainly," said Peyrol, using his brush steadily.

"Somehow I fancy it will not be a long one."

Peyrol never checked the to-and-fro movement of his brush, but it was with an effort. The fact was that he had discovered in himself a distinct reluctance to go away from the Escampobar Farm. His desire to have something of his own that could float was no longer associated with any desire to wander. The cripple was right. The voyage of the renovated tartan would not take her very far. What was surprizing was the fellow being so very positive about it. He seemed able to read people's thoughts.

The dragging of the renovated tartan into the water was a great affair. Everybody in the hamlet, including the women, had a full day's work, and there was never so much coin passed from hand to hand in the hamlet in all the days of its obscure history. Swinging between his crutches on a low sand-ridge, the cripple surveyed the whole of the beach. It was he that had persuaded the villagers to lend a hand and had arranged the terms for their assistance. It was he also who through a very miserable-looking pedler (the only one who frequented the peninsula) had got in touch with some rich persons in Fréjus who had changed for Peyrol a few of his gold pieces for current money.

He had expedited the course of the most exciting and interesting experience of his life, and now planted on the sand on his two sticks in the manner of a beacon he watched the last operation. The rover, as if about to launch himself upon a track of a thousand miles, walked up to shake hands with him and see once more the soft eyes and the ironic smile.

"There is no denying it—you are a man."

"Don't talk like this to me, Citoyen," said the cripple in a trembling voice. Till then, suspended between his two sticks and with his shoulders as high as his ears, he had not looked toward the approaching Peyrol. "This is too much of a compliment!"

"I tell you," insisted the rover roughly, and as if the insignificance of mortal envelops had presented itself to him for the first time at the end of his roving life. "I tell you that there is that in you which would make a chum one would like to have alongside one in a tight place."

As he went away from the cripple toward the tartan, while the whole population of the hamlet disposed around her waited for his word, some on land and some waist-deep in the water holding ropes in their hands, Peyrol had a slight shudder at the thought: "Suppose I had been born like that." Ever since he had put his foot on his native land such thoughts had haunted him. They would have been im-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 100

Trial Package FREE
USE THE COUPON

One hair dress lasts all day
this new way

A hairpin that stays put, no matter what you do

Yet easy to put in and remove

It's all in the two-way crinkle of this new hairpin, that's up and down on one side and in and out on the other.

If one side starts to slip, the other will hold it, and vice-versa. Result—a hairpin you simply can't lose, a hairpin which holds your hair firm and secure from morning until night. Ride, drive, motor, be out in the strongest wind. And yet retain the hair neatness of a moment after dressing. A single hair dress lasts the day!

Won't catch or snarl

While Scolding Locks Hairpins stay in until you yourself take them out, they never catch or snarl your hair, get tangled up or tear your hair net. They are double-enameled, no chipping or turning brassy. The points are smooth and rounded.

Made in all sizes, from the little invisibles, up; in separate packages or assorted as you desire. Your choice of black or bronze.

Accept free trial package

We want to present every woman in the United States with a gift package of Scolding Locks Hairpins. It's a selfish wish, because we know that once you use them, you will never again be satisfied with any other kind. Your name and address on the coupon mailed to us brings this free trial package. Better fill it out and send it on today.

It's all in the 2-way crinkle

Scolding Locks
HAIRPINS

MAIL FOR FREE PACKAGE
SCOLDING LOCKS HAIRPIN CO.
APPLETON, WISCONSIN
Please send me the free trial package of Scolding Locks Hairpins.

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

No. 306
Made-up Dress
2 to 3 yr. Size
Peach Color
Fine quality
Voile
$1.50 in U.S.A.

No. 355
5-Piece Set
one Center
four Doilies
White Clover
Bleach
$1.25 in U.S.A.

ROYAL SOCIETY

EMBROIDERY PACKAGE OUTFITS

The articles above will give you an idea of the exceptional values and really beautiful articles you can buy in ROYAL SOCIETY EMBROIDERY PACKAGE OUTFITS. The quality of materials is always of high standard. The wearing apparel, such as children's dresses, ladies' undergarments, etc., are made with extreme care. The stamped designs are dainty and artistic and every package is complete with the article to be embroidered, sufficient floss to finish the design, and instructions.

Even if you do not know how to embroider, you will have no difficulty in following the chart of stitches which makes everything so simple.

Decorative articles for the house, gift items, household linens, lingerie, baby clothes and novelties are procurable in Royal Society Packages.

ILLUSTRATED CIRCULARS MAILED ON REQUEST

The New Art Felt Scarf Crocheted with Royal Society Sweater Twist

A new and beautiful rust color Felt Scarf No. 6103 sold by ROYAL SOCIETY dealers. It is of soft woolen Art Felt crocheted with lustrous Sweater Twist and complete crochet directions are attached to each stamped piece. It makes a handsome table runner and is also made in a pillow to match. Full description of this and other attractive designs, including Luncheon and Buffet Sets, Tea Squares, Centerpieces, Scarfs, Pillows, Sweaters, Undergarments, Lamp Shades, Edges, etc., are given in

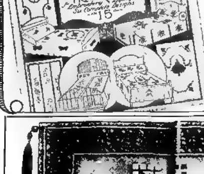
The New Royal Society Crochet Book No. 23
Price 10 cents in U. S. A.—Send for Copy

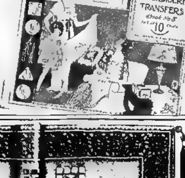
ROYAL SOCIETY Products are sold by dealers everywhere

19 Union Sq.W. H. E. VERRAN CO., Inc., New York

TWO NEW HOT IRON TRANSFER BOOKS YOU SHOULD HAVE

Book No. 3 contains 10 pages of designs for children's apparel, lingerie, household linens, handkerchiefs, alphabets, etc.—Price 10c.—Book No. 4 contains six full size bedspread designs with complete directions—wonderful value for 15c.





The Rover

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 99

possible anywhere else. He could not have been like any blackamoor, good, bad, or indifferent, hale or crippled, king or slave; but here, on this southern shore that had called to him irresistibly as he had approached the Straits of Gibraltar on what he had felt to be his last voyage, any woman, lean and old enough, might have been his mother; he might have been any Frenchman of them all, even one of those he pitied, even one of those he despised.

He felt the grip of his old origins from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet while he clambered on board the tartan as if for a long and distant voyage. As a matter of fact he knew very well that with a bit of luck it would be over in about an hour. When the tartan took the water the feeling of being afloat plucked at his very heart.

SOME Madrague fishermen had been persuaded by the cripple to help old Peyrol to sail the tartan round to the cove below the Escampobar Farm. A glorious sun shone upon that short passage and the cove itself was full of sparkling light when they arrived. The few Escampobar goats wandering on the hillside pretending to feed where no grass was visible to the naked eye never even raised their heads. A gentle breeze drove the tartan, as fresh as paint could make her, opposite a narrow crack in the cliff which gave admittance to a tiny basin, no bigger than a village pond, concealed at the foot of the southern hill. It was there that old Peyrol, aided by the Madrague men who had their boat with them, towed his ship, the first really that he ever owned.

Once in, the tartan nearly filled the little basin, and the fishermen, getting into their boat, rowed away for home. Peyrol, by spending the afternoon in dragging ropes ashore and fastening them to various boulders and dwarf trees, moored her to his complete satisfaction. She was as safe from the tempests there as a house ashore.

After he had made everything fast on board and had furled the sails neatly, a matter of some time for one man, Peyrol contemplated his arrangements, which savored of rest much more than of wandering, and found them good. Tho he never meant to abandon his room at the farmhouse he felt that his true home was in the tartan, and he rejoiced at the idea that it was concealed from all eyes except perhaps the eyes of the goats when their arduous feeding took them on the southern slope. He lingered on board; he even threw open the sliding door of the little cabin, which now smelled of fresh paint, not of stale blood. Before he started for the farm the sun had traveled far beyond Spain and all the sky to the west was yellow, while on the side of Italy it presented a somber canopy pierced here and there with the light of stars. Catherine put a plate on the table, but nobody asked him any questions.

He spent a lot of his time on board, going down early, coming up at midday *pour manger la soupe*, and sleeping on board almost every night. He did not like to leave the tartan alone for so many hours. Often, having climbed a little way up to the house, he would turn round for a last look at her in the gathering dusk, and actually would go back again. After Michel had been enlisted for a crew and had taken his abode on board for good, Peyrol found it a much easier matter to spend his nights in the lantern-like room at the top of the farmhouse.

Often waking up at night, he would get up to look at the starry sky out of all his three windows in succession, and think: "Now there is nothing in the world to prevent me getting out to sea in less than an hour." As a matter of fact it was possible for two men to manage the tartan. Thus Peyrol's thought was comfortingly true in every way, for he loved to feel himself free, and Michel of the lagoon, after the death of his depressed dog, had no tie on earth. It was a fine thought which somehow made it quite easy for Peyrol to go back to his four-poster and resume his slumbers.

PERCHED sideways on the circular wall bordering the well, in the full blaze of the midday sun, the rover of the distant seas and the fisherman of the lagoon, sharing between them a most surprizing secret, had the air of two men conferring in the dark. The first word that Peyrol said was, "Well?"

"All quiet," said the other.

"Have you fastened the door properly?"

"You know what the fastenings are like."

Peyrol could not deny that. It was a sufficient answer. It shifted the responsibility onto his shoulders, and all his life he had been accustomed to trust to the work of his own hands, in peace and in war. Yet he looked doubtfully at Michel before he remarked:

"Yes, but I know the man too."

There could be no greater contrast than those two faces: Peyrol's clean, like a carving of stone, and only very little softened by time, and that of the owner of the late dog, hirsute, with many silver threads, with something elusive in the features and the vagueness of expression of a baby in arms. "Yes, I know the man," repeated Peyrol. Michel's mouth fell open at this, a small oval set a little crookedly in the innocent face.

"He will never wake," he suggested timidly.

The possession of a common and momentous secret drawing men together, Peyrol condescended to explain.

"You don't know the thickness of that skull. I do."

He spoke as tho he had made it himself. Michel, who in the face of that positive statement had forgotten to shut his mouth, had nothing to say.

"He breathes all right?" asked Peyrol.

"Yes. After I got out and locked the door I listened for a bit and I thought I heard him snore."

Peyrol looked interested and also slightly anxious.

"I had to come up and show myself this morning as if nothing had happened," he said. "That officer has been here for two days and he might have taken it into his head to go down to the tartan. I have been on the stretch all the morning. A goat jumping up was enough to give me a turn. Fancy him running up here with his broken head all bandaged up, with you after him."

This seemed to be too much for Michel. He said almost indignantly:

"The man's half killed."

"It takes a lot to even half kill a Brother of the Coast. There are men and men. You, for instance," Peyrol continued placidly, "you would have been altogether killed if it had been your head that got in the way. And there are animals, beasts twice your size, regular monsters, that may be killed with nothing more than just a tap on the nose. That's well known. I was really afraid he would overcome you in some way or other."

"Come, Maître! One isn't a little child," protested Michel against this accumulation of improbabilities. He did it, however, only in a whisper and with childlike shyness. Peyrol crossed his arms on his breast.

"Go, finish your soup," he commanded in a low voice, "and then go down to the tartan. You locked the cabin door properly, you said?"

"Yes, I have," protested Michel, staggered by this display of anxiety. "He could sooner burst the deck above his head, as you know."

"All the same, take a small spar and shore up that door against the heel of the mast. And then watch outside. Don't you go in to him on any account. Stay on deck and keep a lookout for me. There is a tangle here that won't be easily cleared and I must be very careful. I will try to slip away and get down as soon as I get rid of that officer."

THE conference in the sunshine being ended, Peyrol walked leisurely out of the yard gate and, protruding his head beyond the corner of the house, saw Lieutenant Réal sitting on the bench. This he had expected to see. But he had not expected to see him there alone. It was just like this: Wherever Arlette happened to be, there were worrying possibilities. But she might have been helping her aunt in the kitchen with her sleeves rolled up on such white arms as Peyrol had never seen on any woman before.

The way she had taken to dressing her hair in a plait with a broad black-velvet ribbon and an Arlesian cap was very becoming. She was wearing now her mother's dresses, of which there were chestfuls, altered for her of course. The late mistress of the Escampobar Farm had been an Arlesienne. Well-to-do, too. Yes, even for women's clothes the Escampobar natives could do without intercourse with the outer world.

It was quite time that this confounded lieutenant went back to Toulon. This was the third day. His short leave must be up. Peyrol's attitude toward naval officers had been always guarded and suspicious. His relations with them had been very mixed. They had been his enemies and his superiors. He had been chased by them. He had been trusted by them. The Revolution had made a clean cut across the consistency of his wild life—Brother of the Coast and gunner in the national navy—and yet he was always the same man. It was like that, too, with them. Officers of the King, officers of the republic, it was only changing the skin. All alike looked askance at a free rover.

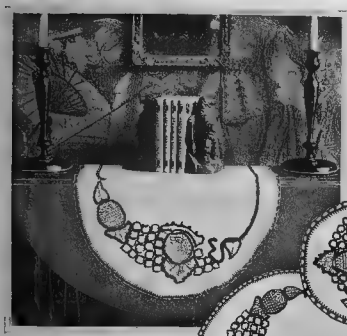
Even this one could not forget his epaulets when talking to him. The scorn and mistrust of the epaulets were rooted deeply in old Peyrol. Yet he did not absolutely hate Lieutenant Réal. Only the fellow's coming to the farm was generally a curse and his presence at that particular moment a confounded nuisance and to a certain extent even a danger. "I have no mind to be hauled to Toulon by the scruff of my neck," Peyrol said to himself. There was no trusting those epaulet-wearers. Any one of them was capable of jumping on his best friend on account of some officer-like notion or other.

Peyrol, stepping round the corner, sat down by the side of Lieutenant Réal with the feeling somehow of coming to grips with a slippery customer. The lieutenant, as he sat there, unaware of Peyrol's survey of his person, gave no notion of slipperiness.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 102

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Designs That Suggest All Kinds of Alluring and Artistic Household Decorations to the Clever Needlewoman



No. 12788

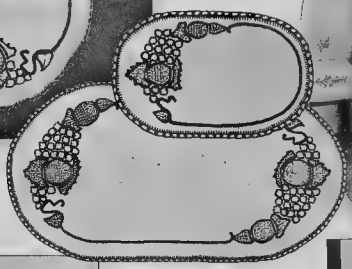
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12788, blue only, 40 cents—2/-, supplies a luncheon cloth design, 18½ by 35 inches, and 6 doilies 10½ by 16½ inches, to be appliquéd. Shown on library table scarf.

THE Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12815, blue or yellow, 35 cents—1/6, furnishes 4 sprays, 6 small wreaths, and 2 large wreaths for use on curtains, scarfs or pillows, matching design No. 12814.

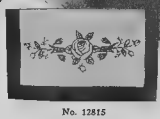
No. 12815

No. 12814 On Bedspread

No. 12815 Pillow, Curtain and Table Runner



No. 12788

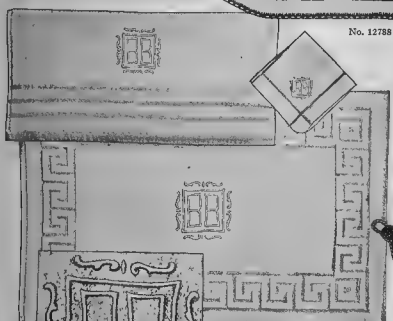


No. 12815

Detail of No. 12814

Detail of No. 12814

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12814, blue or yellow, 35 cents—1/6, supplies design for bedspread and bolster, also extra cutting guides for appliqué. This unusually attractive design may be cut from gaily colored chambray and when appliquéd to unbleached muslin will make a very effective cover. If the spread is to be used on a four-poster bed the corners should be cut out to fit, and the edges bound.



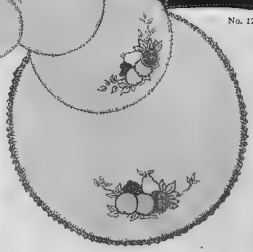
Monogram No. 687—On Bath Set

Detail of Monogram No. 687

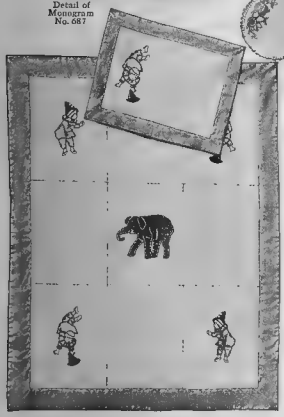
No. 12697

No. 12708

No. 12517



Nos. 12515 and 12516



No. 12712

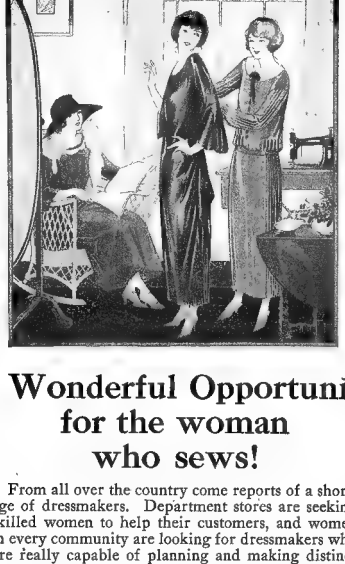
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No 12712, blue or yellow, 25 cents—1/3, contains three motifs for appliqué embroidery with reverses of two. The motifs were originally designed for a crib set, but they may be used on pockets, rompers, or other nursery articles.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No 12713, blue only, 25 cents—1/3, furnishes design as illustrated for appliqué for a child's spread and pillow. The entire design measures 21 inches square. The figure or the butterflies may be used separately for other nursery articles.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 120

No. 12713

Google



A Wonderful Opportunity for the woman who sews!

From all over the country come reports of a shortage of dressmakers. Department stores are seeking skilled women to help their customers, and women in every community are looking for dressmakers who are really capable of planning and making distinctively becoming clothes and are perfectly willing to pay them good prices.

This means a wonderful opportunity for you, for if you sew fairly well now—if you are making many of your own and your children's clothes, you can learn right at home, through the Woman's Institute *New* Course in Dressmaking and Designing, to make the smart, becoming dresses you will want for yourself this season, and earn a splendid income planning and making clothes for others.

You Can Earn $20 to $40 A Week

THOUSANDS of women who have been sewing for years have quickly learned by the Institute's fascinating new plan to make the smart, distinctive clothes they have always wanted. And thousands of dressmakers have acquired such professional skill that they have been able to get two or three times their former prices.

Through this new, easy method *you* can now learn how to actually design and make charming, stylish clothes of every type for yourself or others—how to really develop individuality in costume—how to copy and adapt styles you see in the shop windows, on the street or in the fashion magazines—how to add those expert little touches that mark the difference between ordinary clothes and those that are distinctively becoming—how to get customers—everything you need to be successful in a business of your own.

And the instruction is individual. The lessons are specially arranged for you. Friendly, understanding, skilled instructors help you with your particular problems. You start at once, learning the things you want to know and making the garments you want to make.

Do not miss this opportunity to acquire quickly, at home, the skill of the professional modiste. Prepare to make all the pretty clothes you want or to have a splendid income designing and making smart, becoming clothes in the newest styles for others.

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE
of Domestic Arts & Sciences
Dept. 2-X
Scranton, Penna.

Earns $23 a week

"I had always been able to sew a little, but I lacked confidence and I didn't have the correct ideas of style and finish that every woman must have if she is to succeed as a dressmaker. With the help of the Woman's Institute I quickly overcame these drawbacks and started to sew for others. In two months I was earning as much as $23 a week in my own home."
MRS. CHARLOTTE A. GILL.

Everyone praises her work!

"I am still very busy and having splendid success. Only this afternoon I delivered three perfect-fitting dresses. Everyone praises my work highly. I tell myself often if I can do so well with about one-third of the course, how much better I can do when I have studied all of it. My success is far exceeding my most roseate dreams and I give the credit to the Institute, every bit of it."
MISS RUTH HELM.

A shop in her own home!

"I have been doing dressmaking all the time for over a year. I have had a shop in my own home with one helper, and part of the time two helpers. For the last three months I have had my first class in sewing. The Woman's Institute is surely a boon to women situated as I am, for I have a home and a small daughter to care for besides the work in sewing which I am doing."
MRS. H. A. MCDONALD.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET
"Making Beautiful Clothes"

It tells all about the Woman's Institute, describes the courses in detail, and gives the experiences of successful students. 48 pages. An interesting, fascinating booklet that you will want to read from cover to cover. Free on request. Mail the coupon or a letter or postal to-day.

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE
Dept. 2-X
Scranton, Penna.

Please send me, without cost or obligation, the booklet "Making Beautiful Clothes." I am most interested in learning—
☐ How to Plan and Make My Own Clothes
☐ How to Earn Money as a Dressmaker
☐ How to Design and Make My Own Hats
☐ How to Earn Money as a Milliner

Name ...
(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)
Address ...

The Rover

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100

On the contrary, he looked rather immovably established. Very much at home. Too much at home. Even after Peyrol sat down by his side he continued to look immovable—or at least difficult to get rid of. In the still noonday heat the faint shrilling of the cicadas was the only sound of life heard for quite a long time. Delicate, evanescent, cheerful, careless sort of life, yet not without passion. A sudden gloom seemed to be cast over the joy of the cicadas by the lieutenant's voice, tho the words were the most perfunctory possible.

"*Tiens! You said.*"

IN THE stress of the situation Peyrol at once asked himself: "Now, why does he say that? Where did he expect me to be?" The lieutenant need not have spoken at all. He had known him now for about two years off and on, and it had happened many times that they had sat side by side on this bench in a sort of "at arm's length" equality without exchanging a single word. And why could he not have kept quiet now? That usual officer never spoke without an object, but what could one make of words like that? Peyrol achieved an insincere yawn and suggested mildly:

"A bit of siesta wouldn't be amiss. What do you think, Lieutenant?"

And to himself he thought: "No fear; he won't go to his room." He would stay there and thereby keep him. Peyrol, from going down to the cove. He turned his eyes on that naval officer, and if extreme and concentrated desire and mere force of will could have had any effect Lieutenant Réal would certainly have been removed suddenly from that bench. But he didn't move. And Peyrol was astonished to see that man smile, but what astonished him still more was to hear him say:

"The trouble is that you have never been frank with me, Peyrol."

"Frank with you?" repeated the rover. "You want me to be frank with you? Well, I have wished you to the devil many times."

"That's better," said Lieutenant Réal. "But why? I never tried to do you any harm."

"Me harm," cried Peyrol, "to me?" But he faltered in his indignation as if frightened at it and ended in a very quiet tone: "You have been nothing in a lot of dirty papers to find something against a man who was not doing you any harm and who was a seaman before you were born."

"Quite a mistake. There was no nosing amongst papers. I came on them quite by accident. I won't deny I was *intrigué* finding a man of your sort living in this place. But don't be uneasy. Nobody would trouble his head about you. It's a long time since you have been forgotten. Have no fear."

"You! You talk to me of fear? No," cried the rover, "it's enough to turn a fellow into a sansculotte if it hadn't been for the sight of that specimen sneaking around here."

The lieutenant turned his head sharply, and for a moment the naval officer and the free sea-rover looked at each other gloomily. When Peyrol spoke again he had changed his mood.

"Why should I fear anybody? I owe nothing to anybody. I have given them up the prize-ship in order and everything else, except my luck; and for that I account to nobody," he added darkly.

"I don't know what you are driving at," the lieutenant said after a moment of thought. "All I know is that you seem to have given up your share of the prize-money. There is no record of you claiming it."

Peyrol did not like the sarcastic tone. "You have a nasty tongue," he said, "with your damned rule of talking as if you were made of different clay."

"No offense," said the lieutenant, grave but a little bored. "Everybody will drag out that against you. It has been paid years ago to the Invalides' fund. All this is buried long ago."

Peyrol was grumbling and swearing to himself with such concentration that the lieutenant stopped and waited till he had finished.

"And there is no record of desertion or anything like that," he continued then. "You stand there as *disparu*. I believe that after searching for you a little they came to the conclusion that you had come by your death somehow or other."

"Did they? Well, perhaps old Peyrol is dead. At any rate he has buried himself here." The rover suffered from great instability of feelings, for he passed in a flash from melancholy into fierceness. "And he was quiet enough till you came sniffing around this hole. More than once in my life I had occasion to wonder how soon the jackals would come to chase to dig up my carcass, but to have a naval officer come scratching round here was the last thing—" Again a shape came over him. "What can you want here?" he whispered, suddenly depressed.

The lieutenant fell into the humor of that discourse. "I don't want to disturb the dead," he said, turning full to the rover, who after his last words had fixed his eyes on the ground. "I want to talk to the gunner Peyrol."

Peyrol without raising his eyes from the ground growled: "He isn't there. He is *disparu*. Go and look at the papers again. Vanished. Nobody here."

"That," said Lieutenant Réal in a conversational tone, "that is a lie. He was talking to me this morning on the hillside as we were looking at the English ship. He knows all about her. He told me he spent nights making plans for her capture. He seemed to be a fellow with his heart in the right place. *Un homme de cœur*. You know him."

Peyrol raised his big head slowly and looked at the lieutenant.

"Humph!" he grunted. A heavy, noncommittal grunt. His old heart was stirred, but the tangle was such that he had to be on his guard with any man who wore epaulets. His profile preserved the immobility of a head struck on a medal while he listened to the lieutenant assuring him that this time he had come to the Escampobar on purpose to speak with the gunner Peyrol. That he had not done so before was because it was a very confidential matter. At this point the lieutenant stopped and Peyrol made no sign. Inwardly he was asking himself what the lieutenant was driving at. But the lieutenant seemed to have shifted his ground. His tone, too, was slightly different. More practical.

"You say you have made a study of that English ship's movements. Well, for instance, suppose a breeze springs up, as it very likely will toward the evening, could you tell me where she will be to-night? I mean, what her captain is likely to do?"

"No, I couldn't," said Peyrol.

"But you said you have been observing him minutely for weeks. There aren't so many alternatives, and, taking weather and everything into consideration, you can judge almost with certainty."

"No," said Peyrol again. "It so happens that I can't."

"Can't you? Then you are worse than any of the old admirals that you think so little of. Why can't you?"

"I will tell you why," said Peyrol after a pause and with a face more like a carving than ever. "It's because the fellow has never come so far this way before. Therefore I don't know what he has got in his mind, and in consequence I can't guess what he will do next. I may be able to tell you some other day, but not to-day. Next time when you come—to see the old gunner."

"No, it must be this time."

"Do you mean you are going to stay here to-night?"

"Did you think I was here on leave? I tell you I am on service. Don't you believe me?"

Peyrol let out a heavy sigh. "Yes, I believe you. And so they are thinking of catching her alive. And you are sent on service. Well, that doesn't make it any easier for me to see you here."

"You are a strange man, Peyrol," said the lieutenant. "I believe you wish me dead."

"No. Only out of this. But you are right; Peyrol is no friend either to your face or to your voice. They have done harm enough already."

THEY had never attained to such intimate terms before. There was no need for them to look at each other. The lieutenant thought: "Ah! He can't keep his jealousy in." There was no scorn or malice in that thought. It was much more like despair. He said mildly:

"You snarl like an old dog, Peyrol."

"I have felt sometimes as if I could fly at your throat," said Peyrol in a sort of whisper. "And it amuses you the more."

"Look at me. Do I look light-hearted?"

Again Peyrol turned his head slowly for a long, steady look. And again the naval officer said the rover gazed at each other with a searching and somber frankness. The new-born intimacy could go no further.

"Listen to me, Peyrol."

"No," said the other. "If you want to talk, talk to the gunner."

The lieutenant to have adopted the notion of double personality the rover did not seem to be much easier in one character than in the other. Furrows of perplexity appeared on his brow, and as the lieutenant did not speak at once Peyrol the gunner asked impatiently:

"So they are thinking of catching her alive?" It did not please him to hear the lieutenant say that it was not exactly this that the chiefs in Toulon had in their minds. Peyrol at once expressed the opinion that of all the naval chiefs that ever were, Citizen Renaud was the only one that was worth anything. Lieutenant Réal, disregarding the challenging tone, kept to the point.

"What they want to know is whether that English corvette interferes much with the coasting traffic."

"No, she doesn't," said Peyrol; "she leaves poor people alone, unless, I suppose, some craft acts suspiciously. I have seen her give chase to one or two. But even those she did not detain. Michel, you know Michel, has heard from the mainland people that she has captured several at various times. Of course, strictly speaking, nobody is safe."

"Well, no. I wonder now what that Englishman would call 'acting suspiciously.'"

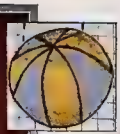
"Ah, now you are asking something.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 126

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

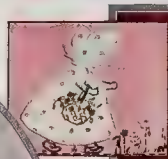
You'll Find These Designs Unusually Artistic and New

No. 12848—Illustrated on Suit 1763



No. 12848—Shown in Detail

Sweater No. 321 Cross-stitch, No. 17771

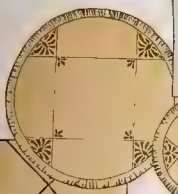


No. 12855—Shown in Detail

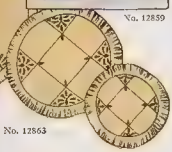
No. 12855—Illustrated on Dress 1762

No. 12859

No. 12859



No. 12863



No. 12863 Shown in Detail

No. 12859

No. 12862

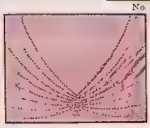
No. 12862—Shown in Detail

THE Pictorial Review Company's Crochet Directions, No. 321, 15 cents—9d. The sweater in size 36 requires 12 balls white silky Iceland wool, and one ball each of red, green, bright blue, yellow, and black Shetland floss, 1 steel crochet hook No. 2. This is an ideal sweater beautifully embroidered in design No. 12773, blue or yellow, 30 cents—2/6. Furnishing 4 yards of a cross-stitch design 12¾ inches wide. Embroider over the design, then tear away paper

CONTINUED ON PAGE 120

No. 12864

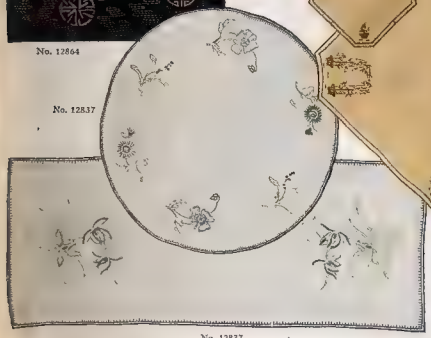
No. 12860 (Below)



No. 12858

No. 12858

No. 12837



No. 12837

No. 12860—Shown in Detail

No. 12861

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

"Mother, you're looking younger every day!"

ONCE, such a remark would have been thought but affectionate flattery. Today, as the possibilities of intelligent care of the skin are becoming more generally realized, it is literally true that thousands upon thousands of women are growing younger in looks, and likewise in spirits.

The secret of restoring and retaining a youthful complexion lies chiefly in the faithful and well-directed use of the proper sorts of face creams. The constant employment of creams by actresses in removing make-up is largely responsible for the clearness and smoothness of their skins.

Skin health

POMPEIAN Night Cream is made to promote skin health and cleanliness—the foundation of every beautiful complexion. It is a preparation so closely allied in its composition to the natural secretions of the skin that its use is simply an aid to nature, producing results by purely natural processes.

First, the beautiful skin must be clean, with a cleanliness more thorough than is attainable by mere soap-and-water washing. The pores must be cleansed to the same depth that they absorb.

This is one of the functions of Pompeian Night Cream. It penetrates sufficiently to reach the embedded dust. Its consistency causes it to mingle with the natural oil of the pores, and so to bring out all foreign matter easily and without irritation to the tissues.

The beautiful skin

must be soft, with plastic muscles and good blood-circulation beneath. A dry, tight skin cannot have the coveted peachblow appearance; set muscles make furrows; poor circulation causes paleness and sallowness.

Pompeian Night Cream provides the necessary skin-softening medium to skins that lack the normal degree of oil saturation. Gentle massaging with it flexes the facial muscles, stimulates the blood circulation and tones up all the facial tissues.

Upon retiring

first use Pompeian Night Cream as a cleanser; apply with the fingers and then wipe off with a soft cloth, freeing the pores of all the day's accumulated dust and dirt. Afterward apply the cream to nourish the skin, leaving it on over night.

The faithful following of this simple treatment works wonders in the skin—removing roughness, redness, and blackheads, and warding off wrinkles, flabbiness and sallowness. It is the most approved treatment for restoring and retaining a youthful complexion.

POMPEIAN NIGHT CREAM (New style, larger jar)	*60c per jar*
POMPEIAN DAY CREAM (*vanishing*)	*60c per jar*
POMPEIAN BEAUTY POWDER	*60c per box*
POMPEIAN BLOOM (*the rouge*)	*60c per box*

NEW 1924 POMPEIAN ART PANEL
"Honeymooning in the Alps"
and four Pompeian samples; sent for ten cents

This newest and most artistic of the Pompeian art panels is now offered for the first time to the readers of this magazine.

At the right appears a small illustration, giving the form of the complete panel. Actual size is 28 x 7¾ inches.

For 10 cents we will send you all of these!

1. The 1924 "Honeymooning in the Alps" Beauty Panel as described above. (Would cost from 50c to 75c in an art store.)
2. Sample of Pompeian Day Cream (vanishing).
3. Sample of Pompeian Beauty Powder.
4. Sample of Pompeian Bloom (non-breaking rouge).
5. Sample of Pompeian Night Cream.

Clip the coupon now.

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES, 2277 PAYNE AVENUE, CLEVELAND, OHIO
Also Made in Canada

Pompeian
Night Cream

Cleansing and Skin-Nourishing

© 1923, The Pompeian Co.

Forecasting Your Autumn Complexion

By MME. JEANNETTE

A little foresight *now* will lay the foundation for the health and beauty of your skin during the trying days of the Fall

October may bring sunshine, but it generally brings also whirling winds, nippy mornings, and a host of evening engagements after the lull of summer vacations.

It is during this month that every woman should form the habit of careful daily attention to her skin—her face, neck, shoulders, arms, and hands.

Don't Let Your Skin Get Dry

After the many hours of out-of-door life that always come with summer, every woman's skin tends toward an unhealthy dryness. Whatever your age, this is a condition for *concern* if you do not treat it properly. Pompeian Night Cream is the exact cream to use at this time. It has every property necessary to counteract dryness. It is a direct agent for sanitary cleansing, and it smooths and softens the dry tissue of the skin till the pores again have a chance to "breathe" and to give Nature an opportunity to again become beautiful.

I would advise a generous application of Pompeian Night Cream as unfailingly as you go to bed at night.

Rub the cream well over the surface—but do not attempt to rub *hard*. It is better and easier gently to *pat* the cream into the skin. Strike the surface covered with cream by using the flat of the fingers—quick little blows, and continue till at least some of the cream has disappeared.

Use soft cloths to wipe away the remaining traces of the cream and whatever may remain will soften the skin during your hours of sleep.

Morning Loveliness

The first thing in the morning the skin may be "asleep," and there is nothing more helpful to arouse circulation than a wholesome splashing of cold water. This is not only good for the skin but it is good for the whole body. You will find that even the most sluggish blood will begin to stir and a rose tone will appear.

Pat the face dry with your towel, or your bare hands if you prefer.

When you apply Pompeian Day Cream, take care to spread it on all parts of the skin, and to blend it smoothly till it disappears.

The Pompeian Beauty Powder should cover the neck and face with even thickness so you will not have a face of one tone and a neck—of another.

Rouge for Daytime?

Certainly. A touch of rouge gives a healthy look that always makes for an effect of beauty and gives a new sparkle to the eyes too.

Pompeian Rouge comes in a convenient little compact that rubs off easily for use. The new Orange tint is surprisingly natural, especially when used with the Naturelle or Rachel tint of Beauty Powder.

Pompeian Lip Stick

This final touch is essential with the rose petal cheeks—and its color is natural and healthy-looking.

Mme. Jeannette
Specialiste en Beauté

TEAR OFF, SIGN AND SEND

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES
2277 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (a dime preferred) for 1924 Pompeian Art Panel, "Honeymooning in the Alps," and the four samples named in offer.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

What shade face powder wanted?_____

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Here Are the Latest Modes for Small Girls and Juniors

FOR school wear the easily made sleeveless frock offers a wide costume variety by way of guimpe and blouse changes. The fulness from yoke and shoulder is a feature of new modes displayed both in small girls' frocks and those designed for juniors.

Dress 1844

Dress 1803
Embroidery 12763

Coat 1675

Bloomer Dress 1762

Dress 1858
Smocking 12845

Dress 1846
Embroidery 12718

Dress 1821

Coat 1816

Coat 1804

Sleeveless Dress—1850
Appliqué 12796

Sleeveless Dress 1848

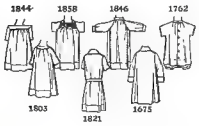
1844—Child's Slip-on Sleeveless Dress. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 1½ yard 36-inch dotted swiss—2 yards 2½-inch lace banding—1 yard ribbon. The front and back of this cunning frock are gathered and joined to lace bands.

1803—Child's Slip-on Kimono Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch pink crêpe de Chine—3¼ yards trilling. Dainty sprays of embroidery in design 12763, trim this little frock which adds much to its attractiveness. The design may be worked in raised satin and outline stitches in contrasting color silk floss.

1675—Child's Double-breasted Coat. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅜ yard 54-inch hatbor (blue) velours—1¾ yard 36-inch silk for lining. The fronts of the coat are rolled with the collar forming revers.

1762—Child's Kimono Bloomer Dress. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 2 yards 36-inch black sateen. The deep tuck across the garment gives the effect of a separate dress. Any mother will appreciate the simplicity of this bloomer dress for it is so easily made.

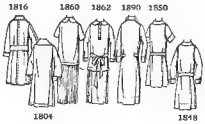
DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 121



Dress 1860
Appliqué 12808

Dress 1862
Embroidery 12687

Dress 1890
Embroidery 12715



Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the United States and Canada or by mail, postage prepaid, if you address the Company, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Tailored Costumes with Feminine Touch—The Paris Fad for Fall

THE straight-line comfortable dress is a fashion that women refuse to abandon, and this Autumn the modes in this silhouette have a dash of sophistication that is fascinatingly displayed in the new full-length lingerie jabot, the long vestee, and the plaited frock.

1857—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 6¾ yards 40-inch old cedar Canton crêpe—⅝ yard 36-inch eyelet embroidery—1⅜ yard lace frilling. The deep open V front is filled in with an eyelet embroidered vestee. Outlining the V opening and also the lower edge of the sleeves is an attractive beading border, in design 12574 developed in bugle and seed beads.

Dress 1892
Cross-Stitch 12746

Dress 1888
Embroidery 12806

1888—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3 yards 54-inch sphinx (taupe) duvetyn. The dress is slashed at the center-front, and the fronts rolled with the collar. Embroidered trimming-bands are applied to the upper part of the one-piece sleeves which are close-fitting and finished with turn-back cuffs, and a band is also applied around the waist section. A border of embroidery, in design 12806, matching that on the trimming-bands is also worked on the collar and cuffs carried out in running stitch with two shades of rope silk.

Dress 1857
Beading 12574

Dress 1874
Beading 12613

Dress 1840

Dress 1873

1892—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 40-inch sistine (blue) flat crêpe—¾ yard 40-inch sistine Georgette crêpe for sleeves—1⅝ yard Georgette plaiting—3½ yards ribbon for tie-strings. An attractive border of cross-stitch in design 12746, worked in colored rope silk is applied around the oval neck, along the left side where the closing is arranged, and above the hem.

1873—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 40-inch black chiffon—9¾ yards 4-inch black lace banding—2¼ yards 2¾-inch lace banding—1 yard black ribbon for girdle—⅞ yard narrow black ribbon. The front and back of the dress are plaited and joined to bands of lace.

1874—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 40-inch pelican (gray) roshanara crêpe—⅞ yard 40-inch feldspar (green) crêpe de Chine for facing—⅝ yard 40-inch organdy for collar—3½ yards narrow frilling. This model chooses the long one-piece gathered sleeve slashed and button-trimmed above the wrist-bands. The beading border, design 12613, may be carried out in crystal, chalk, or colored glass beads.

1840—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 54-inch navy blue Poiret twill—¼ yard 18-inch eyelet embroidered vesting—2¼ yards red leather trimming. The closing is arranged at the left side-front. A three-piece waist-band is inserted between the waist and skirt at a lowered line.

Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the United States and Canada or by mail, postage prepaid, if you address the Company, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

Digitized by Google
Original from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

The First Autumn Style Thoughts Are Glimpsed in These Models

PLAITS are as firmly fixed in modish favor as ever and in long flowing panels make an interesting new departure on the chemise frock or form the bodice and under skirt of other models. Godet side drapes with fur bandings are smart and new.

1680—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 40-inch tapestry red chiffon velvet—½ yard 36-inch cream allover lace for collar—1⅛ yard lace edging—3½ yards 2-inch fur banding. Fur banding forms an attractive trimming, being applied to the short sleeves and inserted section in three rows.

Dress 1680

Dress 1891

1891—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 54-inch Flemish blue Poiret twill—14 yards silk braid. The dress is in coat style, the closing arranged at the left side. The sleeves are long and close-fitting and are finished with flare cuffs. A circular section, effectively trimmed with silk braid, is inserted at the left side and extends below the hem-line

Dress 1857

Dress 1863

Dress 1874

Dress 1864
Appliqué 12571

1857—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 6½ yards 40-inch zinc (gray) crêpe Roma—⅝ yard 40-inch blue lotus crêpe for trimming. Very much panelled is this afternoon frock which is so becoming to the stout woman. The deep button-trimmed vestee also supplies a slenderizing touch.

1863—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 36 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge of foundation skirt about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 7⅞ yards 40-inch orchid crêpe—¾ yard 36-inch lining. For evening or dinner wear this draped model stands unrivaled. The skirt section drapes gracefully at the left side, and an inserted drapery falls in points extending below the hem-line. Tiny beads are used to outline the edges.

1874—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 40-inch deer (tan) flat crêpe—1⅜ yards lace banding. The dress has an oval neck, short sleeves, and drapes up at each side. Self-colored lace banding is used as a trimming for this model which is exceptionally becoming to the tall slender figure.

1864—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 3 yards. Size 36 requires 7 yards 40-inch Flemish blue Canton crêpe—1⅛ yard 2-inch fur banding—2 yards ribbon for piping. An attractive trimming note on this frock is the appliqué motifs which are used so effectively. The design, 12571, may be cut from colored silk or crêpe and couched down in buttonhole or chain stitches.

Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the United States and Canada or by mail, postage prepaid, if you address the Company, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

Digitized by Google
Original from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Newest Style Appeal in Apparel Designed Especially for the Stout

Pictorial Review's New Department for Stout Women

Table of Measurements for Stouts

Order by the size that corresponds to your bust, waist, and hip measure.

Size	38½	40½	42½	44½	46½	48½	50½	52½	54½	56½
Bust	42	44	46	48	50	52	54	56	58	60
Waist	35	37	39	41	43	45	47	49	51	53
Hip	42	44	46	48	50	52	54	56	58	60

MODELS DESCRIBED ON PAGE 171

Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the United States and Canada or by mail, postage prepaid, if you address the Company, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Distinctive and Charming Frocks for the Bride and Her Maids

PARIS decrees that the youthful wedding frock shall be of traditional white satin, but the fall bride will select the soft supple crêpe satin that lends itself so beautifully to the draped skirt with its graceful cascaded jabot at one side. Her bridesmaids' gowns may be either entirely accordion plaited or display plaited flounces from the knee.

1828—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 5⅝ yards 40-inch crêpe Romain—⅜ yard 36-inch allover lace for collar and vestee—1 yard 36-inch lining.

1873 — Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 40-inch Georgette—2¼ yards 2¾-inch lace insertion for sleeve and neck bands—3½ yards ribbon for sash. A simple frock that is extremely modish.

1824—Girls' and Juniors' Sleeveless Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 3⅜ yards 40-inch embroidered chiffon—½ yard 40-inch satin for binding—½ yard 32-inch silk lining for front.

1863—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 36 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 7⅞ yards 40-inch satin crêpe—¾ yard 36-inch allover lace for camisole body.

1842—Girls' Slip-on Sleeveless Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2 yards 40-inch crêpe—2¼ yards 2½-inch lace insertion—1 yard picot ribbon.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 122

Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the United States and Canada or by mail, postage prepaid, from the address of the Company, 222 West 39th Street, New York City. 9th Floor

Digitized by Google
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Close-Ups of Fashions for the Early Days of the Fall Season

THE straight line has the style call of the season shown in smart adaptations achieved with jabot drapery on frocks and blouses, and tubular coats share honors with the straight hip jacket now a popular favorite.

1753—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 5¾ yards 40-inch flat crêpe—15 yards braid for binding. Glass beads may be employed in carrying out the beading design 12810.

1788—Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—¾ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for sleeve sections and collar.

1605—Ladies' and Misses' Jacquette Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. No. 1608—Ladies' Side-plaited Frock Skirt. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 2½ yards. The suit in medium size requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch Poiret twill for blouse—2⅛ yards 54-inch wool crêpe for skirt—1¼ yard 36-inch lining for bodice. The design 12612 may be carried out in darning stitch.

1877—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine. The attractive motif, design 12820, which is embroidered at the left side, may be worked in raised satin stitch with silk floss in either self-color or a contrasting shade.

1854—Ladies' Long-waisted Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine. The jabot is outlined with buttonholed scallops in design 11661, worked in silk floss.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 122

Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the United States and Canada or by mail, postage prepaid, if ordered from the Company, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

Digitized by Google
Original from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Your Type of Dress Is Surely to Be Found in These New Modes

1735—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 2⅛ yards. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 54-inch French serge—8 yards silk braid. A tiered effect is given to this frock by the wide bands which are applied across the front. The sleeves are long, plain, and close-fitting finished with double flare cuffs. Silk braid gives a neat finish.

1859—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 2⅜ yards. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 54-inch wool Jersey—⅜ yard 40-inch satin—1 yard silk braid—1 yard ribbon for bow—⅛ yard 36-inch lining for camisole. Below the inserted pockets appliqué motifs, in design 12720, are applied. They may be couched down in blanket, buttonhole, or chain stitches.

1566—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch chiffon velvet—¼ yard 36-inch eyelet embroidery—1⅛ yard lace edging—1½ yard silk braid.

1812—Ladies' Long-waisted Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch Poiret twill—5⅜ yards braid.

1891—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch tricotine—¼ yard 40-inch Canton crêpe for trimming—2⅛ yards frilling. The dress closes at the left side-front, has a square neck in front, long plain sleeves finished with a frill, and an inserted pocket at the right

1799—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch twillcord—⅜ yard 36-inch satin for collar—3⅞ yards silk braid—¼ yard 5-inch plaiting—2⅝ yards ribbon for sash.

1847—Ladies' Sleeveless Jumper Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 36-inch velveteen—3⅛ yards ribbon for sash—1⅝ yard 36-inch silk for blouse. The appliqué fruit motifs, design 12672, on the pockets may be cut from colored silk and couched down in blanket, buttonhole or chain stitches.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 123

Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the United States and Canada or by mail, postage prepaid, from Address the Company, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

Digitized by Google
NEW YORK PUBLIC

MODART CORSETS

Right Clothes Do Make a Difference

HOW reassuring it is to feel well-dressed wherever you go. To know that your appearance expresses your most charming personality is to be really happy.

Of course, the right clothes have much to do with it—the right corset even more.

The Modart with its pliant light boning, its specialized design, correct support, and perfect fit, will give you that well-dressed feeling.

At the better stores and smart shops that feature women's things you will find the Modart Corset. These stores will gladly give you a trial fitting. That means you are sure of getting just the right Modart. There is one for every purse and person. We are sure there is one that will just suit you.

Write for our Fall Style Booklet, illustrating and describing the very latest Modart Models. Priced from $3.50 upward

Dainty and trim is this rubber-top corset. An elastic band is carried all the way around.

For figures a trifle more full is Modart where correct support without any unnecessary restraint.

MODART CORSET CO.
SAGINAW, MICHIGAN

Decidedly Modish Are Overblouses and Bodice Skirts

1135—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch crêpe satin —½ yard 36-inch eyelet embroidery (cut crosswise) —2⅜ yards lace edging. The blouse crosses and closes at the left side-front. The cuffs of eyelet embroidery hang free from the sleeves at the back. The long collar is also of eyelet embroidery.

1854—Ladies' Long-waisted Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—3¼ yards lace edging. The right front of the blouse laps over the left and is tacked invisibly, allowing the extension to hang in jabot style. Hemstitching is applied to the band, to which the front of the blouse is gathered, the short sleeves, and the jabot.

1870—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch silk broadcloth. Braiding outlines the collar, turn-back cuffs, and is applied on the inserted pockets. Soutache braid may be used in carrying out the design, 12147.

1749—Ladies' Two-piece Bodice Skirt. Designed for 37 to 51 hip. Width at lower edge, with plaits drawn out, about 2⅝ yards. Size 39 requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch Poiret twill—¾ yard 36-inch lining for camisole.

1831—Ladies' Bodice Skirt. Designed for 37 to 51 hip. Width at lower edge of plaited flounce about 3⅞ yards. Size 39 requires 3⅛ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—¾ yard 36-inch lining for bodice.

1877—Ladies' Long-waisted Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch French voile —3¼ yards 3½-inch lace banding. Drawn-work in groups of three is applied to the front of this good-looking blouse, and opposite each group dainty floral sprays are embroidered. The design, 12367, may be carried out in raised satin and outline stitches with mercerized cotton floss.

1605—Ladies' and Misses' Jacquette Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 40-inch chiffon velvet —1¾ yard fur banding—2 yards ribbon.

1872—Ladies' Tailored Blouse. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine. Hemstitching is a neat trimming for this blouse.

Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the United States and Canada or by mail, postage prepaid, if you address the Company, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Newest Underwear Designed for Usefulness and Chic

Corset Bandeau 1679

Nightgown 9212

Dressing Sack 9834

Nightgown 1783

Pajamas 1791

Pajamas 1845

Apron 1889

Set 1792

Kimono 1843

Slip 1879

Kimono 1852

Drawers 1240

Bloomers 9229

MODELS DESCRIBED ON PAGE 122

Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the United States and Canada or by mail, postage prepaid, if you address the Company, 222 West 39th Street, New York City

DRESS MAKING MADE EASY

Makes Dressmaking a Pleasure and Satisfaction

YOU can **easily** *and* **accurately** *reproduce the most stylish fitting dresses over an* **Acme Dress Form.** *It makes* **fitting** *and* **draping** *the easiest part of dressmaking. It's as* **necessary** *as a sewing machine.*

DUPLICATES THE EXACT MEASUREMENTS OF "YOUR FIGURE"

ADJUSTABLE AND COLLAPSIBLE

The **Neck, Shoulders, Bust, Waist, Hips,** and **Skirt** are each **independently** adjustable to any required measurements. More than a hundred independent "combination adjustments" *so that it will exactly reproduce any desired size, style or figure.* When not in use it COLLAPSES *to half its size like illustration below.*

$3 WILL BRING THIS ADJUSTABLE AND COLLAPSIBLE Acme DRESS FORM INTO YOUR HOME

SPECIAL OFFER

In order to encourage **Home Dressmaking** and help you to economically reproduce the most stylish fashions shown in this magazine, we are manufacturing 10,000 improved Acme Forms to be sold on

Easy Payment Terms

Remit **$3** and we will send you our guaranteed **$15** Acme Collapsible Dress Form. Pay the balance of **$12** at only **$3** per month.

Ten Days Trial

If unsatisfactory return form and we'll gladly refund your **$3.**

LATEST STYLE IMPROVED 1924 MODEL

Indispensable for Home Dressmaking. 200,000 Satisfied Users.

An Acme Form will *last a lifetime.* It is adjustable to any size and style change. It will enable you to reproduce quickly and easily all the latest fashions. You can have good looking dresses and be the envy of your friends.

Take advantage of **Our Special Sale** offer and send your order today.

MAIL COUPON TO-DAY

Acme Sales Co.

Dept. 10 A-380 Throop Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Send me at once full illustrated catalog with detailed information, or better still, **I enclose $3 for immediate shipment of an Acme on "10 DAYS TRIAL" AND "EASY PAYMENT TERMS."**

Name .....

Address .....

.....

WRITE FOR COMPLETE CATALOG

Digitized by Google

Reigning Style Lines Adapted to Grace Youthful Wearers

1834—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. *Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust.* Width at lower edge of plaited flounce about 4 yards. Size 16 requires 2⅛ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—2⅛ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe for plaited flounce and sleeve ruffle—2½ yards ribbon for girdle and bow. The allover design, 12840, may be carried out in chalk, opalescent, crystal or colored glass beads.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 123

Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the United States and Canada or by mail, postage prepaid, from the Company, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

In Advance of the Season Come These Misses' Costumes

Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the United States and Canada or by mail, postage prepaid, if you address the Company, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Neglect—
The Chief Cause of Unattractive Hair

HOW miserable it is to feel that others are looking at your hair and making unfavorable comments on it. Many women, who have tried nearly everything for their hair, are overlooking the simplest and surest way of having hair that will win admiration through its health and beauty.

A prominent hair specialist in New York says that the chief cause of unattractive hair is simple neglect, and that practically every woman can have good-looking hair, if she will only follow this simple treatment as a regular part of her daily toilette, for ten minutes each night before retiring.

Unfasten the hair, and, lifting it one strand at a time, with the Hughes Ideal Hair Brush, brush slowly and steadily from the scalp outward, with a sweeping, lifting motion. Keep this up for at least 10 minutes every night, and finish by giving the scalp itself a few sharp, vigorous strokes to awaken the dormant circulation.

Do not use an ordinary hair brush for this treatment. Many a good head of hair has been ruined by harsh brushing with a stiff, unyielding hair brush.

The Hughes Ideal No. 66 is especially designed for this treatment. It has specially selected long boar bristles, of just the right stiffness, set in the famous "Ideal" flexible rubber cushion. This cushion is resilient and allows the bristles to penetrate to the scalp and, without irritation, conform to the shape of the head. *Start today with the right brush.*

HENRY L. HUGHES CO., Inc.
300 Madison Avenue
New York City

Hughes "Ideal" Hair Brush
No. 66
Price
$2.00

$2.35 value for $2.90

Price 35c

With every Hughes "Ideal" No. 66 a box of Mirror Nail Polish Free } Worth 35c

Just a dash of this delicate pink powder will quickly rub up into a brilliant, lasting, waterproof polish. No danger of burning the nails.

Packed in a dainty round box with handy sifter top, which eliminates waste.

Women of refinement demand a nail polish that looks natural, polishes quickly, is waterproof, and will not burn or mar the nails. That is the reason Mirror Nail Polish has attained such a phenomenal growth in sales in a remarkably short time. Try it once on your nails, and you will be delighted.

Mirror Nail Polish

Smart Indoor and Outdoor Apparel for Young People

Suit 1817 Dress 1844

1817—Boys' Suit. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 1 yard 36-inch linen for waist—¾ yard 36-inch contrasting linen for trousers. This cunning little suit consists of a slip-on blouse closed at the left side of an inserted vest, and side-closing knee trousers. The blouse has a small collar, short one-piece sleeves finished with turn-back cuffs, is laid in plaits and attached to a two-piece waist-band, to which the trousers button.

Dress 1803 Suit 1798
Initial 12031

Coat and Cap 1865
Scallop 11661

Coat 1815 Dress 1083
Embroidery 12794

1844—Child's Slip-on Sleeveless Dress. Designed for 1 to 3 years. Size 2 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch dotted swiss—1⅞ yard 2½-inch lace banding—1 yard ribbon. For the little child's first party frock this sleeveless model is ideal.

Bloomer Dress 1721
Appliqué 12672 Coat 1804

1865—Baby's Coat and Cap. Designed for ½ to 3 years. Size ½ requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch Bedford cord—1⅜ yard 36-inch silk for lining. The cap and the collar and cuffs of the coat are finished with buttonhole scalloping, design 11661. White mercerized cotton may be used for working out the design.

1815—Girls' and Juniors' Coat. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch velours—2⅛ yards 36-inch silk for lining. For sports and utility wear this coat is a good choice as it has roomy raglan sleeves, allowing freedom of the arms.

1083—Child's Slip-on Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch handkerchief linen. The embroidered border, design 12794, is used very effectively on this model and supplies the sole trimming.

1816—Girls' and Juniors' Coat. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch camel's hair—¾ yards 36-inch satin for lining. The coat may button high to the neck or rolled with the collar in rever effect. The two-piece sleeves are finished with turn-back cuffs.

Coat 1816 Coat 1814

1803—Child's Slip-on Kimono Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine—⅛ yard 40-inch contrasting for collar and pocket trimming—2¼ yards frilling to trim.

1798—Boys' Suit. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch linen—6 yards braid. A smart individual touch is supplied by the initial, design 12031, which may be carried out in raised satin stitch.

1721—Child's Bloomer Dress. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 3¼ yards 27-inch chambray—⅜ yard 27-inch white chambray. The appliqué motif, design 12672, may be cut from contrasting chambray and couched down in blanket stitch.

1804—Girls' and Juniors' Coat. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch gerona cloth—2 yards 36-inch printed silk for lining—2 yards ribbon for tie-strings.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 124

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Youthful Modes That Include the Sleeveless Frock

1765—Girls' Bloomer Dress. Designed for 6 to 12 years. Size 6 requires 3⅝ yards 27-inch chambray—¾ yard 27-inch contrasting chambray for sleeves and ruching—1¼ yard picot-edge ribbon. The dress has a round neck finished with a two-piece collar, short raglan sleeves of contrasting chambray with turn-back cuffs, and side-closing bloomers trimmed with ruching.

Bloomer Dress 1765

Bloomer Dress 1762

Bloomer Dress 1507 Appliqué 12564

Dress 1768 Appliqué 12672

Bloomer Dress 1846 Cross-stitch 12318

Dress 1842 Appliqué 12808

Dress 1824

Dress 1774 Embroidery 12175 Scallop 12177

Sleeveless Dress 9875

Dress 1858 Smocking 12845

Sleeveless Dress 1848 Appliqué 12796

Sleeveless Dress 1850 Embroidery 12820

1762—Child's Kimono Bloomer Dress. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 2 yards 36-inch dotted percale—2¼ yards bias binding.

1846—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch voile—⅞ yard 40-inch white voile. The frock itself is cut on very simple lines but is elaborated by a cross-stitch border, design 12318 and matching motif applied on the raglan sleeves.

1824—Girls' and Juniors' Sleeveless Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch taffeta—½ yard 27-inch lining. This attractive model has a deep round collar in cape effect.

1774—Girls' and Juniors' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 6 to 16 years. Size 8 requires 2⅞ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—8⅝ yards frilling—2 yards ribbon for sash. The dainty embroidery sprays, design 12175, may be carried out in raised satin and stem stitches, the lower edge being scalloped in design 12177.

1507—Child's Bloomer Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2½ yards 36-inch linen—⅝ yard 36-inch white linen for trimming. Appliqué motifs, design 12564, are couched down in buttonhole stitch.

1768—Child's Dress. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine—⅞ yard 18-inch lining for foundation yoke. The appliqué motifs, design 12672, may be cut from colored silk and couched down in buttonhole stitch.

1842—Girls' Slip-on Sleeveless Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2¼ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—2⅜ yards 2½-inch lace banding—1 yard ribbon. The motif, design 12808, may be cut from contrasting silk and couched down in buttonhole stitch.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 124

THE TREO Elastic Girdle, which made possible present-day modes, has found new and even more exquisite expression in its latest models of "Treotex." This newly-invented surgical elastic web, upon which its creators worked for years, enables all women, of whatever type of figure, to enjoy the figure-freedom and dress-distinction that only the *Treo Elastic Girdle* imparts.

Women of fashion, corsetieres, designers, all acclaim it as the perfecting touch to the Treo lines of models, which, with their exclusive features, their smartness, and their universal utility, has made them the accepted of the fastidious.

The *"Anchor Band,"* (the waist line band) which holds the girdle to the figure and prevents it from slipping; the *"Feature Strip,"* (the strip above the waist line) which supports the back and restrains the diaphragm, and the new *"Panel Back,"* which flattens the back into the new silhouette, are features to be found only in the *Treo Girdle, The Original All-Elastic Corset.*

Be sure to demand the Treo model which was made for your type of figure. Prices: Treo Girdles, in lighter surgical web, $3 to $10; Treo Girdles of mercerized Treotex surgical web, $5.50 to $10; Treo Girdles of Silk Treotex surgical web, $12.50 to $25. Your dealer will be very glad to give you a fitting. Write for illustrated booklet.

TREO COMPANY, Inc.
267 Fifth Avenue New York City
Great Britain: Distributing Corporation, Ltd., 60 Wilson St., Finsbury Sq., London, E. C. 4
Canada:
Eisman & Co., 9 Temperance Street, Toronto

The New Panel Back Treotex Treo Girdle

The new Treotex Treo Girdle Models are designed for the heavier figure, which seeks the comfort so long enjoyed in the Treo Girdle by women of slender and medium figure.

Note the Panel Back in illustration at left—it flattens the figure at the back into the new silhouette. Ask for "Treotex" Treo Girdles if your is above-the-average figure!

TREO GIRDLE
The All-Elastic Corset
The more elastic to the corset —the more grace to the figure

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Pink-Tooth-Brush

is abroad in the land

THERE IS no question about it — tooth troubles, due to weakened gums, are on the rise.

The records of the clinics, the histories of thousands upon thousands of cases, point to the undeniable fact that gums are softer and less robust.

Does your toothbrush "show pink"?

If your gums are tender, if they show the slightest tendency to softness, then you most certainly need Ipana Tooth Paste.

For Ipana Tooth Paste, because of the presence of ziratol, has a decided tendency to strengthen soft gums and to keep them firm and healthy.

In the very short years that Ipana has been compounded, it has made a host of friends. Thousands of dentists recommend it, especially to those patients who must take good care of their gums.

Send for a trial tube

Ipana Tooth Paste is kind to the enamel of your teeth, yet its cleaning power is remarkable. It is an efficient healer, yet its taste is remarkably cool and refreshing. Send for a trial tube today.

IPANA

TOOTH PASTE

Made by the makers of Sal Hepatica

A trial tube, enough to last for ten days, will be sent gladly if you will forward coupon below.

Bristol-Myers Co., 59 Rector St., New York, N.Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE without charge or obligation on my part.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....

Well-fitting and Practical Apparel for Men and Boys

5969—Men's and Youths' Shirt. Designed for 32 to 50 chest. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 36-inch striped madras. The shirt has a coat closing, a yoke in back, and long sleeves finished with turn-back cuffs.

1836—Girls' and Juniors' Pajamas. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch plain madras. Frogs are used for the closing of these sleeveless pajamas.

1232—Men's Golf Shirt. Designed for 14 to 18 neck. Size 15 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch striped percale. The shirt is made with a yoke at the back and an applied band at the center-front.

1855 — Boys' and Youths' Nightshirt. Designed for 6 to 16 years. Size 8 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch outing flannel.

9730 — Men's Bathrobe. Designed for 36 to 48 chest. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch velveteen—⅞ yard 36-inch contrasting velveteen for collar, cuffs, and pocket laps.

9008—Men's Two-piece Pajamas. Designed for 36 to 48 chest. Size 36 requires 5⅛ yards 36-inch striped percale.

DESCRIPTIONS CONT'D ON PAGE 124

Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the United States and Canada or by mail, postage prepaid, if you address the Company, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

Google

Are You Going to a Masquerade Party? Here Is Your Chance to Select a Stunning Costume from Many Nations

6298—Men's Pierrot Suit. Designed for 32 to 44 chest. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch satin—2⅝ yards 36-inch check satin. This attractive masquerade suit consists of a jacket, trousers, and hat.

1546—Ladies' Long-waisted Fancy Dress Costume. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch satin—1 yard 36-inch lining. The waist is snug-fitting and closes at the back, while the skirt flares out in points.

9673—Ladies' Apron. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch printed cretonne. No 1640—Ladies' and Misses' Sun Bonnet. Designed for 23, 24½, 28½ head. Size 24½ requires ⅝ yard 36-inch white cambric—⅝ yard 36-inch printed cretonne -1¾ yard ribbon for tie strings For the girl who wishes to take the part of a milk maid or for the old-fashioned country barn dance, this makes an unusually attractive costume.

6537—Uncle Sam Suit. Designed for 28 to 40 chest. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch sateen for coat—2⅛ yards 36-inch striped sateen for trousers—¼ yard 36-inch black sateen for collar—¾ yard 36-inch white sateen for vest—3¾ yards 27-inch lining for back of coat. This suit consists of a coat, vest, and trousers. The stars may be cut from paper and pasted on the coat.

6537 -Ladies' and Misses Turkish Costume Designed for 32 to 44 bust Size 36 requires 6⅞ yards 36-inch voile—3¾ yards 36 inch printed voile for sash, neck, and turban—¾ yard 36 inch black sateen for bolero. The trousers of this costume are very full and close on the left side. For a more elaborate costume crêpe could be chosen with printed silk for the sash and turban.

1347 Men's Mexican Suit Designed for 32 to 46 chest. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 36-inch black velvet—1⅞ yard 36-inch satin for shirt—1⅛ yard 36 inch satin for hat—1⅛ yard 15-inch striped ribbon for girdle—5⅞ yards fancy braid for trimming. The suit consists of a jacket, sleeveless shirt, trousers, girdle and hat.

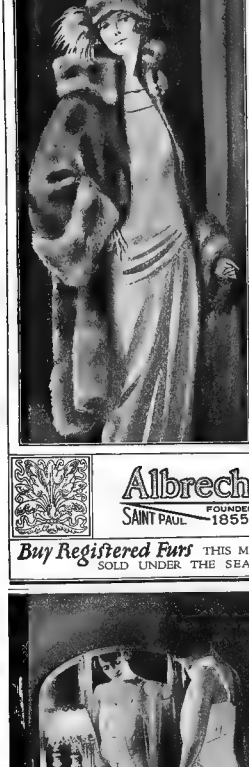
DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 124

Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the United States and Canada or by mail, postage prepaid, from the Pictorial Review Company, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

Digitized by Google

Buy Registered Furs

BE SURE THE ALBRECHT REGISTRATION CERTIFICATE IS SEALED ON THE FUR YOU BUY.



Buy Registered Furs

Albrecht Furs, nationally known and appreciated, are now sold in a new way. This plan absolutely does away with any uncertainty—any misunderstanding—any cause for dissatisfaction. It makes fur buying a real investment—not a speculation. Through this plan Albrecht, the manufacturer, and Albrecht dealers protect you in the style and quality leadership maintained for 68 years.

SAVE 20% on Furs Now

To maintain our skilled organization during the dull season and to save rush work during the busy season, we offer this saving of 20% to everyone who purchases an Albrecht sealed and registered fur before October 10th

Get Fur Facts and Fashions

A real guide to Fur Buying

It explains all about the Albrecht sealed registration plan for your protection. It gives the actual name of the fur bearing animal as well as fur trade name. Gives wearing quality of furs—shows how to care for furs—how to select furs for every purpose—how to tell prime pelts—good workmanship and everything everyone who uses furs should know before she buys. It illustrates latest style and models in color. Send 10 cents for catalog 22 with 20% discount offer and full particulars of the Albrecht sealed registration plan

E. ALBRECHT & SON
6th & Minnesota Sts., St. Paul, Minn.

Albrecht Furs
SAINT PAUL — FOUNDED 1855 — MINNESOTA

Buy Registered Furs THIS MARK IDENTIFIES THE ONLY FUR SOLD UNDER THE SEALED REGISTRATION PLAN.

HERE is the latest creation of the "H.&W." Company, originators of the Brassiere in America.

The unusual success of the *Diaphragm Sta-Down*, illustrated here, is due to these unique features:

A much-needed and very adaptable garment for the average figure. Designed so as to flatten the diaphragm without nipping in at the waistline on the side.

Whether the wearer is in a sitting or standing position this garment will "*Sta-Down*" over the lowest top corset. Hose supporters are placed to insure these comforts.

FREE—Write for the Latest Illustrated Style Book.

The "H. & W." Company, Newark, N. J.

Embroideries

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 101

The Pictorial Review Company's Perforated Monogram No. 687 is shown on bath set. For ordering instructions and price list see below.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12697, yellow, 15 cents—9d. consists of an appliqué design 16¼ by 17¼ inches, suitable for cushions or pillow tops.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12708, yellow, 20 cents—1/–, consists of an 18-inch appliqué design.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12517, blue, 20 cents—1/–, consists of 6 doilies 5 and 7 inches in diameter, matching Nos. 12515 and 12516.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12516, blue, 20 cents—1/–, consists of 6 doilies 10 inches in diameter. This matches Nos. 12515 and 12517.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12515, blue, 15 cents—9d. This design consists of one 16¾-inch centerpiece. Matches Nos. 12516 and 12517.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 103

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12848, blue or yellow, 25 cents—1/3, furnishes 8 different kiddie motifs with duplicates and reverses of each. The ball motif is illustrated on suit No. 1763, 30 cents—1/6, sizes 1 to 5 years.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12855, blue or yellow, 30 cents—1/6, furnishes two borders and several motifs. The sunbonnet motif is charmingly illustrated on bloomer dress No. 1762, 30 cents—1/6, sizes 1 to 5 years.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12863, blue or yellow, 40 cents—2/–, provides a centerpiece, 6 tumbler doilies, and 6 plate doilies.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12859, blue or yellow, 25 cents—1/3, furnishes motifs used for trimming bags as shown.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12862, blue or yellow, 25 cents—1/3, furnishes a buffet set consisting of 3 pieces, used as a set or separately.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12864, blue or yellow, 50 cents—2/6, furnishes Chinese borders and motifs worked in one-stitch.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12858, blue or yellow, 50 cents—2/6, furnishes two 9½-inch motifs, two 10-inch motifs, two 12½-inch motifs, and two 14-inch motifs for beading.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12857, blue or yellow, 30 cents—1/6, furnishes 10 different Japanese spray motifs with reverses, for appliqué or to be carried out in embroidery stitches.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12860, blue or yellow, 35 cents—1/6, furnishes six 8-inch motifs and twelve 2½-inch motifs for luncheon sets.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12861, blue or yellow, 40 cents—2/–, furnishes 2¾ yards each of 1½-, 1¾-, and 5-inch borders, also 6 and 6 reverses of a 4-inch motif to be developed in beads, silks, worsted, metal thread, etc.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 125

The Pictorial Review Company's Crochet Directions No. 331, 15 cents—9d. The cap and sacque require 4 balls of 2-ply Saxony yarn; 7 balls of 2-ply white Saxony is needed for afghan, and 1 ball each of pink, rose, pale blue and old blue is used for the embroidery in Design No. 12800. One steel crochet hook No. 2 and one No. 10 are required for working.

The monograms shown on page 125 may be used for many purposes. No. 701 shows the Roman cut-work. No. 541 is a whimsical Japanese motif. No. 573 is worked in the satin stitch. No. 11099 is a charming single initial for men's shirts, handkerchiefs, etc., to be worked in the raised satin stitch. No. 705 is developed in satin stitch with cross-stitch background.

It Is Important

when sending in monograms to arrange the letters in the order in which you wish to use them. For example: If you wish "K" as the middle letter place it so—"JKS."

Due to the many requests received for monograms on "Mc," where such name as McDonald is the surname, we supply such monograms and place the "c" where it gives the best effect. Print the letters.

When ordering your monograms always write your name and address plainly on each order. Give the correct number, size, and style of all the initials you desire.

Price List

A perforated design of any 2- or 3-initial monogram can be supplied as follows:

⅛, ¾, 1, 1¼, 1½, 1¾, or 2 inches high—50 cents—2/6.

2¼, 2½, 2¾, or 3 inches high—60 cents—3/–.

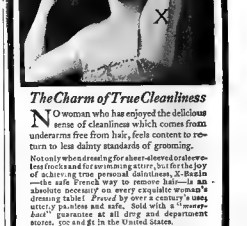
3¼, 3½, 3¾, or 4 inches high—75 cents—3/6.

4¼, 4½, 4¾, or 5 inches high—90 cents—4/–.

5¼ to 8 inches high—$1.00—4/6.

For each additional inch add 10 cents.

For a 4-letter monogram in the above sizes, 10 cents extra is charged.



The Charm of True Cleanliness

NO woman who has enjoyed the delicious sense of cleanliness which comes from underarms free from hair, feels content to return to less dainty standards of grooming.

Not only when dressing for sheer-sleeved or sleeveless frocks and for swimming attire, but for the joy of achieving true personal daintiness, X-Bazin—the safe French way to remove hair—is an absolute necessity on every exquisite woman's dressing table! *Proved by over a century's use; utterly painless and safe.* Sold with a "*money-back*" guarantee at all drug and department stores, 50c and $1 in the United States.
Elsewhere, 75c and $1.50.

Manufactured by Hall & Ruckel, Inc.
Makers of Sensodent

Send 10c for sample and descriptive booklet
GEO. BORGFELDT & CO., *Sole Distributors*
In the United States and Canada
Dept. P., 16th Street and Irving Place, New York

X-BAZIN
The French way to remove hair

$2.00 an hour for spare time
$60.00 a week for full time

Any man or woman can earn that much *easily*, just taking orders for wonderful bargains in Mallock Hosery and Underwear. Worn all over the world. No money or experience needed. The goods sell themselves. Styles—fabrics—prices to suit every taste and pocketbook. *If you wish, we make dollars and you get your pay every day!* Just to show what can be done: Mrs. Julia Bosworth made $28 in two days, K. D. Kinport, earned $14 in two hours. We furnish

Free Sample Outfit

together with *sure sales plan*. You can soon build up a big business and even start a shop of your own. We pay all express and guarantee prompt delivery.

Write Today! *You can have other agents working for you and you must hurry!*

Don't let someone in your neighborhood get ahead of you. Write at once. Learn how easily you can secure other agents and receive a commission on *their* sales in addition to your own. Write today! *Just say* "Send me your Free Sample Offer and Sure Money Making Sales Plan."

Mallock Knitting Mills 2310 Grand Street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Alluring Lingerie Tape

Dainty and delicate in texture, design and coloring. Fast colors that stand the tub. Keeps flat, won't get "stringy."

The familiar F-A mark on reel or package is recognized by every woman as assuring durability and satisfaction. At all good stores

FRIEDLANDER AARON MFG. COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA

BIG FREE BOOK
BEAUTIFUL FURNISHINGS

The very things you need. Latest styles. Factory-to-Family prices. Save big money. Furnish a room, the whole home. As little as $1 down a year or more to pay. Also Pianos, Players, Phonographs. Cut out this ad—write TODAY, for new "Larkin Book of Better Homes".

Larkin Co. Inc.
Dept. 1035
BUFFALO, N.Y. Peoria Ill. Chicago Ill.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

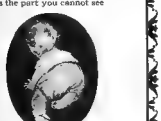
Protection

Pretty Frocks need dress shields

Well dressed women are those who take care of their gowns and protect their dainty freshness with suitable Kleinert's Dress Shields

Good Rubber Sheeting

must be good all the way through—that's why it pays to insist on Kleinert's—the selvage mark guarantees the part you cannot see



The Fifty Baby

is happy, comfortable and popular. He is wearing genuine Kleinert's Fifty Baby Pants—guaranteed waterproof—the "Kleinert's" is on the tab.

The Useful Guimpe

When armholes are wide and it's difficult to put in shields, protect your gown with Kleinert's Dress Shield Guimpe. Made of sheer net, slip-over style, with shields stitched in just the right position

Why Change Your Frock?

Neither spattering grease nor splashing water can hurt the pretty frock covered with a Kleinert's "Twentee" Household Apron. The rubber is between two fabrics where it cannot touch you.

Kleinert's

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

L. B. KLEINERT RUBBER COMPANY
485 Fifth Ave., Cor. 41st St., Opp. Library
New York City - - New York
Canadian Office:
84 Wellington Street West, Toronto

Fashions

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 105

1858—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards 40-inch burma (gold) voile—½ yard ribbon. The smocking design, 12845, forms a deep yoke effect on this dainty frock.

1821—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 16 years. Size 8 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch navy blue French serge—2 yards red braid.

1846—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch spark (red) Canton crêpe. The embroidery, design 12718, may be carried out in flat satin and darning stitches.

1816—Girls' and Juniors' Coat. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch olive herringbone tweed—3 yards 36-inch satin for lining.

1804—Girls' and Juniors' Coat. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 2⅞ yards 54-inch black gerona cloth—2 yards ribbon for tie-strings—2¾ yards 36-inch silk for lining.

1850—Girls' and Juniors' Sleeveless Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch camel's hair wool Jersey—1¼ yard 36-inch batiste for blouse. The fruit motif, design 12796, may be cut from colored linen or chambray and couched down in buttonhole stitch.

1848—Girls' and Juniors' Sleeveless Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch check—2½ yards silk braid—1⅝ yard 36-inch voile.

1860—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2½ yards. Size 16 requires 3 yards 54-inch amarna (green) wool Jersey—¼ yard 36-inch linen for collar—1⅛ yard frilling—¾ yard 36-inch lining. The appliqué motifs, design 12808, are couched down in blanket stitch.

1862—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 16 requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch deer (tan) tricotine—¼ yard 40-inch cream organdy for collar and cuffs—1⅜ yard frilling—⅝ yard 36-inch lining. Flat satin and darning stitches may be employed to work design 12687.

1890—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch navy blue velours. To carry out the embroidery border, design 12715, flat satin and darning stitches may be used.

DESCRIBING MODELS ON PAGE 108

1887—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 38½ to 56½. Size 42½ requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch tan Georgette crêpe—2⅞ yards lace insertion—⅝ yards lace edging. No. 1894—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 38½ to 56½. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 42½ requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch tobacco (brown) serge.

1866—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 38½ to 56½. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 42½ requires 6½ yards 40-inch blue Canton crêpe—¾ yard 18-inch lace for vestee—1⅜ yard lace edging—3 yards ribbon for sash.

1867—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 38½ to 56½. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 42½ requires 3¾ yards 40-inch fog (gray) crêpe-back satin—1⅜ yard lace—1¼ yard 36-inch lining. First illustration.

1888—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 38½ to 56½. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 42½ requires 7 yards 40-inch violet crêpe Roma—¼ yard 18-inch vesting—2⅛ yards novelty braid 1¼ yard 36-inch lining.

1867—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 38½ to 56½. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 42½ requires 4⅝ yards 40-inch black crêpe—¼ yard 18-inch vesting—1 yard insertion—7½ yards edging—1½ yards ribbon—1¼ yard 36-inch lining. Second illustration.

1886—Ladies' Coat. Designed for 38½ to 56½. Size 42½ requires 3¾ yards 54-inch havana (brown) Marvella cloth—4 yards 36-inch printed silk for lining.

1866—Ladies' Blouse Dress. Designed for 38½ to 56½. Size 42½ requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch white crêpe de Chine—2⅝ yards plaiting. No. 1894—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 38½ to 56½. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 42½ requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch striped satin.

1890—Ladies' Petticoat. Designed for 38½ to 56½. Size 42½ requires 2¼ yards 36-inch green silk Jersey—4⅝ yards paisley ribbon for trimming.

1882—Ladies' Step-in Chemise. Designed for 38½ to 56½. As illustrated with shoulder straps, size 42½ requires 2 yards 40-inch flesh crêpe de Chine—2¼ yards ribbon. As illustrated with round neck, size 42½ requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch orchid radium silk.

1868—Ladies' Slip. Designed for 38½ to 56½. Size 42½ requires 4⅛ yards 40-inch white satin—1⅜ yard lace insertion.

1888—Ladies' Step-in Chemise. Designed for 38½ to 56½. Size 42½ requires 2¼ yards 40-inch flesh silk—2⅞ yards insertion. The embroidery, design 11808, may be carried out in satin and stem stitches.

1884—Ladies' Nightgown. Designed for 38½ to 56½. Size 42½ requires 3½ yards 40-inch pale blue crêpe de Chine

1881 Ladies' Pantalets. Designed for 38½ to 56½. Size 42½ requires 2¾ yards 36-inch blue silk Jersey.

The finest, softest long-cloth you ever put a needle in—

NOW you can have the kind of white material you have always wanted—a long-cloth that is finer and softer, yet more durable, than any you have known before. Here it is in this new member of the Fruit of the Loom family, a long-cloth that in every way lives up to the tradition of superior quality associated with the Fruit of the Loom name.

This new Fruit of the Loom long-cloth is a trustworthy fabric, every thread high-grade, long-staple cotton. It is woven closely and firmly, and is free from adulteration of any kind. No filling to give false "body" that disappears at the first encounter with soap and water. Instead, Fruit of the Loom long-cloth launders beautifully, retaining its glossy finish and brilliant whiteness through countless washings. Like all Fruit of the Loom fabrics, it wears endlessly, of course.

If you do not sew, and prefer to buy things ready to wear, you can find what you want made-up in this Fruit of the Loom long-cloth—in good stores everywhere. The workmanship and finish of any ready-made in Fruit of the Loom long-cloth are as faultless as the cloth itself. You will know these articles by the Fruit of the Loom label which identifies them. It is your assurance of satisfaction and long wear.

B. B. & R. KNIGHT, INC.
CONVERSE & COMPANY, *Selling Agents*, 88 Worth Street, New York, N. Y.

Ready-mades in Fruit of the Loom long-cloth

Women's and Children's Underwear
Men's and Boys' Shirts — Petticoats
Men's and Women's Athletic Underwear — Nightshirts and Pajamas

Fruit of the Loom

Made by the Knight Mills of New England

Look for the Fruit of the Loom trademark printed or woven in colors on ready-made garments, and the words, "Fruit of the Loom," on the selvage of piece goods.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Face to face with your mirror

—can you truly rejoice in your complexion?

CAN you be proud of your fair, wholesome skin? Can you conscientiously say "my complexion is fresh and clear"? You can if you adopt the regular use of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream, you will find, is *more* than a cleanser, *more* than a powder base, *more* than a protection for the skin. It has an exclusive therapeutic property that serves to "tone-up" —*revitalize*—the sluggish tissues of the skin. It soothes away redness and roughness, banishes slight imperfections, heals and nourishes the skin cells. *No other cream is just like it.*

Go to your druggist today and purchase a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream in either the 50-cent or $1.00 size. The dollar jar contains three times the quantity.

FREDERICK F. INGRAM CO.
Established 1885
39 Tenth St. Detroit, Mich.
In Canada, Windsor, Ont.

Posed by Doris Kenyon in "Sure Fire Flint," a Mastodon Films, Inc. motion picture. Miss Kenyon is one of many charming women of the screen who use and endorse Ingram's Milkweed Cream for promoting beauty of complexion.

Ingram's Rouge

"Just to show the proper glow" use a touch of Ingram's Rouge on the cheeks. A safe preparation for delicately emphasizing the natural color. Offered in thin artistic metal vanity-box, with large mirror and pad—does not bulge the purse. Five perfect shades, subtly perfumed—Light, Rose, Medium, Dark or the newest popular tint, American Blush
Fifty cents

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

Send ten cents today for Ingram's New Beauty Purse.

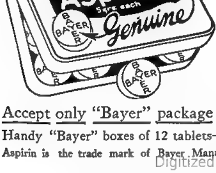
Frederick F. Ingram Co., 39 Tenth Street, Detroit, Mich.
Gentlemen: Enclosed find ten cents. Please send me Ingram's New Beauty Purse, containing a liberal sample of Ingram's Milkweed Cream, and generous samples of Ingram's Face Powder and Ingram's Rouge packed in ready-to-use Purse Puffs.

Name.............................. Address..............................
City.............................. State..............................

Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER" when you buy Aspirin. Insist!

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets, you are not getting the genuine Bayer product prescribed by physicians over 23 years and proved safe by millions for



Colds	Headache
Toothache	Rheumatism
Neuritis	Lumbago
Neuralgia	Pain, Pain

Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proper directions.

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets—Also bottles of 24 and 100 Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

Fashions

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 109

1874—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 40-inch embroidered chiffon—5⅜ yards ribbon.

1825—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 6⅛ yards 40-inch crêpe satin—2¼ yards narrow ribbon for tie-strings.

1844—Child's Dress. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 1½ yard 40-inch dotted Georgette—2 yards 2½-inch lace insertion—1 yard narrow ribbon.

1774—Girls' and Juniors' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 6 to 16 years. Size 8 requires 2⅜ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—8⅝ yards frilling—2 yards 5-inch ribbon.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110

1878—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine for waist—3⅛ yards 40-inch satin for skirt and collar.

1781—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 5 yards 40-inch roshanara crêpe—¾ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—1 yard 36-inch lining. The border, design 12757, may be carried out in single-stitch embroidery.

1876—Ladies' and Misses' Coat. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 5 yards 54-inch velours—4 yards 36-inch printed silk for lining.

1771—Ladies' Jacket Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Length at center-back 27½ inches. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 40-inch chiffon velvet—2¼ yards 36-inch silk for lining. No. 1749—Ladies' Bodice Skirt. Designed for 37 to 51 hip. Width at lower edge about 2⅛ yards. Size 39 requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch plaid—¾ yard 36-inch lining for bodice.

1888—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch light crêpe de Chine—2¼ yards 40-inch satin. The monogram, design 537, may be worked in raised satin stitch.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 111

1839—Ladies' and Misses' Wrap-around Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 4 yards 54-inch velours—1¼ yard 6-inch fur banding—2 yards ribbon for tie-strings.

1840—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 54-inch tricotine—⅜ yard 4-inch caracul banding for collar—2 yards 5-inch caracul banding for lower edge of skirt.

1851—Ladies' Sleeveless Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch French serge—9⅝ yards braid for dress; 1½ yard 36-inch voile—2⅛ yards frilling for blouse. The novel motif, design 12820, may be embroidered in raised satin stitch.

DESCRIBING MODELS ON PAGE 113

1788—Ladies' Nightgown. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 36-inch batiste—5½ yards narrow lace—4⅛ yards ribbon—4¼ yards plaiting.

9834—Ladies' Kimono Dressing Sack. Designed for 36, 40 and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1¼ yard 36-inch dotted swiss—2¼ yards ribbon—4¾ yards plaiting.

1679—Ladies' Corset Bandeau. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅜ yard 36-inch coutil—1¼ yard 5-inch elastic.

9212—Ladies' Nightgown—Designed for 36, 40 and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 4 yards 36-inch cambric—½ yard 36-inch contrasting cambric (cut crosswise)—4¼ yards pointed edging.

1791—Misses' Pajamas. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—½ yard filet lace—3¾ yards ribbon to trim.

1845—Girls' and Juniors' Pajamas. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 15 requires 4⅞ yards 40-inch radium silk—⅝ yard 36-inch contrasting—2½ yards plaiting.

1839—Ladies' Apron. Designed for 36, 40 and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch percale—11¾ yards bias binding.

1792—Ladies' Chemise and Closed Drawers Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch batiste—7⅛ yards 3-inch lace—3 yards ribbon.

9229—Ladies' Two-piece Bloomers. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Size 26 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch longcloth—2 yards frilling.

1843—Ladies' Kimono. Designed for 36 to 52 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 40-inch printed silk—1⅞ yard 36-inch satin to trim.

1879—Ladies' and Misses' Slip. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 40-inch silk.

1852—Ladies' Kimono. Designed for 36 to 52 bust. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch dotted swiss—½ yard 36-inch batiste (cut crosswise)—7¾ yards frilling—2½ yards ribbon for sash.

1240. Ladies' Step-in Drawers. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Size 26 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch striped voile (cut lengthwise)—1½ yard frilling—1½ yard ribbon.

Why Children Don't Obey

OBEDIENCE is the foundation of character. Yet how many parents discover constantly that their instructions to their children carry no farther than around the corner. And wilfulness, selfishness, jealousy, disrespect, untruthfulness, ill-temper and many other unpleasant qualities are directly related to that first great fault of disobedience.

New Methods for Old

Until now, scolding and whipping seem to have been about the parents' only methods. But new methods have been discovered which make it easy to train children to obey promptly, pleasantly and surely without breaking the child's will, without creating fear, resentment or revenge in the child's heart as whipping does. This new method is based on confidence. When perfect understanding and sympathy exist, obedience comes naturally and all the bad traits that children pick up so easily are not given a chance to develop.

Do You Know How
to instruct children in the delicate matter of sex?
to always obtain cheerful obedience?
to correct mistakes of early training?
to keep child from crying?
to develop initiative in child?
to teach children instantly to comply with command "Don't touch"?
to suppress temper in children without punishment?
to teach punctuality? Perseverence? Carefulness?
to overcome obstinacy?
These are only a few of the hundreds of questions fully answered and explained

Highest Endorsements

This new system, which has been put into the form of an Illustrated Course, prepared especially for the busy parent, is producing remarkable and immediate results for thousands of parents in all parts of the world, and is endorsed by leading educators. It covers all ages from cradle to eighteen years.

Free Book

"New Methods in Child Training" is the title of a startling book which describes this new system and outlines the work of the Parents Association. Send letter or postal today and the book will be sent free—but do it now as this announcement may never come to your notice again. THE PARENTS ASSOCIATION, Dept 5510 Pleasant Hill, Ohio.

Correct Appearance Plus Comfort

The DeLeon adjustable bandeau makes any hat fit any head. Holds the hat at the most becoming angle—snugly and comfortably—regardless of style of headdress. Can be inserted in any size hat in a few seconds by merely a push on the prongs.

If your milliner or dealer cannot supply you, send us 25c with dealer's name and we will send one promptly prepaid. State color, black or white. 35c in Canada.

DE LEON BANDEAU COMPANY
2117 Locust Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Dealers. See your jobber. If he cannot supply you, write us giving jobber's name.

Makes Any Hat Fit Any Head

The DeLeon Bandeaux

SAVE HALF!
Lamps and Shades
Make at Home

Delightful work — easy — profitable

Parchment shades, lamps, and shields in artistic designs are very much in vogue. Save ½ the usual price by getting our shades flat, designed ready for coloring. (300 designs and sizes.) Full directions. Anyone can do it. If you are interested in studying color harmony, unusual methods of treatment, effective combinations, send 15c for 92 page book of instructions for making and painting parchment shades, both in oil and water colors. No teacher is required. 15 beautifully colored illustrations showing finished shades.

CHINA PAINTERS!

Everything in white china—saving from 10 to 40 per cent. We are America's largest white china importers and sell direct to users.

Send for *free* catalog, 54-P, showing Lamps, Shades and China. Contains over 2000 illustrations.

THAYER & CHANDLER, 913 W. Van Buren St., Chicago

Hotels Need Trained Women

Nation-wide demand for trained women, all departments, hotels, clubs, apartment houses, uncrowded field; fine living, quick advancement. Our methods endorsed by leading hotels everywhere. Write for FREE BOOK, "Your Big Opportunity."

LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS,
Room 2818, Washington, D. C.
Founded 1916

Comfort Baby's Skin With Cuticura Soap And Fragrant Talcum

For sample Cuticura Talcum, a fascinating fragrance, Address Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. D, Malden, Mass.

Clark's Round the World and Mediterranean Cruise
Jan. 15th and Feb. 2nd, 1924; 122 days $1000 up; 65 days $600 up. Shore excursions included
FRANK C. CLARK, Times Building, New York

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

AMERICAN STATIONERY

Of all Christmas gifts, none is more tasteful than this. The *original* printed type of note paper—for informal correspondence and household business uses. Noted for its sterling quality. Used in better homes everywhere. Name and address printed on National Bank Bond in rich, dark blue ink. Size of sheet 6 x 7; envelopes to match. Sold only by mail from Peru, Indiana. No branch plants. Special facilities insure prompt service. Order a package now. Remit with order—or, if inconvenient at the moment, we will ship C. O. D. West of Denver and outside of U. S. add 10%.

The American Stationery Co.
1031 Park Avenue. Peru, Indiana

200 Sheets 100 Envelopes

PRINTED WITH ANY NAME AND ADDRESS

$1.00 POSTPAID

THE AMERICAN STATIONERY CO
1031 Park Avenue, Peru, Indiana
Send me a pack of 200 sheets and 100 envelopes of American Stationery to be printed as shown on attached slip. (Note: To avoid errors, write or *print* copy plainly.)

MONEY REFUNDED IF YOU ARE NOT WHOLLY SATISFIED

Beautifully Curly, Wavy Hair Like "Nature's Own"

Try the new way—the Silmerine way—and you'll never again use the ruinous heated iron. The curliness will appear altogether natural.

Liquid Silmerine

is easily applied with brush. Is neither sticky nor greasy. Perfectly harmless. Serves also as a splendid dressing for the hair. Directions with bottle. At drug and department stores $1.

Parker-Belmont Powder Compact . . $1.00
Parker-Belmont Rose Compact . . $1.00
Parker-Belmont Beauty Cream . . $1.00
Powdered Barriflower (*depilatory*) . . $1.00
PARKER BELMONT & CO. 2358 Clybourn Ave., Chicago

Embroidery Now Easy To Do

Our Art needle gives your fingers the skill of an embroidery expert. Makes twenty-nine different stitches six times as fast as by the old method.

Send 50c for this Wonder Needle

For an additional 50c we will send you a beautiful tinted rug on burlap. Peacock, parrott, oriental or conventional design.

FREE As a special inducement we will send you with each order a 16-page book showing how to make the various stitches without any extra charge to you for the book. Send 50c for needle or rug or $1.00 for both

Molter-Reinhard Company
Room 4127, 366 W Monroe St., Chicago, Illinois

We Pay $8 a Day

taking orders for Jennings Guaranteed Hosiery.

Written guarantee with each pair to wear and give satisfaction or new hose free.

Year round Position

No Lay offs

Regular customers and repeat orders make you steady income. Hose for men, women and children, all styles, colors and finest line silk hose, all guaranteed. Low priced No experience necessary Write for samples.

JENNINGS MFG. CO.
Hose-424 Dayton, Ohio

Diamonds Here at 60% of Market Price

This ¾-1-16, 1-64 Ct. sparkling, perfectly cut diamond solitaire at $62.45 among bargains in recent list. Try to match at $145.00. Many other big values in our lists. Buy HERE! Prices based on loan values, not market values. This 75-year-old diamond banking firm has thousands unpaid loans and other bargains. Must sell NOW.

Why Pay Full Prices

Costs Nothing to See

Investigate these bargain offers. Any diamond sent for absolutely free examination at our risk. No obligation. No cost to you.

SEND FOR LATEST LIST

Describes Diamond Bargains in detail, gives guaranteed loan values. Explains unlimited exchange privilege. Write for list today. No obligation. Postal card will do. Send NOW.

JOS. DeROY & SONS 3913 DeRoy Bldg.
Only Opposite Post Office Pittsburgh, Pa.

Fashions

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 114

1890—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 1½ yard 40-inch satin crêpe—2¼ yards 40-inch printed crêpe.

1876—Ladies' and Misses' Coat. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Size 16 requires 6⅛ yards 40-inch chiffon velvet—1 yard 9-inch fur banding—3¼ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine for lining. Soutache braid may be employed in carrying out the braiding design, 12715.

1860—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2½ yards. Size 16 requires 3⅛ yards 54-inch Poiret twill—¼ yard 36-inch linen (cut crosswise) for collar—1¼ yard pointed edging—¾ yard 36-inch lining.

1841—Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge of plaited flounce about 4 yards. Size 16 requires 4 yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—7 yards frilling. The novel border, design 12833, may be outlined in chain stitches and filled in with beads or French knots.

1862—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 16 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch chiffon velvet for blouse—2¼ yards 40-inch roshanara crêpe for skirt—⅝ yard 36-inch satin (cut lengthwise) for collar and cuffs—¾ yard 36-inch lining.

1853—Misses' Sleeveless Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 16 requires 1½ yard 54-inch plaid—2¾ yards braid—1⅜ yard 36-inch batiste, 2 yards frilling for blouse.

1849—Misses' Sleeveless Jumper Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 1½ yard 54-inch Poiret twill—1⅜ yard 36-inch printed silk for blouse. The novel motif, design 12820, may be worked in raised satin stitch.

1875—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4½ yards 40-inch crêpe Roma—2⅛ yards 2¾-inch lace banding—2½ yards picot-edge ribbon for sash.

1892—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 16 requires 4 yards 40-inch chiffon velvet—¾ yard 40-inch Georgette—1½ yard plaiting—3⅛ yards ribbon for tie-strings.

1818—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch check—⅜ yard 36-inch linen—2⅝ yards ribbon.

1861—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 2½ yards 54-inch wool Jersey—⅜ yard 40-inch organdy for collar (cut lengthwise)—¾ yard 36-inch lining.

1893—Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch duvetyn—2⅜ yards frilling—5¼ yards braid.

DESCRIBING MODELS ON PAGE 115

1786—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 2¾ yards. Size 16 requires 6⅜ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—2⅛ yards 2½-inch lace banding for back yoke and arm band—17⅝ yards lace to trim ruffles—2⅜ yards ribbon to bind back yoke and band.

1802—Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2⅛ yards. Size 16 requires 6 yards 40-inch crêpe meteor—½ yard 36-inch allover lace for collar—10¼ yards ribbon for binding and trimming.

1780—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 5½ yards 40-inch flat crêpe—⅜ yard 36-inch allover lace for collar and sleeve trimming—4 yards 4-inch lace banding to trim plaited flounce—3½ yards ribbon for sash.

1839—Ladies' and Misses' Wrap-around Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Size 16 requires 3 yards 54-inch Poiret twill—3⅝ yards silk braid—2 yards ribbon for tie-strings.

1782—Misses' Jacket. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2⅛ yards 40-inch chiffon velvet—2⅛ yards 36-inch printed silk for lining. No. 1610—Misses' Side-plaited Frock Skirt. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2½ yards. Size 16 requires 2⅞ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—1⅛ yard 36-inch lining for bodice.

1861—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 2½ yards 54-inch wool Jersey—3¾ yards silk braid—¾ yard 36-inch lining for camisole.

1893—Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch French serge—10¾ yards silk braid.

1680—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 16 requires 3⅜ yards 40-inch roshanara crêpe—2⅛ yards frilling—5⅝ yards silk braid.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 124

The JOY of Making HOME *better*—

WHEN "Mother" joins a Larkin Club, the joy of making home better makes glad the hearts of the whole family. Through her Larkin Club, real comforts and better living add to the cheer of hearth and home.

A pretty lamp, a handsome chair, or perhaps a rug or gleaming silver—may lend eloquent testimony to all that the Larkin Plan has contributed to the home. And equally welcome is the better living assured by Larkin Perfected Products—pure foods, choice soaps, and dainty preparations for the toilet,—all the triumph of nearly half a century of manufacturing skill.

The Larkin Plan

THE Larkin Factory-to-Family Plan appeals to the thinking woman of to-day, as it won the appreciation of her thinking mother a quarter century or so ago. Popular as Larkin dealing has been, the year 1923 finds more marked recognition than ever. From great cities and from tiny hamlets pour in the orders of thousands of Larkin Clubs—Clubs whose members know the joy of making home better.

All that you need to know to start Larkin dealing may be learned in the new Larkin Catalog. The coupon below will bring it to you quickly. Study this valuable book in the quiet of your home and learn the Larkin way to make home better.

Larkin Co Inc.

Established, 1875 *A National Institution*

Chicago, Ill. BUFFALO, N. Y. Peoria, Ill.

Sent on Request

Mail Coupon to nearest address

Larkin Co Inc.
Buffalo, N. Y.; Chicago, Ill.; Peoria, Ill.

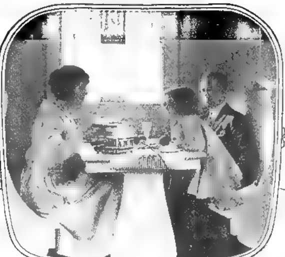
Please send me my own copy of Catalog No. 23

Name ______

Address ______

G. P. 17

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY



Enjoy your breakfast *with* your family!

ISN'T it much more pleasant to cook breakfast sitting at the table?

That's what you can do if you have an Armstrong Table Stove. No standing over the hot stove and hurrying back and forth, taking a hasty bite between trips!

The Armstrong Table Stove is a thoroughly practical electric utensil on which you can *cook three things at the same time,* easily and quickly, and serve it, hot as it should be, right at the table. Eggs, bacon, and toast—sausages and hot cakes—or waffles!

This convenient stove is light in weight, but sturdy, easily cleaned, with white enamel that never tarnishes. It uses no more electricity than an ordinary toaster, yet does the work of three utensils all at the same time. It boils, broils, fries, steams, toasts—and bakes crisp, perfect waffles.

Use it also for lunch, dinner and late suppers. Send for "A Week of Menus," a list of dishes which can be cooked on the Armstrong Table Stove. Electrical dealers in your town will be glad to show you the Armstrong Table Stove.

THE ARMSTRONG MFG. CO. 1310 Seventh Ave., Huntington, W. Va.

ARMSTRONG TABLE STOVE

COOKS THREE THINGS AT ONCE—MAKES WAFFLES TOO

Price $12.50 *Waffle Iron $4.00*

Also made for distribution in Canada and Great Britain by Benjamin Electric Mfg. Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto

The tilting plug, which slips on and off, makes connecting and heat control quick and easy. No tugging or jerking.

SANITAS MODERN WALL COVERING

Enriches the appearance of any home

Sanitas Modern Wall Covering is peculiarly appropriate, in color, tone and design, to the occasion of every room, with its soft flat tints that can be made individual by stenciling, frescoes, or Tiffany blending, or with selections from the large variety of cheerful, colorful decorative patterns.

But Sanitas offers still more than beauty. Sanitas is made on cloth, ready-painted with durable colors. It does not crack, tear, peel, blister, or fade. It can be hung as soon as the plaster is dry, and cracks in old walls, properly filled, do not show through. Sanitas can be kept clean and fresh by wiping frequently with a damp cloth. Comes in styles for every room in the house:

Enamel Finish, plain colors, striped, mosaic, and tile effects for kitchens, bathrooms, laundries, etc.

Flat Finish, plain tints that can be hung as they come, or stenciled, frescoed, stippled or Tiffany blended.

Decorative Patterns, floral designs, and reproductions of tapestry, leather, grass cloth and fabrics.

See Sanitas at your decorator's
Write us for samples and booklet

THE STANDARD TEXTILE PRODUCTS CO.
320 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
DEPT 17

Fashions

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 123

1790—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 16 requires 2½ yards 54-inch check—8⅜ yards silk braid.

1876—Ladies' and Misses' Coat. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Size 16 requires 3⅜ yards 54-inch velours—½ yard 54-inch fur cloth—3⅝ yards 36-inch satin for lining.

1682—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 5⅝ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—½ yard 40-inch contrasting for trimming—2 yards ribbon for tie-strings—⅜ yard 36-inch lining for foundation.

1776—Ladies' and Misses Dress. Designed for 18 and 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 18 requires 5½ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—1⅞ yard 2-inch fur banding—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for camisole body.

1652—Ladies' and Misses' Coat. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Size 16 requires 3⅛ yards 54-inch Marvella cloth—1¾ yard 2-inch fur banding—3¾ yards 36-inch figured crêpe for lining.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 116

1814—Girls' Coat. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch covert cloth—2½ yards 36-inch silk for lining.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 117

9875—Girls' and Juniors' Sleeveless Dress. Designed for 4 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1 yard 54-inch check—1⅛ yard 36-inch linen.

1858—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards 40-inch voile—⅝ yard ribbon. The deep smocking design, 12845, gives a yoke effect to the frock.

1850—Girls' and Juniors' Sleeveless Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 14 requires 2 yards 54-inch French serge—2⅛ yards silk braid to bind—1⅜ yard 36-inch batiste for blouse. The novel motif, design 12820, may be worked in raised satin stitch.

1848—Girls' and Juniors' Sleeveless Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 14 requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch flannel for dress—1⅜ yard 36-inch dotted swiss for blouse. On the square patch pockets a fruit motif, design 12796, cut from colored linen and couched down in blanket stitch, is applied.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 118

9041—Men's Shirt. Designed for 32 to 52 chest. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 36-inch English broadcloth.

1373—Men's Knickerbockers. Designed for 32 to 50 waist. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch tweed.

1645—Men's Shirt. Designed for 32 to 50 chest. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch sports silk.

1364—Men's Union Suit. Designed for 36 to 48 chest. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch madras.

8636—Men's Shirt. Designed for 14 to 17½ neck. Size 15 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch percale. No. **1871**—Men's Trousers. Designed for 32 to 50 waist. Size 36 requires 2 yards 54-inch men's wear serge—⅛ yard 36-inch lining.

1496—Men's Pajamas. Designed for 34 to 54 chest. Size 36 requires 5⅜ yards 36-inch madras.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 119

6082—Ladies' and Misses' Masquerade Costumes. Designed for 32 to 42 bust. The Swiss peasant costume in size 36 requires 4¾ yards 36-inch white voile—1 yard 36-inch black velvet—¾ yard 32-inch flouncing. The Spanish costume requires 4¾ yards 36-inch voile—⅞ yard 36-inch velvet—⅞ yard 36-inch striped satin. The peasant costume (at lower left) requires 5½ yards 40-inch voile for waist, skirt, and apron—⅞ yard 36-inch black sateen—¼ yard 40-inch check voile.

1529—Ladies' Domino. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 7⅛ yards 36-inch satin.

1306—Ladies' Hallowe'en Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch voile—½ yard 36-inch black sateen for band at bottom of skirt—1 yard 36-inch lining.

1630—Ladies' and Misses' Egyptian Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 36-inch satin—1½ yard satin banding for border—1¼ yard 36-inch lining.

5287—Men's and Boys' Colonial Suit. Designed for 24 to 44 chest. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch black velvet for coat—1⅝ yard 36-inch satin for trousers—1¼ yard 36-inch white satin for vest and hat—6 yards braid—3 yards lace for jabot and cuffs—¾ yard 27-inch lining for back of vest.

5241—Ladies', Misses' and Girls' Colonial Dress. Designed for 36 to 42 bust, and 6 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 6¾ yards 36-inch voile—2⅛ yards 36-inch printed cretonne—¾ yard 36-inch net—4½ yards frilling—1 yard 36-inch lining.

1527—Ladies' and Misses' Chinese Costume. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 6⅝ yards 36-inch figured sateen—1¼ yard 36-inch sateen for trimming and hat.

1316—Ladies' Masquerade Costume. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 36-inch satin—3⅞ yards 3-inch fur banding—¾ yard 36-inch white satin.

4486—Clowns' Suit and Hat. Designed for 32 to 46 chest. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch black sateen—4¼ yards 36-inch dotted sateen—1¼ yard 36-inch voile for ruffles and hat facing.

1042—Child's Slip-on Dress. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch voile—3 yards frilling.

1528—Girls' Chinese Costume. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch figured sateen—2¼ yards 36-inch plain sateen.

4814—Boys' Clown Suit. Designed for 4 to 16 years. Size 12 requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch black sateen—2½ yards 36-inch white sateen.

6447—Santa Claus Suit. Designed for 36 to 48 chest. Size 36 requires 5⅝ yards 36-inch red flannel—5½ yards fur banding.

1326—Girls' and Misses' Dutch Costume. Designed for 6 to 20 years. Size 8 requires ¾ yard 36-inch sateen for waist—1⅜ yard 54-inch plaid—1 yard 40-inch white voile for apron and hat.

1315—Misses' Long-waisted Masquerade Costume. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3⅞ yards 36-inch satin.

1545—Men's Devil Suit. Designed for 32 to 44 chest. Size 36 requires 5⅜ yards 40-inch red satin—2 yards 40-inch contrasting satin for lining cape—⅝ yard ruching.

1327—Ladies' Dutch Costume. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3 yards 36-inch sateen for hat, waist, and apron—2¼ yards 54-inch plaid.

8679—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. **9579**—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. The costume in medium size requires 4⅜ yards 36-inch khaki—1⅝ yard wide banding.

6385—Clown Suit and Hat. Designed for 4 to 16 years. Size 12 requires 3 yards 36-inch plain sateen—2½ yards 36-inch check sateen.

1138—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1½ yard 40-inch voile—1 yard 3-inch fur banding for yoke—1¾ yard 5-inch fur banding for lower edge of dress.

9018—Boys' Indian Suit. Designed for 4 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 3 yards 36-inch khaki—3⅜ yards fringe.

Have You Voted Yet?

Whom do you want for our next President? Let the women of America elect their choice! Turn to Page 1 and vote right now

Digitized by Google

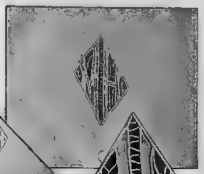
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

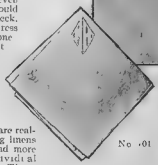
There's Smartness in These Correct Monograms and Embroidery Designs

No 322

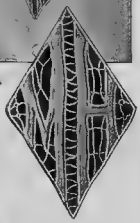
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12817, blue or yellow, 40 cents 2/-, furnishes 5 large motifs with appliqués, 4 corners and 2 borders of 2- and 3¾-inch width. Shown on table covers below.

THE Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions No. 322, 15 cents—9d. This child's knitted dress in size 3 requires 6 balls of white and 3 balls of old blue Shetland floss, 1 pair No 3 and 1 pair No 7 bone or amber knitting needles. The entire frock is most effectively worked in the simple stockinette stitch that even the most amateur knitter could easily do. The little neck, sleeves, and bottom of dress have a different stitch done in contrasting colors, that is fetching. The cross-stitch border is also a colorful note.





No 701



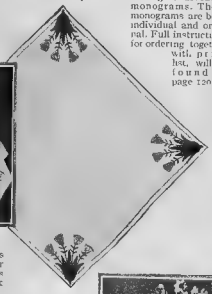
No 701

More and more women are realizing the need of marking linens distinctively, and more and more they are choosing individual monograms. These monograms are both individual and original. Full instructions for ordering together with price list, will be found on page 120

Care should be taken to see that the monogram is in harmonious proportion to the article on which it is to be embroidered.

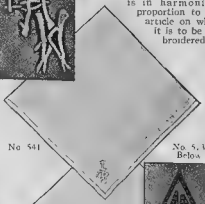
No. 12817

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12630, blue or yellow, 30 cents—1/6, supplies motifs designed for appliqué and patch-work that are suitable for trimming pillows, scarfs, luncheon cloths and wearing apparel. Shown below on a table scarf



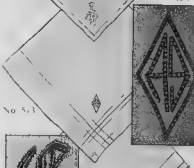
No 12817

No 541



No 541

No 5.3 Below



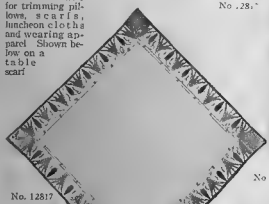
No 5.3

No 12630

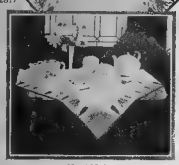
No 12630

No. 11999

No. 11999



No. 12817



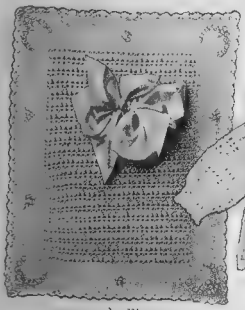
No. 12817

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12800, blue or yellow, 25 cents 1/3. This design consists of 2 and 2 reverses of basket motif, 4 each of two other larger motifs, and several small sprays. Shown on a baby's crocheted set below.

No 705

No. 705

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12857, blue or yellow, 50 cents—2/6, furnishes two borders to be carried out in one-stitch embroidery. This design is most effective for cloth dresses or lovely suits



No 331

No. 331—Cap and Sacque — Embroidery No. 12800

No. 12857

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 120

Smartness in Footwear Plus Perfect Comfort and Correctiveness

Thousands of American women who have suffered from foot troubles consider "Ease All" footwear the ideal corrective shoe for women. Styled by fashion authorities, builded by bootmakers who mould each pair to fit with grace and beauty, made from the choicest leathers the world affords, "Ease All" fine footwear is preeminently the smartest corrective shoe you ever tried on.

Note how foot structure has collapsed, the arch fallen, the foot rotating inward

Here is the same foot in an "Ease All"—held in correct, normal position

How "Ease All" Footwear Corrects Foot Ills

Note the long counter in the picture at the left above. This is a firm bandage which holds the rotating bones of the foot snugly in place, giving tired muscles and ligaments the easement they require in order to build themselves back to a normal, healthy state.

The steel arch, anchored firmly in the sole itself, holds the fallen arch in accurate and correct position. This bandage brace and arch support combine to produce a shoe of soothing comfort, a shoe that corrects foot ills by holding the foot in a normal position and thus allowing Nature to build up anew the points in the structure of the foot that have been temporarily weakened and strained.

Send for free copy of the unique booklet, "Margaret Haverly Pockets Her Pride" will be forwarded you upon request

UTZ & DUNN CO.
27 Canal St. Rochester, N. Y.

EASE ALL UTZ & DUNN CO.

Google NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

You Lose

That flavor—that delight—when you fail to get Quaker Oats

Some people say that oats are oats. That's true.

Some grocers say—and no doubt believe—that other oats are much like Quaker Oats. But please remember this:

Quaker Oats are flaked from just the finest grains. All the puny and flavorless oats are discarded. We get but ten pounds of these delicious flakes from a bushel of choice oats.

And Quaker Oats, because of that flavor, has won the world to Quaker. In fifty nations this is the leading brand. Millions of mothers send over seas to get this super-flavor for their children.

The oat dish is important. This is the food of foods.

All the 16 elements which growing children need are found in a dish of Quaker Oats.

As a vim-food, nothing in a grain food can compare.

All authorities have for centuries urged the eating of oats. The sturdiest races eat the most.

Then make the oat dish so delicious that everybody wants it. Never make it with flakes less flavory than you find in Quaker Oats.

Be Careful

Quaker Oats comes only in this package. Look for the picture of the Quaker. Those are the flavory flakes Those are the flakes which have done so much to multiply the love of oats.

The cost is less than one cent per dish. Every pound supplies 1810 calories of nutriment.

For the sake of all people at your table be sure you get this brand.

Packed in sealed round packages with removable covers

The Quaker Oats Company

The Rover

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

Don't you know what an Englishman is? One day easy and casual, next day ready to pounce on you like a tiger. Hard in the morning, careless in the afternoon, and only reliable in a fight, whether with or against you, but for the rest perfectly fantastic. You would think a little touched in the head, and there again it would not do to trust to that notion either."

The lieutenant lending an attentive ear, Peyrol smoothed his brow and discoursed with gusto of Englishmen as if they had been a strange, very little-known tribe. "In a manner of speaking," he concluded, "the oldest bird of them all can be caught with chaff, but not every day." He shook his head, smiling to himself faintly as if remembering a quaint passage or two.

"You didn't get all that knowledge of the English while you were a gunner," observed the lieutenant dryly.

"There you go again," said Peyrol. "And what's that to you where I learned it all? Suppose I learned it all from a man who is dead now. Put it down to that."

"I see. It amounts to this, that you can't get at the back of their minds very easily."

"No," said Peyrol, then added grumpily, "and some Frenchmen are not much better. I wish I could get at the back of your mind."

"You would find a service matter there, Gunner; that's what you would find there, and a matter that seems nothing much at first sight, but when you look into it is about as difficult to manage properly as anything you ever undertook in your life. It puzzled all the bigwigs. It must have since I was called in. Of course I work on shore at the Admiralty and I was in the way. They showed me the order from Paris and I could see at once the difficulty of it. I pointed it out, and I was told——"

"To come here," struck in Peyrol.

"No. To make arrangements to carry it out."

"And you began by coming here. You are always coming here."

"I began by looking for a man," said the naval officer with emphasis.

PEYROL looked at him searchingly. "Do you mean to say that in the whole fleet you couldn't have found a man?"

"I never attempted to look for one there. My chief agreed with me that it isn't a service for navy men."

"Well, it must be something beastly for a naval man to admit that much. What is the order? I don't suppose you came over here without being ready to show it to me."

The lieutenant plunged his hand into the inside pocket of his naval jacket and then brought it out empty

"Understand, Peyrol," he said earnestly, "this is not a service of fighting. Good men are plentiful for that The question is to play the enemy a trick."

"Trick?" said Peyrol in a judicial tone; "that's all right I have seen in the Indian seas Monsieur Surcouf play tricks on the English—seen them with my own eyes—deceptions, disguises, and such like. That's quite sound in war."

"Certainly. The order for this one comes from the First Consul himself, for it is no small matter. It's to deceive the English Admiral."

"What—that Nelson? Ah! but that one is a clever one."

After expressing that opinion the old rover pulled out a red-bandanna handkerchief, and after rubbing his face with it repeated his opinion deliberately: "*Celui-là est un malin.*"

This time the lieutenant brought out really a paper from his pocket, and, saying, "I have copied the order for you to see," handed it to the rover, who took it from him with a doubtful air.

Lieutenant Réal watched old Peyrol handling it at arm's length, then with his arm bent trying to adjust the distance to his eyesight, and wondered whether he had copied it in a hand big enough to be read easily by the gunner Peyrol. The order ran like this: "You will make up a packet of dispatches and pretended private letters as if from officers, containing a clear statement besides hints calculated to convince the enemy that the destination of the fleet now fitting in Toulon is for Egypt and generally for the East. That packet you will send by sea in some small craft to Naples, taking care that the vessel should fall into the enemy's hands."

The Préfet Maritime had called Réal, had shown him the paragraph of the letter from Paris, had turned the page over, and laid his finger on the signature, Bonaparte. Then after giving him a meaning glance, he locked up the paper in a drawer and put the key in his pocket Lieutenant Réal had written it down from memory directly the notion of consulting Peyrol had occurred to him.

The rover, screwing his eyes and pursing his lips, had come to the end of it. The lieutenant extended his hand negligently and took the paper away. "Well, what do you think?" he asked. "You must understand that there is no question of any ship of war being sacrificed to that dodge. What do you think of it?"

"Easier said than done," opined Peyrol curtly.

"That's what I told my Admiral."

"Was he a lubber, so that you had to explain it to him?"

"No, Gunner, he was not. He listened to me, nodding his head."

"And what did he say when you finished?"

"He said: '*Parfaitement*, have you got any ideas about it?' And I said—listen to me, Gunner—I said, '*Oui, mon Amiral*, I think I've got a man,' and the Admiral interrupted me at once: 'All right, you don't want to talk to me about him; I put you in charge of that affair and give you a week to arrange it. When it's done report to me. Meantime you may just as well take this packet.' It was already made up, Peyrol, all those faked letters and dispatches. I carried it out of the Admiral's room, a packet wrapped up in sail-cloth, properly corded and sealed. I have had it now in my possession for three days. It's up-stairs now in my valise "

"That doesn't advance you very much," growled old Peyrol.

"No," admitted the lieutenant. "I can also dispose of a few thousand francs."

"Francs," repeated Peyrol. "Well, you had better get back to Toulon and try to bribe some man to put his head into the jaws of the English lion."

Réal reflected, then said slowly: "I wouldn't tell any man that. Of course a service of danger; that would be understood."

"It would be. And if you could get a fellow with some sense in his *caboche* he would naturally try to slip past the English fleet and maybe do it, too. And then where's your trick?"

"We could give him a course to steer."

"Yes. And it may happen that your course would just take him clear of all Nelson's fleet, for you never can tell where the English may be. They may be watering in Sardinia."

"Some cruisers are sure to be out and pick him up."

"Maybe. But that's not doing the job; that's taking a chance. Do you think you are talking to a toothless baby—or what?"

"No, my gunner. It would take a strong man's teeth to undo that knot." A moment of silence followed. Then Peyrol assumed a dogmatic tone.

"I will tell you what it is, Lieutenant. This seems to me just the sort of order that a lubber would give to good seamen. You daren't deny that."

"I don't deny it," the lieutenant admitted. "And look at the whole difficulty. For supposing even that the tartan blunders right into the English fleet, as if it had been indeed arranged, they would just look into her hold or perhaps poke their noses here and there, but it would never occur to them to search for dispatches, would it? Our man, of course, would have them well hidden, wouldn't he? He is not to know. And if he were ass enough to leave them lying about the decks the English would at once smell a rat there. What I think he would do would be to throw the dispatches overboard quietly."

"Then he must be told the nature of the job," said Peyrol.

"Evidently. But where's the bribe big enough to induce a man to taste of the English pontoons?"

"The man will take the bribe, all right, and then will do his best not to be caught; and if he can't avoid that, he will take jolly good care that the English should find nothing on board his tartan. Oh, no, Lieutenant, any damn scalawag that owns a tartan will take a couple of thousand francs from your hand as tame as can be, but as to deceiving the English Admiral, it's the very devil of an affair. Didn't you think of all that before you spoke to the big epaulets that gave you the job?"

"I did see and I put it all before him," the lieutenant said, lowering his voice still more, for their conversation had been carried on in undertones tho the house behind them was silent and solitude reigned round the approaches of Escampobar Farm. It was the hour of siesta—for those that could sleep. The lieutenant, edging closer toward the old man, almost breathed the words in his ear.

"What I wanted was to hear you say all those things. Don't you understand now what I meant this morning on the lookout? Don't you remember what I said?"

PEYROL gazed into space and spoke in a level murmur.

"I remember a naval officer trying to shake old Peyrol off his feet and not managing to do it. I may be *disparu*, but I am too solid yet for any *blanc-bec* that loses his temper, devil only knows why. And it's a good thing that you didn't manage it, else I would have taken you down with me, and we would have made our last somersault together for the amusement of an English ship's company. A pretty end that!"

"Don't you remember me saying, when you mentioned that the English would have sent a boat to go through our pockets, that this would have been the perfect way?" In his stony immobility with the other man leaning toward his ear Peyrol seemed a mere insensible receptacle for whispers, and the lieutenant went on forcibly: "Well, it was in allusion to this affair, for, look, Gunner, what could be more convincing, if I had had the packet of dispatches on me? What would have been their surprize, their wonder? Not the

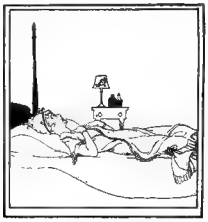
CONTINUED ON PAGE 128

Digitized by Google
Original from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

4 While the MINERALAVA is doing its beauty work of drawing out the impurities from the pores and ironing out the tiny wrinkles, you may relax for five or ten minutes.

5 Spray or wash off the MINERALAVA mask, starting with lukewarm water, gradually letting the water get as cold as possible.

6 Saturate thin pieces of cotton, about the size of a silver dollar, with pure witch hazel.



7 Apply the witch hazel pads to the eyes, curling back the lashes. Rest with the pads on for five minutes.

3 Now apply a thin mask of MINERALAVA with the dainty brush that comes with the bottle; using an upward stroke.

8 Apply Face Finish with finger tips or a piece of cotton; patting it gently in till it is absorbed.

2 A wash cloth wrung out in warm—not too hot—water, will open the pores of the face and neck.

Mineralava

is a natural antiseptic clay, refined by the foremost chemists of the world, and rendered more potent by the addition of certain medicinal and beauty-giving qualities.

Mineralava draws out all impurities from the pores, cleansing the skin thoroughly. It stimulates the blood vessels, creating perfect circulation, and thereby builds up the facial muscles and nourishes the underlying tissues.

Mineralava does for the face and neck what exercise does for the body, and with the resultant firmness and health of each tiny muscle, wrinkles, lines and flabby flesh are smoothed away. The skin attains the smooth, healthy condition of childhood — thereby normal — neither too dry nor too oily.

Mineralava will demonstrate a marked improvement after one application. Its continued use keeps the pores so clean that they gradually resume their normal size, and the texture of the skin consequently becomes finer. The color comes back to the cheeks, bringing a skin health and beauty unobtainable by any other method.

Mineralava Face Finish,

which should always be used after a Mineralava treatment, is a wonderful tonic for the skin—soothing, healing, nourishing, and at the same time a mild bleach.

The cleansed skin readily absorbs the Face Finish, which gently closes, without clogging, the pores. It is essentially protective and provides an excellent base for your favorite face powder, which will not cake as it sometimes does on a heavier base. Mineralava Face Finish is not merely an adjunct to Mineralava, but is, on the contrary, a very fine lotion on its own account, and its regular use on the skin after bathing will impart a smooth and velvety texture.

Mineralava is on sale at all good drug and department stores at $2.00 a bottle (each bottle containing enough for 18 treatments), a special trial tube at 50c, containing enough for three treatments, and the Face Finish at $1.50. If you are not entirely satisfied with the results, your dealer will refund your money.

The better class beauty and barber shops give and recommend Mineralava facials.

9 When Face Finish is thoroughly dry, apply face powder.

1 With a soft cloth and cold cream remove the surface-dirt or make-up.

10 Within half an hour—radiant for the dinner party.

NOTE—If you are in a hurry, omit details 1, 6 and 7. For refreshing tired eyes, 6 and 7 will be found very beneficial, but are not an essential part of the treatment.

SCOTT'S PREPARATIONS, Inc. 251 West 19th Street, New York City

Mineralava

"KEEPS FACES YOUNG"

PARIS VIVAUDOU NEW YORK

Distributor

Digitized by Google NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

The Miracle of a *Living* Odeur!

Choose, Mademoiselle!
The caressing fragrance of living flowers.
Or the sombreness of perfumery?

VIVANTE

From Lournay it comes, this miracle of a *living* odeur.

It is gayety and life; enticement and lure. The subtlety of a Pompadour. The charm of a LaValliere. The wisdom of a Josephine, in every precious drop!

C'est tres important

So as to avoid the faux pas of discord in one's scheme of fragrance—a creme of one scent, poudre of another, rouge of yet another! L'odeur Vivante wafts its personality throughout all articles de toilette by Lournay.

Lournay

PARIS 7 Rue de L'Isly — NEW YORK 366 Fifth Avenue

You may obtain a small vial of Lournay Vivante by sending 15 cents to our American address.

1938

Adrift from Religious Moorings

By President Warren G. Harding

I DO not believe there is any other influence so much needed in a tumultuous world as a reconsecration to God Almighty. I rejoice that America is free in religion. We boast our civil liberty and our political independence, but when we contemplate world conditions today the best thing in this Republic is religious freedom.

Sometimes I think the world has gone adrift from its moorings religiously, and I know it will help if we have a revival of religious faith. I want a government that is just, and I don't think a government can be just if it does not have somehow a contact with Omnipotent God.

I don't like to talk about religion, just for the sake of conversation, but I do believe that we need more of it in our American life, more of it in government—the real spirit of it. I think there should be more of the "Do unto others as you would be done by" spirit of service.

I don't intend to come as the finest exemplar of what we ought to be, but I rejoice in the inheritance of a religious belief and I don't mind saying that I gladly go to God Almighty for guidance and strength in the responsibilities that are coming to me.

There is evident almost everywhere in the world the need for a restoration of the soul of religious devotion; for individual consecration to that ideal of religion which recognizes it as able to give something that neither patriotism nor civic virtue can ever afford. The human race, or certainly great potential sections of it, has been getting away from its religious moorings. It needs a revival of the sincere conception of the personal relationship of God to man and of man to God; a restoration of faith in the fundamentals that are eternal. The world needs the assurance of faith in the Almighty, and the tranquillity which comes of that faith.

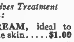
NOTE:—This is one of a series of nationwide non-sectarian advertisements and educational propaganda to promote popular interest in the church as a basic institution for the permanent welfare of humanity, without distinction of race, sect, or creed. Harvey Holleman, Executive Director, National Church Attendance Movement, 63 Park Row, New York City.

(Space Contributed by Pictorial Review)

SALT & PEPPER
Heavy Sheffield Silver

Is there some particular friend to whom you want to send a suitable birthday, anniversary or holiday remembrance? Here it is. Individual salt and pepper of extra heavy Sheffield silver. Design includes figures of little Dutch boy and girl. Fine workmanship and finish. They complete attractive table appointments. $1.50 a pair postpaid. Ask for No. 4679. Our Year Book of gifts shows more than 600 other unique, interesting and useful gift suggestions. Write for it. It is free.
Pohlson Gift Shops Dept. 60, Pawtucket, R. I.

New York - London - Paris



Summer's Imprint on Face, Neck and Hands

Famous Beauty Specialist gives Treatment to clear the skin:

VALAZE BLEACHING CREAM, ideal to cleanse, massage and bleach the skin.....$1.00
VALAZE FRECKLE CREAM, to remove all obstinate discolorations................$1.50
VALAZE PASTEURIZED FACIAL CREAM, for use after exposure and at all times to soothe and nourish the skin $1.00

Send for Complete Treatment Today. Prepare your skin for autumn's social demands. Ask for Special Bleach Folder.

Helena Rubinstein 46 West 57th St. New York City

The Rover

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 126

slightest doubt could enter their heads. Could it, Gunner? Of course it couldn't. I can imagine the captain of that corvette crowding sail on her to get this packet into the Admiral's hands. The secret of the Toulon fleet's destination found on the body of a dead officer. Wouldn't they have exulted at their enormous piece of luck? But they wouldn't have called it accidental. Oh, no! They would have called it providential. I know the English a little too. They like to have God on their side—the only ally they never need pay a subsidy to. Come, Gunner, would it not have been a perfect way?"

Lieutenant Réal threw himself back, and Peyrol, still like a carven image of grim dreaminess, growled softly:

"Time yet. The English ship is still in the Passe." He waited a little in his uncanny living-statue manner before he added viciously: You don't seem in a hurry to go and take that leap."

"Upon my word, I am almost sick enough of life to do it," the lieutenant said in a conversational tone.

"Well, don't forget to run up-stairs and take that packet with you before you go," said Peyrol as before. "But don't wait for me; I am not sick of life. I am *disparu*, and that's good enough. There's no need for me to die."

AND at last he moved in his seat, swung his head from side to side as if to make sure that his neck had not been turned to stone, emitted a short laugh, and grumbled: "*Disparu! Hein!* Well, I am damned!" as if the word "vanished" had been a gross insult to enter against a man's name in a register. It seemed to rankle, as Lieutenant Réal observed with some surprize; or else it was something unexpressed that rankled, manifesting itself in that funny way. The lieutenant too had a moment of anger which flamed and went out at once in the deadly cold, philosophic reflection:

"We are victims of the destiny which has brought us together." But again his resentment flamed. Why should he have stumbled against that girl or that woman—he didn't know how he must think of her—and suffer so horribly for it? He who had endeavored almost from a boy to destroy all the softer feelings within himself. His changing moods of distaste, of wonder at himself and at the unexpected turns of life, wore the aspect of profound abstraction from which he was called out by an outburst of Peyrol's, not loud, but fierce enough.

"No," cried Peyrol, "I am too old to break my bones for the sake of some soldier lubber in Paris who fancies he has invented something clever."

"I don't ask you to," the lieutenant said, with extreme severity, in what Peyrol would call an epaulet-wearer's voice. "You old sea-bandit. And it wouldn't be for the sake of a lubber anyhow. You and I are Frenchmen after all."

"You discovered that, did you?"

"Yes," said Réal. "This morning, listening to your talk on the hillside with that English corvette within what one might say a stone's throw."

"Yes," groaned Peyrol. "A French-built ship!" He struck his breast a resounding blow. "It hurts one there to see her. It seemed to me I must jump down on her deck single-handed."

"Yes, there you and I understood each other," said the lieutenant. "But look here: this affair is a much bigger thing than getting back a captured corvette; and it is much more than merely playing a trick on an Admiral. It's part of a great plan, Peyrol! It's another stroke to help give us at last a victory at sea."

"Us!" said Peyrol. "I am a sea-bandit and you are a sea-officer. What do you mean by us?"

"I mean all Frenchmen," said the lieutenant. "Or, let us say simply France, which you too have served."

Peyrol, whose stone-effigy bearing had become humanized almost against his will, gave an appreciative nod, and said: "You've got something on your mind. Now, what is it? If you will trust a sea-bandit."

"No, I will trust a gunner of the republic. It occurred to me that for this great affair we could make use of this corvette that you have been observing so long. For to count on the capture of any old tartan by the fleet in a way that would not arouse suspicion is no use."

"A lubberly notion," assented Peyrol, with more heartiness than he had ever displayed toward Lieutenant Réal.

"Yes, but there's that corvette. Couldn't something be arranged to make them swallow the whole thing, somehow, some way? You laugh. Why?"

"I laugh because it would have been a great joke," said Peyrol, whose hilarity was very short-lived. "That fellow on board, he thinks himself *très malin*. I never set my eyes on him, but I used to feel that I knew him as if he were my own brother; but now——"

He stopped short. Lieutenant Réal, after observing the sudden change on his countenance, said in an impressive manner:

"I think you have just had an idea."

"Not the slightest," said Peyrol, turning suddenly into stone as if by enchantment. The lieutenant did not feel discouraged

CONTINUED ON PAGE 129

Don't Send 1 Penny

KNITTED Dress Bargain **Save Half**

$2.98

This is the most amazing dress bargain ever offered.

The material alone is worth more than double the price we ask for the dress. Knitted dresses are all the rage in the fashion centers of the world.

The material is a knitted ratine jersey cloth of excellent weight which will give unlimited satisfactory wear. You will not be able to wear it out. It is a copy of an all wool eponge that sells for $6.00 a yard.

Dress is made in slip-over style, knitted full and roomy. Has collar, cuffs and broad girdle belt of contrasting shade of knitted cloth. Collar prettily edged with crochet stitching. Belt closes on large metal buckles. Dress can be worn for sport or every day, as well as dressy occasions.

COLORS: Heather blue, brown or oxford gray. Sizes to fit misses, 14, 16 and 18 years; women, 32 to 44 bust.

Delivery Free

Just send your name and address—no money. When the postman delivers this dress at your door, pay him **$2.98** for it. We have paid the transportation costs. If, for any reason whatsoever, it is not better than you expected, return it at our expense and we will cheerfully refund money. Order by No. 89.

WALTER FIELD CO. Dept. S1467, CHICAGO

LEARN MILLINERY

EARN BIG MONEY
Young Women Wanted

Is it not a wonderful record that of all our graduates not one has ever been disappointed in seeking profitable employment?

PATRICK SYSTEM of Practical Experience

Let me tell you how a few weeks' practical training will secure a good position or business of your own. Fit yourself to earn $150 to $400 a month. Mrs. Booth, Kan., says: "Got a position right away. Now opening my own shop." Miss Rager says: "Through your training I am now teaching Millinery." "Have splendid position as a trimmer," writes Mrs Major. "Earn better than $50 a week at home," says Miss Nofsinger. **PATRICK GRADUATES wanted every place.**

WE PAY YOUR RAILWAY FARE TO KANSAS CITY You must come here to get Personal instructions, but we help by paying fare from any place in U.S.

Write Today. Simply send name for description of course—Interesting pictures, letters from graduates and free catalog. Tells "HOW YOU CAN EARN BIG MONEY AS A DESIGNER." Be a first class milliner and insure your independence.

ELEANOR B. PATRICK
The Patrick School of Millinery and Design 2719 Independence Avenue, Kansas City, Mo.

DEEP-SEATED

FRECKLES

Need attention NOW or may remain all winter. Use the old and time-tried guaranteed treatment that has given satisfaction to millions of women for over 15 years, and rid yourself of these homely spots. Ask for

Othine--Double Strength

At all Druggists and Department Stores.

OTHINE LABORATORIES BUFFALO, N. Y.

Infants' Wear

STYLE BOOK FREE Pictures everything to outfit babies and children (up to 6 years). Also nursery furniture. Prices very low. Money back if not satisfied. Style Book sent FREE. Write TODAY.

Lane Bryant Address Dept 33 38th St. at Fifth Ave **New York**

109-113 W. 45th St. **Hotel St. James** N. Y. City Times Sq.

Midway between Fifth Avenue and Broadway

An hotel of quiet dignity, having the atmosphere and appointments of a well-conducted home. Much favored by women traveling without escort. 3 minutes walk to 40 theatres and all best shops.

Rates and Booklet on application
W. JOHNSON QUINN

AGENTS $5 TO $15 DAILY

easy—Introducing **New Style Guaranteed Hosiery**—Must wear or replaced free. Inspare or full time you should make from

$30.00 to $90.00

per week presenting this brand new line of Hosiery for Men, Women, Children; all styles and qualities including finest silks. Fit well—wear and hold their shape. No dull times for Mac-O-Chee agents. Quick sales. Repeat orders come easy. You simply show samples, write orders. **Your pay daily.** We deliver and collect. No experience needed. Elegant outfit furnished. Write quick for samples and plan.

MAC-O-CHEE MILLS CO. Desk 23510, Cinti., O.

IMPERIAL PEARLS

These beautiful, lustrous pearls, with the sheen of the sea in their glistening globes are a special importation direct from the Far East. They are solid and practically unbreakable. To introduce them we will send a full 30 inch string accurately graduated, without clasp, just as imported.

H. R. JAMES, *Importer* 723 34th Ave. Seattle, Wash. Post Paid **$3.95**

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

IT'S OFF
because
IT'S OUT

—hundreds of hairs in an instant. That's why ZIP is so successful and so popular with Beauty Shops, Specialists, Actresses, and women of good judgment.

ZIP does more than merely remove surface hair. It actually lifts out the hair from under the skin and in this way checks the growth. Women of judgment have learned to distinguish between surface hair removers—and *ZIP*, which lifts out the hair from under the skin. *ZIP* is easily applied at home, pleasingly fragrant, quick effective, painless and absolutely harmless. It leaves the skin soft and smooth, pores contracted, and like magic your skin becomes *adorable*

Guaranteed on money back basis
FREE DEMONSTRATION at my Salon
WRITE for FREE BOOK "Beauty's Greatest Secret"
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE

Madame Berthé
Specialist

Dept. 498, 562 Fifth Ave. Ent. on 46th St New York

Mail this Coupon today

Mme. BERTHE Dept 498 562 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.
Please send me Free Book "Beauty's Greatest Secret" telling how to be beautiful and explaining ZIP. Also please send me a *Free Sample* of your Massage & Cleansing Cream, guaranteed not to grow hair. (*Please print your name*)

Name.................................
Address.................................
City & State.................................

The New, Two-Toned
RUGS
at a saving of 1/2

Write today for beautiful rug book describing the OLSON **patented process** by which **we reclaim** the materials in

Your OLD RUGS
Carpets and Clothing

First, we wash, picker, card, comb and bleach your material, and then spin, **dye,** and weave it into lovely, **new,** seamless, reversible rugs—**any color** you want, **any size**—firmly woven rugs that rival the high-grade Wiltons and Axminsters, and will stand the hardest kind of wear. In use in over one million homes. **FREE TRIAL**—satisfaction guaranteed. We pay you for your material if not satisfied.

Every order completed in ONE WEEK

FREE BOOK In Colors Full of suggestions. Supply is limited.

We pay express, freight or parcel post from all states. Don't delay! You can still order at the lowest prices in years.

Olson Rug Co., Dept. R-85, 36 Laflin St., Chicago
Largest rug factory in world dealing direct with home

The Magic Parting
Bewitchingly Natural

Transformations or Pompadours with the new MAGIC PARTING have a natural parting line through the implanted hair—cannot be distinguished from actual growth. Amazingly beautiful. Made expressly to match your sample of the choicest quality of hair. Write for FREE Booklet of 1000 Varieties of Guaranteed Hair Goods for Madame and Mademoiselle.

Combings, Renovations like new—Reasonable

FRANCES ROBERTS COMPANY
100 Fifth Ave., Dept. 111 New York

Relieves earache!

Mothers: Dent's Earakine relieves that distressing children's ailment—earache. Have it ready. Good also for adults. Softens the wax. Any drug store or by mail 50c. C. S. Dent & Company, Detroit, Mich.

DENT'S
Earakine
GUARANTEED
SAFE AND RELIABLE

EARN up to $400 per Mo.
Living Expenses Paid

50,000 trained hotel employees wanted. Special opportunities for women. Comfortable quarters, good meals. We prepare you in spare time at home. Help you get good position. Write **today** for **free** booklet No. H 175 and list of opportunities.

STANDARD BUSINESS TRAINING INSTITUTE
Carlton Court. Buffalo, N. Y.

REALLY REMOVES SUPERFLUOUS HAIR ROOTS—PHELACTINE PLAN

A boon to women disfigured with hairy or fuzzy growths is Phelactine—for it actually removes the roots! Easily, quickly, harmlessly. Not a caustic to merely burn off the surface hair. Not a paste, powder or liquid. Not electrical. It is "different," and truly wonderful. No odor, no irritation, no scar—skin is left clean, white and smooth. Get a stick of Phelactine today, try it, and with your own eyes see the roots come out! At drug stores and toilet counters, $1. Dearborn Supply Co., 2358 Clybourn Ave., Chicago

The Rover

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 128

and he was not surprized to hear the effigy of Peyrol pronounce: "All the same, one could see." Then very abruptly: "You meant to stay here to-night?"

"Yes. I will have to go to Madrague and tell the sailing barge which was to come to-day from Toulon to go back without me."

"No, Lieutenant. You must go to Toulon to-day. When you get there you must turn out some of those damned quill-drivers at the Port Office if it were midnight and have papers made out for a tartan—oh, any name you like. Some sort of papers. And then you must come back as soon as you can. Why not go down to Madrague now and see whether the barge isn't already there? If she is, then by starting at once you may get back here some time about midnight."

He got up impetuously, and the lieutenant stood up too. Hesitation was imprinted on his whole attitude. Peyrol's aspect was not animated, but his Roman face with its severe aspect gave him a great air of authority.

"Won't you tell me something more?" asked the lieutenant.

"No," said the rover. "Not till we meet again. If you return before daylight don't you try to get into the house. Wait outside. Don't rouse anybody. I will be about, and if there is anything to say I will say it to you then. What are you looking about you for? You don't want to go up for your valise. Your pistols up in your room too? What do you want with pistols, only to go to Toulon and back with a naval boat's crew?" He actually laid his hand on the lieutenant's shoulder and impelled him gently toward the track leading to Madrague. Réal turned his head at the touch and their eyes met with the strained closeness of a wrestler's hug.

It was the lieutenant who gave way before the unflinchingly direct stare of the old Brother of the Coast. He gave way under the cover of a sarcastic smile and a very airy, "I see you want me out of the way for some reason or other," which produced not the slightest effect upon Peyrol, who stood with his arm pointing toward Madrague. When the lieutenant turned his back on him Peyrol's pointing arm fell down by his side; but he watched the lieutenant out of sight before he turned too and moved in a contrary direction.

ON LOSING sight of the lieutenant Peyrol discovered that his mind was a perfect blank. He started to get down to the tartan after one sidelong look at the face of the house which contained quite a different problem. Let that wait. His head feeling strangely empty, he felt the pressing necessity of putting something into it without loss of time. He scrambled down steep places, caught at bushes, stepped from stone to stone, with the assurance of long practise, with mechanical precision, and without for a moment relaxing his efforts to capture some definite scheme which he could put into his head. To his right the cove lay full of pale light, while the rest of the Mediterranean extended beyond it in a dark, unruffled blue.

Peyrol was making for the little basin where his tartan had been hidden for years like a jewel in a casket meant only for the secret rejoicing of his eye, of no more practical use than a miser's hoard—and as precious! Ascending into a hollow in the ground where grew a few bushes and even a few blades of grass, Peyrol sat down to rest. In that position his visible world was limited to an arid slope, a few boulders, the bush against which he leaned, and the vista of a piece of empty sea-horizon. He perceived that he detested that lieutenant much more when he didn't see him. There was something in the fellow. Well, at any rate he had got rid of him for, say, eight or ten hours.

An uneasiness came over the old rover, a sense of the endangered stability of things which was anything but welcome. He wondered at it, and the thought, "I am growing old," intruded on him again. And yet he was aware of his sturdy body. He could still creep stealthily like an Indian and with his trusty cudgel knock a man over with a certain aim at the back of his head and with force enough to fell him like a bullock. He had done that thing no further back than two o'clock the night before, not twelve hours ago, as easy as easy and without an undue sense of exertion. This fact cheered him up. But still not an idea in his head. Not what one could call a real idea. It wouldn't come. It was no use sitting there.

He got up, and after a few strides came to a sort of ridge from which he could see the two white blunt mastheads of his tartan. The hull was hidden from him by the formation of the shore, which consisted in that spot of a big flat piece of rock. That was the spot on which not twelve hours before Peyrol, unable to rest in his bed and coming to seek sleep in his tartan, had seen by moonlight a stranger standing above his vessel and looking down at her, just a characteristic forked black shape that certainly had no business to be there. Peyrol by a sudden and logical deduction said to himself: "Landed from an English boat." Why, how, wherefore, he did not stay to consider. He acted at once like a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 130

The envy of women—the homage of men

AN allure that few can resist—a charm that is compelling. This is the Mai d'Or fragrance—for Mai d'Or is more than fragrance—it possesses a new quality that no perfume has ever before had.

It will give you a new charm—a new attractiveness. It is more delightfully refined, more delicate than other perfumes and yet it possesses a mysterious and bewildering power that other perfumes cannot have.

Through the years, perfumers have sought this secret of attractiveness and it is fitting that it should be Vivaudou—most famous of all perfumers—who should finally discover it. The secret is so jealously guarded that this marvelous new quality is imparted to the perfume, behind a mysterious door that opens only to Vivaudou—no one else has ever crossed its threshold.

It guards the most fascinating secret in the world: You can never know what marvelous secret it jealously guards, but you can have the bewildering appeal of this new perfume quality! You too may possess this compelling fragrance for Vivaudou has created

MAI D'OR
-more than merely a fragrance

Parfum, Poudre, Talc, Creme, Savon, Poudres Compactes, Rouges, Eau de Toilette

Send for sample and "The Story of the Secret Door"

Send only 20 cents to **Vivaudou,** (Dept. D-4-10, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York, for a tiny bottle of Mai d'Or and a bit of the exquisite powder in a new pat-a-cake-puff, together with the interesting book "The Story of the Secret Door" with hints on how to use perfume effectively.

At the better shops

Paris VIVAUDOU *New York*

Creator of exclusive toiletries—Mavis—La Boheme and the famous Ego Beauty Treatments

THE WALKER SALESMAN

will call on you soon to show you how to *save* almost *half* on 150 Household needs through a *new* plan of *Factory to Family Dealing*—Walker Extracts, Soaps, Toilet Articles *and* 100 other home needs have been the Standard of Purity and Excellence since 1837— *see him when he calls*—

Hay Walker Jr.

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

WHEN you ask, specifically, for HOLEPROOF HOSIERY you get: stockings of sheer, lustrous beauty—perfect in fit and style; stockings that wear most remarkably well—that do not lose their snugness, their beauty, after many launderings; durable, good-looking hosiery at a reasonable price!

Holeproof is obtainable in all of the new fashionable shades in Full Fashioned, Diamond Heel, Broadseam Back, Extra-stretch Ribbed Top and other popular styles in Silk, Silk Faced or fine Lisle. Also styles for men and children.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, Milwaukee, Wis.
Holeproof Hosiery Company of Canada, Limited, London, Ont

© H. H. Co

COLES PHILLIPS

Holeproof Hosiery

L.T. PIVER
Paris, France
(Fondée En 1774)

Universally Recognized as Creators of the World's Most Exquisite
PARFUMS of Personality

POMPEIA

A subtly seductive, exotic bouquet Parfum, diffusing an intoxicating fragrance. Pompeia, with its universal appeal, is one of the world's largest selling Parfum, and symbolizes the luxurious refinements and voluptuous magnificence of ancient Pompeii.

To further emphasize one's personality with an individual odeur throughout the toilette, all of the following world-renowned PIVER odeurs—

POMPEIA—AZUREA—FLORAMYE
LE TREFLE INCARNAT—SAFRANOR VELIVOLE—ASTRIS, Etc.

may be obtained in

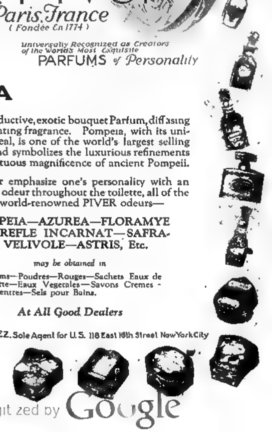
Parfums—Poudres—Rouges—Sachets Eaux de Toilette—Eaux Vegetales—Savons Cremes—Concentres—Sels pour Bains.

At All Good Dealers

CHAS. BAEZ, Sole Agent for U. S. 118 East 16th Street New York City

New PIVER Toilette Creations

Talcs 35c each—Poudre Compactes $1.00 each—Rouges Compactes 90c each—Refills in Poudres and Rouges 40c each—Miniature Parfums 50c each



The Rover

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 129

man accustomed for many years to meet emergencies of a most unexpected kind.

The dark figure, lost in a sort of attentive amazement, heard nothing, suspected nothing. The impact of the thick end of the cudgel came down on its head like a thunderbolt from the blue. The sides of the little basin echoed the crash. But he could not have heard it. The force of the blow flung the senseless body over the edge of the flat stone and down headlong into the open hold of the tartan, which received it with the sound of a muffled drum. Peyrol could not have done the job better at the age of twenty. No. Not so well. There was swiftness, mature judgment—and the sound of the muffled drum was followed by a perfect silence, without a sigh, without a moan.

Peyrol ran round a little promontory to where the shore shelved down to the level of the tartan's rail and got on board. And still the silence remained perfect in the cold moonlight and amongst the deep shadows of the rocks. It remained perfect because Michel, who always slept under the half-deck forward, being wakened by the thump which had made the whole tartan tremble, had lost the power of speech. With his head just protruding from under the half-deck, arrested on all fours and shivering violently like a dog that had been washed with hot water, he was kept from advancing further by his terror of this fiendish corpse that had come on board flying through the air. He would not have touched it for anything.

THE "You there, Michel?" pronounced in an undertone, acted like a moral tonic. This then was not the doing of the evil one; it was no sorcery! And even if it had been, now that Peyrol was there, Michel had lost all fear. He ventured not a single question while helping Peyrol to turn the limp body over. Its face was covered with blood from the cut on the forehead, which it had got by striking the sharp edge of the keelson. What accounted for the head not being completely smashed and for no limbs being broken was the fact that on its way through the air the victim of undue curiosity had come in contact with and had snapped like a carrot one of the foremast shrouds. Raising his eyes casually, Peyrol noticed the broken rope, and at once put his hand on the man's breast.

"His heart beats yet," he murmured. "Go and light the cabin lamp, Michel."

"You going to take that thing into the cabin?"

"Yes," said Peyrol. "The cabin is used to that kind of thing," and suddenly he felt very bitter. "It has been a death-trap for better people than this fellow."

While Michel was away executing that order Peyrol's eyes roamed all over the shores of the basin, for he could not divest himself of the idea that there must be more Englishmen dodging about. That the corvette's boat was still in the cove he had not the slightest doubt. As to the motive of her coming it was incomprehensible. Only that senseless form lying at his feet could perhaps have told him; but Peyrol had little hope that it would ever speak again. If his friends started to look for their shipmate there was just a bare chance that they would not discover the existence of the basin. Peyrol stooped and felt the body all over. He found no weapon of any kind on it. There was only a common clasp-knife on a lanyard round its neck.

That soul of obedience, Michel, returning from aft, was directed to throw a couple of bucketfuls of salt water upon the bloody head with its face upturned to the moon. The lowering of the body down into the cabin was a matter of some little difficulty. It was heavy. They laid it full length on a locker, and after Michel, with a strange tidiness, had stretched its arms along its sides it looked incredibly rigid. The dripping head with soaked hair was like the head of a drowned man with a gaping pink gash on the forehead.

"Go on deck to keep a lookout," said Peyrol. "We may have yet to fight before the night's out."

After Michel left him Peyrol began by flinging off his jacket and, without a pause, dragging his shirt off over his head. It was a very fine shirt. The Brothers of the Coast in their hours of ease were by no means a ragged crowd, and Peyrol, the gunner, had preserved a taste for fine linen. He tore the shirt into long strips, sat down on the locker, and took the wet head on his knees. He bandaged it with some skill, working as calmly as tho he had been practising on a dummy. Then the experienced Peyrol sought the lifeless hand and felt the pulse. The spirit had not fled yet.

The rover, stripped to the waist, his powerful arms folded on the grizzled pelt of his bare breast, sat gazing down at the inert face in his lap, with the eyes closed peacefully under the white band covering the forehead. He contemplated the heavy jaw combined oddly with a certain roundness of cheek, the noticeably broad nose with a sharp tip and a faint dent across the bridge, either natural or the result of some old injury. A face of brown clay, roughly modeled, with a lot of black eyelashes stuck on the closed lids, and looking artificially youthful on that

CONTINUED ON PAGE 131

ARMAND
COLD CREAM POWDER
In The LITTLE PINK & WHITE BOXES

THE years rest lightly upon the woman who uses Armand. This wonderful cold cream powder keeps you looking your best, at all times. It is soft and finely textured. It blends naturally into the skin, protecting it from dust and dirt.

If you haven't yet known the joy that Armand can bring you, send for the Armand Week-end Package. It is 25c and contains not only a generous box of cold cream powder, but three other delightful powders, a little box of rouge with puff included, enough cold cream and vanishing cream for several days, a can of Armand talcum and a cake of fragrant soap. It contains also the Armand "Creed of Beauty"—a little book that you will enjoy and appreciate.

Armand—Des Moines

Watch out on Hallowe'en!

FOR somebody with a Bogie Book may have a better time than *you* do! This famous Dennison book at ten cents is full of the planhints for party-giving.

In it you will *discover* Hallowe'en—for the games to play, decorations and costumes are all revealed.

Plan your party now from the Bogie Book. At Stationers' and Dept. Stores or send 10 cents now to

DENNISON MFG. CO.
Dept 10D, Framingham, Mass.

WHAT NEXT
Dennison's

Neet
Removes Hair Harmlessly

Just spread on Neet the wonderful new cream. Let it stay a little while—then rinse off all the hair with clear water. Your dealer will give your money back if it fails to please you. 50c at all drug and dept. stores. Trial size postpaid for 10c and your dealer's name.

Hannibal Pharmacal Co., 621 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

PROFITABLE HOME WORK

Earn a steady income in your spare time coloring black-and-white Christmas Cards, Pictures, etc. Fascinating and pleasant. Easily sold to relatives, friends and dealers.

SPECIAL OUTFIT $1

Contents: 24 Xmas Cards with envelopes, when colored will sell for $3 to $4; 6 cups water color paints; 1 brush; 1 color chart; 1 mixing pan. Postpaid.

FISHEL, ADLER & SCHWARTZ CO.
Dept. F, 336 E. 59th St., New York, N.Y.

SEND FOR CATALOG FREE

Beauty Culture Course at Home

Easy to Earn $40 to $75 a Week

Secrets of beauty parlors revealed. Thirty easy lessons can make you expert in all branches, massage, packs, dyeing, marcel, skin work, manicure, waves, bleach, etc., in eight weeks. Study in spare time. Earn while you learn. Authorized diploma. Money back guarantee. $[illegible] Opportunities. Get FREE book.

ORIENTAL SYSTEM OF BEAUTY CULTURE
Dept. 329 A-32 Diversey Blvd. Chicago

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Dress Goods Bargains

98¢ ALL WOOL CANTON CREPE

MAIL your order today to get this big value in a fashionable, heavy quality, All Wool Canton Crepe, 36 inches wide, regular $1.50 quality, in Black, Navy Blue, Tan, Henna, Copenhagen Blue, Gray, Brown and Green, our 71H631, special per yard for limited time only at . . 98c

SATIN CANTON CREPE $2.98

THIS fashionable heavy Satin Canton Crepe is a quality only to be compared with silks selling for $4 and more; width 39 inches, all colors including Black, Brown, Navy Blue, Tan, etc. Our 71H601 special for limited time at $2.98

ROYAL SILK DUVETYN

36 inches wide, an exquisite quality of Silk faced Duvetyn usually retailing at $3.50 a yard; 25 colors including Navy Blue, Black, Brown, Tan, Gray, Cocoa; special at $2.75

MIRROR FINISH MILLINERY VELVET

Silk faced, 18 inches wide; colors to match any shade including Black. A big value per yard at $1.39

FREE CATALOG SEND TODAY FOR FREE CATALOG containing many other bargains such as Butterfield's Lingette, a great value at 65c; heavy All Silk Satin Charmeuse, a yard wide, special at $1.69; drapery Cretonne 36 inches wide, special at 29c; Linen Handkerchiefs 10c each, and other bargains in Blankets, Linings, etc. Free samples sent on request.

WE MATCH EVERY MATERIAL OR SHADE

PAY ON DELIVERY. Simply pay postman on delivery plus few cents postage, or send money with order and we pay the postage. Money back promptly if not delighted.

W. W. OPPENHEIM, INC., Dept. 1H

Established in 1895 Newark, New Jersey

America's Largest Dress Goods House

Easy to Learn

With the aid of the first three lessons, which are sent free (upon request) with each new Saxophone, the scale can be mastered in an hour; in a few weeks your child can be playing popular music on a

BUESCHER Saxophone

For community orchestras, for church and school musical affairs, for social and home entertainment, the Saxophone is the most popular instrument and one of the most beautiful. A Saxophone player is always popular socially and enjoys many opportunities to earn money. Practice is a pleasure, because one learns so quickly. Free trial and easy payments.

FREE—a book that tells the story of the Saxophone and which instrument to use for various purposes. Write for a copy. Mention any other instrument in which you may be interested. (98)

Buescher Band Instrument Co.

Everything in Band and Orchestra Instruments

4598 Buescher Block Elkhart, Indiana

Agents: $10 a Day

Get started at once selling this wonderful Perfection Pie Filling. Makes the most delicious home made tasty pies ever—in just a jiffy. No eggs, no milk, no butter needed. Everything in the Filling. Just add water, then bake. Perfection is always ready and never fails to delight.

Work Spare Time or Full Time

Sell to housewives, restaurants, bakeries, hotel keepers, etc. Everybody buys Perfection. A trial order means a steady customer. Put up in four varieties, Lemon, Coconut, Chocolate and Boston Cream. Each package makes from 5 to 6 pies. Not sold in stores. Write for money-making proposition.

AMERICAN PRODUCTS CO., 8887 American Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make $50 to $60 weekly in your spare time writing show cards. No canvassing or soliciting. We instruct you by our new simple Directograph system, pay you cash each week and guarantee you steady work. Write for full particulars and free booklet.

WEST-ANGUS SHOW CARD SERVICE LIMITED

Authorized Capital $1,250,000 00

112 Colborne Building Toronto, Can.

LADD EGG BEATER

4 SIZES

8 BEATING BLADES · SMOOTHER & QUICKER

ENTIRELY SUPERIOR · TAKE NO OTHER

ALL or DEALERS UNITED ROYALTIES CORP. 1133 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

"Mizpah" Baby Nipples

Do not collapse—Prevent much colic

Samples Free to Mothers and Doctors

Valve (A-B) prevents vacuum. Inside ribs prevent collapsing when child bites nipple. Rim is made so nipple cannot be pulled off bottle. Guard your baby's health. Send no money! We send you a sample nipple free, postpaid on request. Write now to

THE WALTER F. WARE CO., Dept. J

Philadelphia, Pa.

High School Course in 2 Years

You can complete this simplified High School Course at Home inside two years. Meets all requirements for entrance to college and the leading professions. This and thirty-six other practical courses are described in our Free Bulletin. Send for it TODAY.

AMERICAN SCHOOL

Dept. H 790 Drexel Av. & 58th St. © A. S. 1923 CHICAGO

The Rover

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 130

physiognomy forty years old or more. And Peyrol thought of his youth. Not his own youth; that he was never anxious to recapture. It was of that man's youth that he thought, of how that face had looked twenty years ago. Suddenly he shifted his position and, putting his lips to the ear of that inanimate head, yelled with all the force of his lungs:

"Hullo! Hullo! Wake up, Shipmate!"

It seemed enough to wake up the dead. A faint "*Voilà! Voilà!*" was the answer from a distance, and presently Michel put his head into the cabin with an anxious grin and a gleam in the round eyes.

"You called, Maître?"

"Yes," said Peyrol. "Come along and help me to shift him."

"Overboard?" murmured Michel readily.

"No," said Peyrol, "into that bunk. Steady! Don't bang his head," he cried with unexpected tenderness. "Throw a blanket over him. Stay in the cabin and keep his bandages wetted with salt water. I don't think anybody will trouble you to-night. I am going to the house."

"The day is not very far off," remarked Michel.

This was one reason the more why Peyrol was in a hurry to get back to the house and steal up to his room unseen. He drew on his jacket over his bare skin, picked up his cudgel, and recommended Michel not to let *cet oiseau là* get out of the cabin on any account. As Michel was convinced that the man would never walk any more in his life he received those instructions without particular emotion.

The dawn had broken some time before Peyrol, on his way up to Escampobar, happened to look round and had the luck to actually see with his own eyes the English man-of-war's boat pulling out of the cove. This confirmed his surmises, but did not enlighten him a bit as to the causes. Puzzled and uneasy, he approached the house through the farmyard. Catherine, always the first up, stood at the open kitchen door. She moved aside and would have let him pass without remark if Peyrol himself had not asked in a whisper: "Anything new?" She answered him in the same tone: "She has taken to roaming at night." Peyrol stole silently up to his bedroom, from which he descended an hour later as tho he had spent all the night in his bed up there.

IT WAS this nocturnal adventure which had affected the character of Peyrol's forenoon talk with the lieutenant. What with one thing and another he found it very trying. Now that he had got rid of Réal for several hours, the rover had to turn his attention to that other invader of the strained, questionable, and ominous in its origins peace of the Escampobar Farm. As he sat on the flat rock with his eyes fixed idly on the few drops of blood betraying his last night's work to the high heaven and trying to get hold of something definite that he could think about, Peyrol became aware of a faint thundering noise. Faint as it was, it filled the whole basin. He soon guessed its nature, and his face lost its perplexity. He picked up his cudgel, got on his feet briskly, muttering to himself: "He's anything but dead," and hurried on board the tartan.

On the after-deck Michel was keeping a lookout. He had carried out the orders he had received by the well. Besides being secured by the very obvious padlock the cabin door was shored up by a spar which made it stand as firm as a rock. The thundering noise seemed to issue from its immovable substance magically. It ceased for a moment and a sort of distracted, continuous growling could be heard. Then the thundering went on again. Michel reported:

"This is the third time he starts this game."

"Not much strength in this," remarked Peyrol gravely.

"That he can do it at all is a miracle," said Michel, showing a certain excitement. "He stands on the ladder and beats with his fists. He is getting better. He began about half an hour after I got back on board. He drummed for a bit and then fell off the ladder. I heard him. I had my ear against the scuttle. He lay there and talked to himself for a long time. Then he went at it again." Peyrol approached the scuttle while Michel added his opinion: "He will go on like that forever. You can't stop him."

"Easy there," said Peyrol in a deep, authoritative voice. "Time you finish that noise."

These words brought instantly a death-like silence. Michel ceased to grin. He wondered at the power of these few words of a foreign language.

Peyrol himself smiled faintly. It was ages since he had uttered a sentence of English. He waited complacently until Michel had unbarred and unlocked the door of the cabin. After it was thrown open he boomed out a warning: "Stand clear!" and, turning about, went down with great deliberation, ordering Michel to go forward and keep a lookout.

Down there the man with the bandaged head was hanging onto the table and swearing feebly without intermission. Peyrol, after listening for a time with an air of interested recognition as one would to a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 132

After the broom came the suction sweeper.
After the suction came a combination of brush and suction.
And now engineers have evolved the ideal they have been working toward — a combination of powerful suction with a motor driven brush.
In a cleaner of superb construction, light and smooth running, efficient and enduring.
The Premier Duplex
Its double action cleans *cleaner.*

Premier Duplex

ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER CO.
CLEVELAND, OHIO DEPT. 210
Distributed in Canada by the Premier Vacuum Cleaner Company, Ltd., and the Canadian General Electric Company, Ltd.
Please send me free color-booklet describing The PREMIER DUPLEX.
Name____________
Street Address________ City________
R.F.D.______ State______ Telephone No.______

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

30 Days' FREE TRIAL
53 Pieces High Grade Aluminum

$1 WITH ORDER

Here is one of the finest offers I have ever been able to make. Here is your chance to try for a whole month, right in your own kitchen, a Handsome, Useful, and High-Grade Panelled Aluminum Set at my invitation and at my risk. Send the coupon and first payment today. The complete set will be sent you immediately. Begin at once to use it as your own. Learn the big difference between percolator coffee and coffee-pot coffee. Know the many uses of the Big Combination Roaster and the 6 quart combination cooker. See for yourself how they save fuel, time and labor. Experience, by daily use, the pleasure in using all the pieces. The 10 quart dish pan is also a large, very desirable piece. Enjoy the spick-and-span appearance the 53 pieces give your kitchen. This Colonial Panelled Aluminum Set must be its own salesman. You must be entirely satisfied with its High Quality, its Low Price, and its Easy Terms. If your satisfaction is not thorough, no matter how much you have used the set during the 30 days, you can return it. Your first payment and all transportation costs will be refunded. The trial will not cost you a penny. **Important!** Every piece in this set is genuine high-grade, pure aluminum, mirror-like in finish with a polish that cannot wear away. All pieces are seamless, sanitary, and easy to clean. Will not flake, crack, chip or peel. EACH AND EVERY PIECE IS GUARANTEED TO GIVE ABSOLUTE SATISFACTION. Heats rapidly and evenly, and so saves fuel. These pieces are extra hard high-grade Aluminum, and will give years of Honest, Faithful Service. All the articles are of a large serviceable size. This set must not be confused with ordinary sets that include many useless thin pieces. You must judge this set by its big value, rather than its little price. And this you can do during your 30 Days' Free Trial **Order No. RA2520. Price $16.95. Terms, $1.00 with order, balance $1.50 monthly.** Shipped by express unless otherwise requested.

"I Will Trust You Gladly"

Spear
Of Pittsburgh

FREE!
12-Piece Kitchen Set

If you will send your order for the Aluminum Set quickly I will send you Absolutely Free, a Very Useful and Attractive 12-piece Kitchen Set with sanitary white enamel handles. THE SET CONSISTS OF: 14½-in. meat fork; Measuring and mixing spoon; Ice pick; Pot and pan scraper and brush; Egg and mayonnaise beater; Can and bottle opener; Mixing and draining spoon, Apple corer, paring knife and fish scaler; Pan cake turner; Potato and vegetable masher; Spatula and cake lifter; Rust proof nickel plated wall rack. All pieces hang on wall rack within easy reach.

The 53 Pieces

- 9-Piece Colonial panelled roaster of large capacity, 11 uses—diameter 10½ inches, 6 inches high, inside milk pan 2½ in. high, 8¼ inches in diameter.
- 1 Colonial panelled percolator with inset, capacity 7 cups (2 pcs.)
- 1 Colonial panelled six qt. combination cooker, 12 uses. Pudding pan, strainer or colander, casserole or bake dish, convex kettle, preserving kettle, self-basting roaster, combination cooker, corn popper or corn flake toaster, cereal cooker or double boiler, steamer set, cake tube, and panelled kettle cover (6 pcs.)
- 1 Colonial panelled six qt. tea kettle and cover; 2 pieces.
- 1 Dish pan, capacity 10 qts; diam. 15¼ in.
- 1 Colander, diameter 9¼ in.
- 1 Colonial panelled double boiler; inside piece, capacity 1½ qts. Outside piece, capacity 2 qts. and cover; 3 pieces.
- 1 1-qt. lipped saucepan.
- 1 2-qt. lipped saucepan.
- 2 Bread pans, 9¼ x 5½ in.
- 2 Colonial panelled salt and pepper shakers.
- 1 Colonial panelled tooth-pick holder.
- 3 Measuring spoons.
- 1 Measuring cup.
- 1 Sugar shaker.
- 1 Combination funnel, 5 separate uses; 6 pieces.
- 1 Combination biscuit and doughnut cutter (2 pcs.)
- 1 Coffee or tea strainer.
- 2 Jelly or layer cake pans with loose bottoms, diam. 10 in., 4 pieces.
- 2 Pie plates, diam. 10 in.
- 1 Fry Pan. 1 Tea ball.
- 1 Lemon juice extracter

Since 1893 I have **BIG FREE BOOK** been selling on the Easiest of Easy Terms, honest, dependable furniture at prices much lower than spot-cash prices elsewhere. That is why thousands of families get everything they need from me. Everything I sell is sent on 30 Days' Trial with a Money-Back Bond. Send for my Big Free Catalog today, it tells all about the Safest, Fairest and Squarest way to get Now the things you have long yearned for. It shows Thousands of Bargains in Furniture, Bedding, Springs, Mattresses, Bed Spreads, Rugs, Carpets, Linoleum, Lace Curtains, Portieres, Dishes, Stoves, Ranges, Refrigerators, Lamps, Glassware, Clocks, Aluminum Ware, Baby Carriages, Enamel Cooking Sets, Washing Machines, Sewing Machines, Table Linen, Silverware, Cameras, Talking Machines, Children's Automobiles, Wagons, etc., Bicycles, Guns, etc.

NATHANIEL SPEAR, President

Spear & Co.
Dept. P-201 Pittsburgh, Pa.
Home Furnishers for the People of America

Copyright, 1923, Spear & Co.

SPEAR & CO., Dept. P-201, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Send me at once the 53-piece Panelled Aluminum Set and Free 12 Piece Kitchen Set as described above. Enclosed is $1.00 first payment. It is understood that if at the end of 30 days' trial I decide to keep it, I will send you $1.50 monthly. Order No. RA2520. Price $16.95. Title remains with you until paid in full. Send me your Big Free Catalog also.

Name .... Occupation ....

R. F. D., Box No. or Street & No. ....

Post Office .... State ....
If your shipping point is different from your post office fill in line below

Send Shipment to ....

FREE CATALOG { If you want Free Catalog Only, Send No Money, put X here ☐ and write your name and address plainly on the above lines

The Rover

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 131

tune heard many years ago, stopped it by a deep-voiced:

"That will do." After a short silence he added: "You look *bien malade, hein?* What you call sick," in a tone which if not tender was certainly not hostile. "We will remedy that."

"Who are you?" asked the prisoner, looking frightened and throwing his arm up quickly to guard his head against the coming blow. But Peyrol's uplifted hand fell only on his shoulder in a hearty slap which made him sit down suddenly on a locker in a partly collapsed attitude and unable to speak. But tho very much dazed he was able to watch Peyrol open a cupboard and produce from there a small demijohn and two tin cups. He took heart to say plaintively: "My throat's like tinder," and then suspiciously: "Was it you who broke my head?"

"It was me," admitted Peyrol, sitting down on the opposite side of the table and leaning back to look at his prisoner comfortably.

"What the devil did you do that for?" inquired the other with a sort of faint fierceness which left Peyrol unmoved.

"Because you put your nose where you had no business. Understand? I see you there under the moon, *penché*, eating my tartan with your eyes. You never hear me, *hein?*"

"I believe you walk on air. Did you mean to kill me?"

"Yes, before I let you go and make a story of it on board your cursed corvette."

"Well, then, now's your chance to finish me. I am as weak as a kitten."

"How did you say that? Kitten? Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Peyrol. "You make a nice *petit chat.*" He seized the demijohn by the neck and filled the mugs. "There," he went on, pushing one toward the prisoner. "It's good drink—that."

SYMONS'S state was as tho the blow had robbed him of all power of resistance, of all faculty of surprize, and generally of all the faculties by which a man may assert himself except bitter resentment. His head was aching; it seemed to him enormous, too heavy for his neck, and as if full of hot smoke. He took a drink under Peyrol's fixed gaze, and with uncertain movements put down the mug. He looked drowsy for a moment. Presently a little color deepened his bronze; he hitched himself up on the locker and said in a strong voice:

"You played a damned dirty trick on me Call yourself a man walking on air behind a fellow's back and felling him like a bullock?"

Peyrol nodded calmly and sipped from his mug. "If I had met you anywhere else but looking at my tartan I would have done nothing to you. I would have permitted you to go back to your boat. Where was your damned boat?"

"How can I tell you? I can't tell where I am. I've never been here before. How long have I been here?"

"Oh, about fourteen hours," said Peyrol.

"My head feels as if it would fall off if I moved," grumbled the other. "You are a damned bungler, that's what you are"

"What for—bungler?"

"For not finishing me off at once."

He seized the mug and emptied it down his throat. Peyrol drank too, observing him all the time. He put the mug down with extreme gentleness and said slowly:

"How could I know it was you? I hit hard enough to crack the skull of any other man."

"What do you mean? What can you know about my skull? What are you driving at? I don't know you, you white-headed villain, going about at night knocking people on the head from behind. Did you go for our officer too?"

"Oh, yes! Your officer. What was he up to? What trouble did you people come to make here, anyhow?"

"Do you think they tell a boat's crew? Go and ask our officer. He went up the gully and our coxswain got the jumps. He says to me: 'You are light-footed, Sam,' says he; 'you just creep round the head of the cove and see if our boat can be seen across from the other side.' Well, I couldn't see anything. That was all right. But I thought I would climb a little higher amongst the rocks."

He paused drowsily.

"That was a silly thing to do," remarked Peyrol in an encouraging voice.

"I would've sooner expected to see an elephant inland than a craft lying in a pool that seemed no bigger than my hand. Could not understand how she got there. Couldn't help going down to find out—and the next thing I knew I was lying on my back with my head tied up in a bunk in this kennel of a cabin here. Why couldn't you have given me a hail and engaged me properly, yard-arm to yard-arm? You would have got me all the same, because all I had in the way of weapons was the clasp-knife which you have looted off me."

"Up on the shelf there," said Peyrol, looking round "No, my friend, I wasn't going to take the risk of seeing you spread your wings and fly."

"You need not have been afraid for your tartan. Our boat was after no tartan. We wouldn't have taken your tartan for

CONTINUED ON PAGE 133

Long Lustrous Lashes in 2 Minutes!

HERE'S a wonderful liquid that makes even the scantiest lashes look thick and lustrous, the most unattractive brows well-arched and expressive—instantly! Yet Lashbrow Liquid itself is invisible—and defies detection.

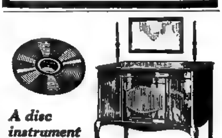
Lashbrow Liquid is waterproof—tears, perspiration or bathing do not affect it—it positively will not run rub off or smear The natural oils in Lashbrow Liquid prevent the lashes from becoming hard and brittle.

FREE TRIAL

For Introductory purposes, we will send you free a generous supply of Lashbrow Liquid And we will include a trial size of another Lashbrow product, Lashbrow Pomade, which quickly stimulates the growth of the brows and lashes. Clip this announcement and send it at once to **Lashbrow Laboratories, Dept 610, 37 West 20th Street, New York City.** Enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and shipping.

LASHBROW LIQUID

Remember the name. None other Genuine.



A disc instrument which plays all makes of disc records

The Embassy Console Phonograph

$1.00 After Trial!
Most Beautiful Phonograph Outfit

An offer which removes all risk and doubt. Enables you to hear its wonderful tone and to inspect its beautiful design. Sent on free trial. You are the sole judge If you like it, keep it, and send us only $1.00 as first payment, after the free trial. Easy monthly payments after that.

Beautiful Mirror Elegant Candlesticks 20 Selections FREE

Look at the handsome mirror and candlesticks pictured above. We send them absolutely free. In addition, we include 10 double-faced records—20 selections. Also free.

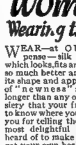
Write for Free Book Send letter or post-card today asking for free book which gives you complete information about this unusual offer. This book is mailed free and prepaid. Write for it today.

F. K. Babson, 19th St., and Marshall Blvd. Dept. 21-37 Chicago, Ill.

Will You Take Cash For Your Spare Time?

What is your spare time worth? Will you take $15 to $35 a week for one hour, two hours or three hours a day? Read my offer.

I must have at once a limited number of refined, cultured women in every community who will take cash for their spare time. An amazing new scientific discovery has been made which assures radiant beauty to every woman—in five days. A big profit is ready and waiting for just telling other women where they can get this wonderful new discovery. Just your spare time will pay you well. Others are making from $15 to $35 a week. BEAUTY OUTFIT FREE. Write me immediately and I'll explain the whole wonderful plan to you and tell you how you can secure my Beauty Outfit FREE. No obligation. I will finance you. You can start earning money at once if you write to me now. MARIE FRANZAN, Dept. 1910, 3707 Cottage Grove Avenue, Chicago, Ill.



Be a Dental Assistant
$25 to $50 a Week

Qualify in this new and uncrowded woman's field. Learn at home. Dignified, pleasant work. Easy hours. Course is short, thorough and practical. Outfit free. Tuition earned in a few weeks. No license or other requirements. Free employment service. Many successful graduates. Write for catalog No. J42.

McCarrie School
34 W. Lake St., Chicago, Illinois

Women! MAKE MONEY Wearing this Hosiery!

WEAR—at OUR expense—silk hosiery which looks, fits and wears so much better and holds its shape and appearance of "newness" so much longer than any other hosiery that your friends will want to know where you got it. We pay you for telling them. Here's the most delightful way you ever heard of to make $15 weekly and get your own hosiery free. Write for amazing plan today. No obligation. Address Mrs. Mary MacDonald, care of Wearplus Co., 160 Wearplus Ave., Bay City, Mich.

Beautiful silk hosiery FREE if you act quickly.

for "Down East" Fish Dishes

Use B & M Fish Flakes of wholesome fresh-caught Cod and Haddock—perfectly cooked and ready to serve. Try recipes on label, or write for free booklet of "Down East Recipes."

BURNHAM & MORRILL CO.
91 Water Street, Portland, Maine

Ask your Grocer for

B & M FISH FLAKES

LABLACHE
FACE POWDER

Protect your complexion! Use only a *safe* powder. Lablache *is* safe—used and praised for over 60 years. Softly clinging—invisible. It is delightfully delicate and dainty.

Flesh, White, Pink or Cream. **50 cts.** a box of druggists or by mail.

Send 10 cts. for a sample box.

Something New!

Compact Lablache Rouge with a Puff, giving a natural color to the cheeks. **$1.00** a box, of druggists or by mail

BEN LEVY COMPANY
French Perfumers, Dept. O
125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.

Mrs. Evans Makes $20.00 A Week
Just by doing a little easy work in her spare time. Let us pay *YOU* $20. a week for *YOUR* spare time. Write to Personal Effort Division, THE PICTORIAL REVIEW COMPANY, Seventh Avenue and Thirty-ninth St., N. Y.

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Pure and healing

FOR cuts, burns, sunburn—and many skin troubles. For baby's toilet. Pure, bland and healing.

Vaseline
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

White or Yellow
Petroleum Jelly

CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING CO.
(Consolidated)
State Street New York

Pert

The Waterproof Rouge

Lasts all day

BLITHE and debonair is she who uses PERT, for she has all the admiration that her own glad youth demands.

PERT is a cream rouge, easy to apply and delightfully natural in effect Orange-colored in the jar it changes to a becoming pink as soon as it touches the skin. Lasts all day or evening, only cold cream or soap and water will remove it. 75c a jar. At drug, or department stores or by mail.

Send a dime today for a sample of PERT, enough to keep your cheeks rosy for days. Two dimes will bring you, in addition, a sample of WINX, the liquid for darkening the lashes

ROSS COMPANY
69 Grand St. New York

An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring, use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio

The Rover

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 132

a gift. Why, we see them by dozens every day—those tartans."

Peyrol filled the two mugs again. "Ah," he said, "I dare say you see many tartans, but this one is not like the others. You a sailor—and you couldn't see that she was something extraordinary!"

"Hell-fire and gunpowder!" cried the other. "How can you expect me to have seen anything? I just noticed that her sails were bent before your club hit me on the head." He raised his hands to his head and groaned: "Oh, Lord, I feel as tho I had been drunk for a month."

Peyrol's prisoner did look somewhat as tho he had got his head broken in a drunken brawl. But to Peyrol his appearance was not repulsive. The rover preserved a tender memory of his freebooter's life, with its lawless spirit and its spacious scene of action, before the change in the state of affairs in the Indian Ocean, the astounding rumors from the outer world, made him reflect on its precarious character. It was true that he had deserted the French flag when quite a youngster; but at that time that flag was white, and now it was a flag of three colors. He had known the practise of liberty, equality, and fraternity as understood in the haunts open or secret of the Brotherhood of the Coast. So the change, if one could believe what people talked about, could not be very great.

THE rover had also his own positive notions as to what these three words were worth. Liberty—to hold your own in the world if you could Equality—yes! But no body of men ever accomplished anything without a chief. All this was worth what it was worth. He regarded fraternity somewhat differently. Of course Brothers would quarrel amongst themselves; it was during a fierce quarrel that flamed up suddenly in a company of Brothers that he had received the most dangerous wound of his life. But for that Peyrol nursed no grudge against anybody.

In his view the claim of the Brotherhood was a claim for help against the outside world. And here he was sitting opposite a Brother whose head he had broken on sufficient grounds. There he was across the table looking disheveled and dazed, uncomprehending and aggrieved, and that head of his proved as hard as ages ago when the nickname of Testa Dura had been given to him by a Brother of Italian origin on some occasion or other, some butting match, no doubt; just as he, Peyrol himself, was known for a time on both sides of the Mozambique Channel as Poigne-de-Fer, after an incident when, in the presence of the Brothers, he played at arm's length with the windpipe of an obstreperous negro sorcerer with an enormous girth of chest. The villagers brought out food with alacrity, and the sorcerer was never the same man again. It had been a great display.

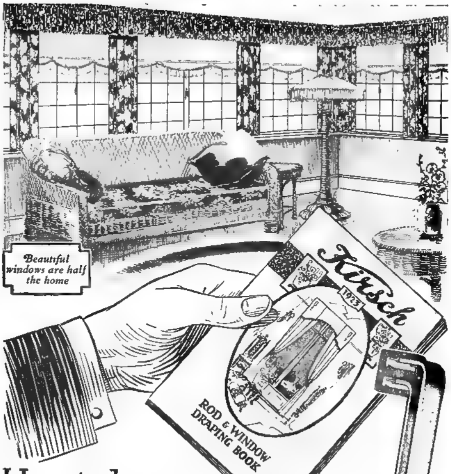
Yes, no doubt, it was Testa Dura; the young neophyte of the order (where and how picked up Peyrol never heard), strange in the camp, simple-minded, and much impressed by the swaggering cosmopolitan company in which he found himself. He had attached himself to Peyrol in preference to some of his own countrymen, of whom there were several in that band, and used to run after him like a little dog, and certainly had acted a good shipmate's part on the occasion of that wound which had neither killed nor cowed Peyrol, but merely had given him an opportunity to reflect at leisure on the conduct of his own life.

The first suspicion of that amazing fact had intruded on Peyrol while he was bandaging that head by the light of the smoky lamp. Since the fellow still lived it was not in Peyrol to finish him off or let him lie unattended like a dog. And then this was a sailor. His being English was no obstacle to the development of Peyrol's mixed feelings, in which hatred certainly had no place. Amongst the members of the Brotherhood it was the Englishmen whom he preferred. He had also found amongst them that particular and loyal appreciation a Frenchman of character and ability will receive from Englishmen sooner that from any other nation. Peyrol had at times been a leader, without ever trying for it very much, for he was not ambitious. The lead used to fall to him mostly at a time of crisis of some sort; and when he had got the lead it was on the Englishmen that he used to depend most

And so that youngster had turned into this English man-of-war's man! In the fact itself there was nothing impossible. You found Brothers of the Coast in all sorts of ships and in all sorts of places. Peyrol had found one in a very ancient and hopeless cripple practising the profession of a beggar on the steps of Manila Cathedral; and had left him the richer by two broad gold pieces to add to his secret hoard. There was a tale of a Brother of the Coast having become a mandarin in China, and Peyrol believed it. One never knew where and in what position one would find a Brother of the Coast. The wonderful thing was that this one should have come to seek him out, to put himself in the way of his cudgel.

Peyrol's greatest concern had been all through that Sunday morning to conceal the whole adventure from Lieutenant

CONTINUED ON PAGE 134



How to have Window Drapes You'll be Proud of—

Rod pictured illustrates the Kirsch patented extension section in use, with which rods of any length may be built up.

Let this superior curtain rod and this book of up-to-date window treatments, solve all your draping problems

Kirsch CURTAIN RODS

are the perfect window draping fixtures. The *Flat* shape gives sagless strength; insures erect headings, and neat artistic effects. The Velvetone Brass or Velvetone White Finish is guaranteed not to rust or tarnish and stays like new for years.

By merely tilting, Kirsch Curtain Rods go on or off the brackets with greatest ease, yet never come down accidentally.

There is a Kirsch Curtain Rod for every draping need

Comes single, double or triple—for the simple window draping treatment, or the most elaborate. Made extension style, or cut-to-length, to fit any window. It has helped millions of home-makers to have attractive window draperies.

Sold by Better Dealers everywhere.

See that you get "Kirsch" Curtain Rods—they insure good quality; durability, finest effects. Look for the trademark name "*Kirsch*" on the carton.

KIRSCH MFG. CO. 124 Prospect Avenue, Sturgis, Mich., U.S.A.

Manufacturers of Kirsch Curtain Rods and Everything Best in Window Draping Accessories

Kirsch Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd., 105 Tecumseh St., Woodstock, Ont.

Write for FREE Book

Tells all about Kirsch Curtain Rods, but mostly it's a book of illustrations, picturing window treatments for every room; with just the information you want about materials, color schemes, rods used, etc. Our seventh annual and most valuable book. Gladly mailed FREE on request.

Ask for and See that You Get—Kirsch Curtain Rods

The Famous Wing

$495 Vinalion Player Piano —*at Factory Price*

Try the Wing Vinalion Player Piano in your home. Within one hour you can play it yourself, and feel all the thrill and joy of really creating your own music. Use it and enjoy it thoroughly. Make every test while on free trial.

Free Trial Until January

Write for this offer. We will prepay all freight. If after the trial you do not care to keep this superb Vinalion player just say no. We pay return freight also. The trial costs you nothing. We guarantee to save you from $100 to $200 on our reduced direct-to-you factory prices. Easy terms. Ten year guarantee. If you are going to buy a player bear the Wing Vinalion before you decide.

A Book Sent FREE *"The Book of Complete Information About Pianos."*

Write for this book! 140 pages (16 in full colors). The New York World says: "Everyone should have this book." It is sent free and prepaid with catalog of art styles. Names of owners near you on request. Send today.

WING & SON, 13th Street and 9th Avenue, Dept. 21-37, New York, N. Y.

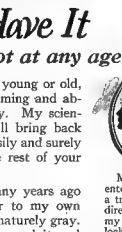
Also Pianos and Grands

Founded 1868 55th Year

Digitized by Google
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Send for FREE Trial Bottle

Gray Hair? —Don't Have It —Not at any age



Patented Trial Outfit Free

Whether you are young or old, gray hair is unbecoming and absolutely unnecessary. My scientific preparation will bring back the original color easily and surely and keep it for the rest of your life.

I perfected it many years ago to restore the color to my own hair which was prematurely gray. Since, millions have used it and so will millions more. It is the most popular and biggest selling preparation of its kind in the world.

Clean as water

My Restorer is a clear, colorless liquid, pure and dainty as water. No greasy sediment to make your hair sticky, nothing to wash off or rub off. Restored color perfectly natural and even in all lights—no streaks or discoloration. Easily applied by simply combing through the hair. You do it yourself—no one need ever know your secret.

Mail the coupon for my special patented free trial outfit, which contains a trial bottle of the Restorer with full directions and explanations for making my famous convincing test on a single lock of hair. A trial package of my wonderful new Preparatory Powder is included with this outfit. This powder is the most recent discovery made in my laboratories, and I consider it invaluable. It puts your hair in perfect condition for restoration and acts as a tonic and antiseptic. Mail coupon today.

Fill out the coupon carefully, using X to indicate color of hair. If possible enclose a lock in your letter.

When you have made the test which proves how easily and surely your gray hair can be restored get a full sized bottle from your druggist. If he cannot supply you, or offers you a substitute preparation, write me direct and I will supply your needs.

---Please print your name and address---

MARY T. GOLDMAN,
55-L Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit, as offered in your ad. X shows color of hair. (Print name plainly.)

black ... dark brown .... medium brown .... auburn (dark red) .... light brown ... light auburn (light red) .... blonde ....

Name .....

Street ..... *City* .....

Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer

Over 10,000,000 Bottles Sold

Stop Wondering How I Teach Piano I'll Show You, FREE!

Year after year you've seen my advertisement in all the leading publications, offering to teach you piano in quarter the usual time. Year after year my school has grown and grown until now I have far more students than were ever before taught by one man. In 1922 over two thousand students **graduated** from my Piano or Organ course and received their diplomas.

Yet when I first started giving piano and organ lessons by mail in 1891 my method was laughed at. Could my conservatory have grown as it has, obtained students in every State of the Union, and in fact, practically every civilized country of the world, unless it produced very unusual and satisfying RESULTS for its students? See for yourself what it is that has brought my method so rapidly to the front. Write for free booklet and sample lessons.

Now, for the first time, you can obtain sample lessons without charge. In the past, I have always been opposed to sending out free lessons, even to persons who were seriously interested in my course. But my friends have insisted that I give everybody a chance to see for themselves just how simple, interesting and DIFFERENT my lessons are, and I have consented to try the experiment **for a short time.** Simply mail the coupon below or write a postcard, and the 64-page booklet and sample lessons will go to you at once absolutely free and without obligation.

Within four lessons you will play an interesting piece on the piano or organ, not only in the original key, but in all other keys as well. Most students practise months before they acquire this ability. It is made possible by my patented invention, the Colorotone.

Another invention, obtainable only from me is my hand-operated moving picture device, Quinn-dex. By means of Quinn-dex you actually see my fingers in motion on the piano, and can learn just how to train your own fingers.

When I say that I can teach you piano in **quarter** the usual time, do not think that this is too good to be true. Modern inventions and improved methods have accomplished just as great wonders in other branches of education. You at least owe it to yourself to **investigate.** Send coupon or postcard at once, before the offer of free sample lessons is withdrawn.

QUINN Conservatory Studio, PR 70
599 Columbia Road Boston, Ms. Mass.

Please send me, without cost or obligation, your free booklet, "How to Learn Piano or Organ," free sample lessons, and full particulars of your method.

Name .....

Address .....

The Rover

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 133

Rénl. As against a wearer of epaulets mutual protection was the first duty between Brothers of the Coast. The unexpectedness of that claim coming to him after twenty years invested it with an extraordinary strength. What he would do with the fellow he didn't know. But since that morning the situation was changed. Peyrol had received the lieutenant's confidence and had got on terms with him in a special way. He fell into profound thought.

"*Sacré dieu dare!*" he muttered without rousing himself. Peyrol was annoyed a little at not having been recognized. He could not conceive how difficult it would have been for Symons to identify this portly, deliberate person with a white head of hair as the object of his youthful admiration, the black-ringleted French Brother in the prime of life of whom everybody thought so much. He was startled at hearing the other declare suddenly:

"I am an Englishman, I am. I am not going to knuckle under to anybody. What are you going to do with me?"

"I will do what I please," said Peyrol, who had been asking himself exactly the same question.

"Well, then, be quick about it, whatever it is. I don't care a damn what you do, but—be—quick—about it."

He tried to be emphatic; but as a matter of fact the last words came out in a faltering tone. And old Peyrol was touched. He thought that if he were to let him drink the mortal standing there it would make him dead drunk. But he took the risk. So he said only:

"*Allons.* Drink." The other did not wait for a second invitation, but could not control very well the movements of his arm extended toward the mug. Peyrol raised his on high.

"*Trinquons,* eh?" he proposed. But in his precarious condition the Englishman remained unforgiving.

"I'm damned if I do," he said indignantly, but so low that Peyrol had to turn his ear to catch the words. "You will have to explain to me first what you mean by knocking me on the head."

He drank, staring all the time at Peyrol in a manner which was meant to give offense, but which struck Peyrol as so childlike that he burst into a laugh.

"*Sacré imbécile, Va!* Did I not tell you it was because of the tartans? If it hadn't been for the tartan I would have hidden from you. I would have crouched behind a bush like a—what do you call them?—*lièvre.*"

The other, who was feeling the effect of the drink, stared with frank incredulity.

"You are of no account," continued Peyrol. "Ah! If you had been an officer I would have gone for you anywhere. Did you say your officer went up the gully?"

Symons sighed deeply and easily. "That's the way he went. We had heard on board of a house thereabouts."

"Oh, he went to the house!" said Peyrol. "Well, if he did get there he must be very sorry for himself. There is half a company of infantry billeted in the farm."

This inspired fib went down easily with the English sailor. Soldiers were stationed in many parts of the coast, as any seaman of the blockading fleet knew very well. To the many expressions which had passed over the face of that man recovering from a long period of unconsciousness there was added the shade of distrust.

"What the devil have they stuck soldiers on this piece of rock for?" he asked.

"Oh, signaling-post and things like that. I am not likely to tell you everything. Why! you might escape."

THAT phrase reached the soberest spot in the whole of Symons's individuality. Things were going on, then. Mr. Bolt was a prisoner. But the main idea evoked in his confused mind was that he would be given up to those soldiers before very long. The prospect of captivity made his heart sink, and he resolved to give as much trouble as he could.

"You will have to get some of these soldiers to carry me up. I won't walk. I won't. Not after having had my brains nearly knocked out from behind. I tell you straight! I won't walk. Not a step. They will have to carry me ashore."

Peyrol only shook his head deprecatingly.

"Now you go and get a corporal with a file of men," insisted Symons quite earnestly. "I want to be made a proper prisoner of. Who the devil are you? You had no right to interfere. I believe you are a civilian. A common *marinero,* whatever you may call yourself. You look to me a pretty fishy *marinero* at that. Where did you learn English? In prison—eh? You ain't going to keep me in this damned dog-hole on board your rotten fishy tartan. Go and get that corporal, I tell you."

He looked suddenly very tired, and only murmured: "I am an Englishman, I am."

Peyrol's patience was positively angelic.

"Don't you talk about the tartan," he said impressively, making the words as distinct as possible. "I told you she was not like the other tartans. That is because she is a corvette boat. Every time she goes to sea she makes a *pied-de-nez;* what you call thumb to the nose to all your English cruisers. I do *not* mind telling you because you are my prisoner. You will soon learn French now."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 135

Hustler Layton Howerton of Kentucky

who as a Young Hustler is receiving valuable training, earning cash spending money and winning valuable prizes.

Mothers, Read This Letter—

AN official of a large advertising agency recently addressed a letter to the members of our Young Hustlers Division, in which he said:

"As members of the Young Hustlers Division you are engaged in one of the finest professions in the world. The experience you are getting now is invaluable. Later you will find that the man who sells merchandise almost always has the widest acquaintance of any man in his social circle, he sees more of the world, he is approached by political people, the banker is always glad to see him and it is my belief that he's a better type of citizen than the man who lives to himself and does not see strangers every day."

Your son or some boy you may be interested in will receive the same advantages and training that the present members of our Young Hustlers Division are receiving. Besides he will be able to earn his own spending money and some valuable prizes. Merely fill in his name on the coupon below. Mail it to us with his address and we will send him complete business instructions and The Big Prize Catalogue showing how he can get a Real Business Training without cost and how he can earn Cash Spending Money and win valuable prizes.

We Always Keep Faith with the Boy And with His Ideals!

HELP-THE-BOY-COUPON

Mr Alan B. Scott, Salesmanager, (OP)
Young Hustlers Division,
THE PICTORIAL REVIEW COMPANY,
79th Street and Seventh Ave,
New York City, N Y

Here is the name of a boy that I want to help. Please send him my offer, telling him how he can earn Cash Spending Money, Valuable Prizes and get a Real Business Training without cost

(His Name) .....

(Street) .....

(Town) ..... (State) .....

Digitized by Google
Orig nal from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

The Rover

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 134

"Who are you? The caretaker of this thing or what?" asked the undaunted Symons. But Peyrol's mysterious silence seemed to intimidate him at last. He became dejected and began to curse in a languid tone all boat expeditions, the coxswain of the gig, and his own rotten luck.

Peyrol sat alert and attentive like a man interested in an experiment, while after a moment Symons's face began to look as if he had been hit with a club again, but not as hard as before. A film came over his round eyes, and the words "fishy *marinero*" made their way out of his lips in a sort of death-bed voice. Yet such was the hardness of his head that he actually rallied enough to address Peyrol in an ingratiating tone.

"Come, Grandfather!" He tried to push the mug across the table and upset it. "Come! Let us finish what's in that tiny bottle of yours."

"No," said Peyrol, drawing the demijohn to his side of the table and putting the cork in.

"No?" repeated Symons in an unbelieving voice and looking at the demijohn fixedly. "You must be a tinker." He tried to say something more under Peyrol's watchful eyes, failed once or twice, and suddenly pronounced the word "*cochon*" so correctly as to make old Peyrol start. After that it was no use looking at him any more. Peyrol busied himself in locking up the demijohn and the mugs. When he turned round most of his prisoner's body was extended over the table and no sound came from it, not even a snore.

When Peyrol got outside, pulling to the door of the cuddy behind him, Michel hastened from forward to receive the master's orders. But Peyrol stood so long on the after-deck meditating profoundly with his hand over his mouth that Michel became fidgety and ventured a cheerful: "It looks as if he were not going to die."

"He is dead," said Peyrol with grim jocularity. "Dead drunk. And you very likely will not see me till to-morrow some time."

"But what am I to do?" asked Michel timidly.

"Nothing," said Peyrol. "Of course you must not let him set fire to the tartan."

"But suppose," insisted Michel, "that he should give signs of escaping?"

"If you see him trying to escape," said Peyrol with mock solemnity, "then, Michel, it will be a sign for you to get out of his way as quickly as you can. A man who would try to escape with a head like this on him would just swallow you at one mouthful."

He picked up his cudgel and, stepping ashore, went off without as much as a look at his faithful henchman. Michel listened to him scrambling amongst the stones, and his habitual amiably vacant face acquired a sort of dignity from the utter and absolute blankness that came over it.

IT WAS only after reaching the level ground in front of the farmhouse that Peyrol took time to pause and resume his contact with the exterior world

While he had been closeted with his prisoner the sky had got covered with a thin layer of cloud in one of those swift changes of weather that are not unusual in the Mediterranean. This gray vapor, drifting high up close against the disk of the sun, seemed to enlarge the space behind its veil, add to the vastness of a shadowless world no longer hard and brilliant, but all softened in the contours of its masses and in the faint line of the horizon as if ready to dissolve in the immensity of the Infinite.

Familiar and indifferent to his eyes, material and shadowy, the extent of the changeable sea had gone pale under the pale sun in a mysterious and emotional response. Mysterious too was the great oval patch of dark water to the west; and a broad blue lane on the dull silver of the waters lay in a parabolic curve described magistrally by an invisible finger for a symbol of endless wandering. The face of the farmhouse might have been the face of a house from which all the inhabitants had fled suddenly. In the high part of the building the window of the lieutenant's room remained open, both glass and shutter. By the door of the salle the stable-fork, leaning against the wall, seemed to have been forgotten by the sansculotte.

This aspect of abandonment struck Peyrol with more force than usual. He had been thinking so hard of all these people that to find no one about seemed unnatural and even depressing. He had seen many abandoned places in his life—grass huts, mud forts, kings' palaces, temples from which every white-robed soul had fled. Temples, however, never looked quite empty. The gods clung to their own Peyrol's eyes rested on the bench against the wall of the salle. In the usual course of things it should have been occupied by the lieutenant, who had the habit of sitting there, with hardly a movement, for hours, like a spider watching for the coming of a fly. This paralyzing comparison held Peyrol motionless with a twisted mouth and a frown on his brow, before the evoked vision, colored and precise, of the man more troubling than the reality had ever been.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 136

BULL'S HEAD

English Mustard Please!

A request generally made by the connoisseur of good foods.

COLMAN'S Double Superfine MUSTARD is often spoken of as English mustard and English mustard is conceded to be the best in the world—Colman's has been in use for over 100 years.

The man who travels knows that it improves the flavor of foods and that it sharpens the appetite and aids digestion—that is why English mustard is always asked for.

The Mustard Pot should be on every table—at every meal—in every home.

Write for our new mustard recipe book —sent free on request.

J. & J. COLMAN (U. S. A.) Ltd.
Dept. M-20, 90 W. Broadway, New York

COLMAN'S DOUBLE SUPERFINE MUSTARD

Your Ideal Watch At Last
The Sensationally Popular New Styles.

Handsomest watches you've seen. Designs like those used on highest priced watches. Low prices possible through enormous cash sales. First is Ladies' Watch of 14K White Gold filled (now all the rage) 25 years guarantee on tonneau shape case-richly carved—6 jewel imported movement; hand made dial, sapphire crown, gros grain ribbon; neat clasp.

One year guarantee. Sensational Offer at - $6.75
Available in rectangular case with rectangular movement at $11.75.

Don't wait—only a limited number. SEND NO MONEY WE PREPAY POSTAGE. You pay postman. No risk—money back promptly if not satisfied. These are good timekeepers. *Write to-day for yours.*

Precious Wares Co.
ART JEWELRY
389 FIFTH AVE., DEPT. 210
NEW YORK, N.Y.

End Corns

The simplest way to end a corn is Blue-jay. Stops the pain instantly. Then the corn loosens and comes out. Made in clear liquid and in thin plasters. The action is the same.

At your druggist

Blue-jay

$1.00 down!

Balance in easy monthly payments. The 21 Jewel

STUDEBAKER
—The *Insured* Watch

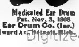
64 Different Art Beauty Cases. 8 adjustments. Buy direct—big savings. FREE BOOK Write today for Book of Studebaker Advance Watch Styles and $1.00 down offer.

Chain FREE! With every Studebaker Watch. Limited offer. Write today.

Studebaker Watch Company, Dept. 2710, South Bend, Indiana

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF
—Every Deaf Person Knows That

I make myself hear, after being deaf for 25 years, with these Artificial Ear Drums. I wear them day and night. They are perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Write me and I will tell you a true story, how I got deaf and how I make you hear. Address



Medicated Ear Drum
Pat. Nov. 3, 1908

GEO. P. WAY, Artificial Ear Drum Co. (Inc.)
10 McKerchey Bg., 2031 Woodward Av., Detroit, Mich.

Cleans as it Polishes

New Beauty *for* Fine Woods *and* Finishes

O-Cedar Polish enhances the beauty of fine furniture, woodwork and floors. It imparts a soft, dry, lustrous sheen that brings out all the wonderful grain and coloring in the woods, and adds new life and sparkle to the finish.

O-Cedar Polish is easy to apply—and economical, too. Once each week at least, let it lighten your housework and add new beauty to your home.

CHANNELL CHEMICAL CO.
CHICAGO – TORONTO – LONDON – PARIS – CAPE TOWN

$1.00 Down Brings This

Floor Lamp With Fifth Ave. Silk Shade

Gas or Electric

The Lamp

Comes equipped for choice of gas or electricity. Has 2-light Benjamin socket for electricity only, with 8-ft. silk cord ready for use; or comes with 6-ft. rubber hose, burner, mantle and chimney for gas.

Mahogany Finish
Standard is 69 inches high, 3 inches in diameter. Highly polished French mahogany finish.

Silk Shade

Made in Fifth Ave. design, 24 in. in diameter, of delft blue silk, shirred top, alternating plain and fancy art silk panels. Twelve panels in all. Tinsel braid border, with four inch Chenille fringe. American beauty shirred lining. The harmonious color scheme gives effect of red light shining through a blue haze—a rich, warm light. Shipping wt. 27 lbs.

Marshall Silky Fringe Pull-Cords
Also pair of Marshall silky fringe pull-cords with 8½ in. silky fringed tassels, giving added rich effect.

For gas use, order by No. G6332NA.
For electricity, order by No. G6333NA.
Send only $1 with the coupon, $2 monthly.
Total Bargain Price for lamp and shade $19.85

Here is something you have always wanted—a beautiful floor lamp with handsome and elegant Fifth Avenue silk shade—to add an extra tone of elegance and luxury to your home. On this generous offer you can see just how this floor lamp and silk shade will look in your home, without risking anything. Send only $1.00 with the coupon below, and we will send it complete to your home on approval, equipped for use with either gas or electricity. We take all the risk.

30 Days Trial When the lamp outfit comes, use it freely for 30 days. See how beautifully the colorings of the handsome silk shade blend and harmonize with everything in the home. How *useful* it is, too—so handy for reading, can be moved around with ease to furnish a beautiful light and rich warmth and coziness to any room in the house. If after 30 days trial you decide not to keep the lamp, just return it at our expense and we will refund your $1.00 deposit, plus any freight or express you paid. You cannot lose a single penny.

$2.00 a Month

If you discover that this lamp is a tremendous bargain at the price we ask and you decide to keep it, send only $2.00 a month until you have paid the total bargain price of only $19.85. Yes, only $19.85 for this luxurious lamp and silk shade complete. Compare this value with anything you could buy locally at anywhere near the same price—*even for spot cash!* Straus & Schram gives you this bargain price and almost a year to pay. We trust honest people anywhere in U. S. No discount for cash; nothing extra for credit. *No C.O.D.*

Price Slashed
Send NOW!

Decide now to *see* this beautiful floor lamp and silk shade in your home on approval on this price smashing offer. Think how the nickels and dimes slip away for useless things; save them for something *worth while* that will give satisfaction for years. Send the coupon with only $1.00 now. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Straus & Schram
Dept. 2797 Chicago, Ill.

Free Bargain Catalog!
Shows thousands of bargains in home furnishings, furniture, jewelry, rugs, curtains, phonographs, stoves, dishes, aluminum ware, etc. All sold on easy terms. Catalog sent free, with or without order. See the coupon.

Straus & Schram, Dept. 2797 Chicago

Enclosed find $1.00. Ship special advertised Floor Lamp and Silk Shade as checked below. I am to have 30 days free trial. If I keep the lamp, I will send $2.00 a month. If not satisfied, I am to return the lamp and shade within 30 days and you are to refund my $1.00 plus any transportation charges I paid.

☐ *Gas* Floor Lamp No. G6332NA, $19.85
☐ *Electric* Floor Lamp No. G6333NA, $19.85

Name..........

Street, R. F. D. or Box No...........

Shipping Point..........

Post Office.......... State..........

If you want ONLY our free catalog of home furnishings, mark X here ☐

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

FREE! Mail coupon for 7-day package free

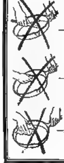
If your dealer can't supply "S. O. S." send us $1.75 for six large packages—each package containing six cakes.

Never Scrape

Soap, Scour Aluminum

Bright as a dollar in 10 seconds this new way

NO MORE



Now you clean and polish aluminum without scraping, soaping or scouring. The whole job is finished in 10 seconds. Utensils are mirror-bright!

Cleanser and polisher combined

In one convenient cake fine soap and soft wool are combined.

You wet an edge of the cake and rub briskly a few times.

Meanest fruit or vegetable stains disappear. Burned-in spots instantly cleaned. Sticky dirt vanishes.

Nothing else like it can be found. We spent a fortune perfecting it. The cake is called "S. O. S."

Saves your hands. Saves time

Tender hands are spared unnecessary reddening and roughening. "S. O. S." does not injure skin. Shortens the time hands must be kept in dish-water. Because it cleans all utensils just as quickly—from glass to tinware.

Use the free package

Now we have arranged to give you a 7-day package of "S. O. S." free. Just mail the coupon to the nearer of our two branches.

S·O·S

Patent License No. 1258858, Reg. U. S. Patent Office

Cleans and polishes aluminum or other cooking utensils in one quick operation.

S. O. S. MFG. CO., 2035 Charleston Street, Chicago, Ill.

S. O. S. MFG. CO. of California
203 California Street, San Francisco, Calif.

DEALERS! If your wholesalers can't supply "S.O.S." write to us.

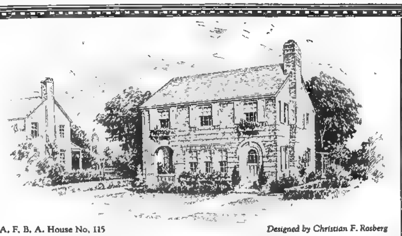
7-DAY PACKAGE FREE

Fill out and mail the coupon for a 7-day package of "S. O. S." free.

Name..

Address..

P. R. 10-23 (Only one package to a family)



A. F. B. A. House No. 115 — *Designed by Christian F. Rosberg*

This is one of the fifty attractive and distinctive houses shown in "The Home of Beauty"

Homes of Beauty and Durability

TIME enhances the charm of the Face Brick house as age enriches the beauty of its color tones. The passing years exact little toll, for the Face Brick house is truly the permanent, economical house. It lasts for generations; its repair and upkeep charges are negligible; it requires painting only around doors and windows; it saves insurance costs; and lowers fuel bills. Every home-builder will be interested in the facts about the Face Brick house, as told in "The Story of Brick." For your copy, address American Face Brick Association, 1726 Peoples Life Building, Chicago, Ill.

Send for these booklets:

"The Story of Brick" is an attractive booklet with beautiful illustrations of modern homes, and discusses such matters as Comparative Costs, Basic Requirements in Building, The Extravagance of Cheapness, and kindred subjects. Sent free.

"Face Brick Bungalow and Small House Plans" embrace 96 designs of Face Brick bungalows and small houses. These houses are unusual and distinctive in design, economical to build, and convenient in floor plan. "Face Brick Bungalow and Small House Plans" are issued in four booklets, showing 3 to 4-room houses, 5-room houses, 6-room houses, and 7 to 8-room houses. The entire set for one dollar; any one of the books, twenty-five cents. We can supply complete working drawings at nominal prices.

"The Home of Beauty" contains fifty designs of Face Brick houses, mostly two stories, representing a wide variety of architectural styles and interior arrangements. The houses were selected from 350 designs submitted in a nation-wide Architectural Competition. Sent for 50 cents. We also distribute complete working drawings for these houses at nominal cost.

"The Home Fires" is a new book containing twenty attractive original fireplace designs, for which complete plans may be purchased for one dollar, and twenty-five pictures of fireplaces designed by well-known architects. Also an article on fireplace construction. Sent for 25 cents.

The Rover

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 135

He came to himself with a start. What sort of occupation was this, *cré nom de nom*, staring at a silly bench with no one on it? Was he going wrong in his head? Or was it that he was getting really old? He had noticed old men losing themselves like that. But he had something to do. First of all he had to go and see what the English sloop in the Passe was doing.

While he was making his way toward the lookout on the hill where the inclined pine hung peering over the cliff as if an insatiable curiosity were holding it in that precarious position, Peyrol had another view from above of the farmyard and of the buildings and was again affected by their deserted appearance. Not a soul, not even an animal, seemed to have been left; only on the roofs the pigeons walked with smart elegance.

PEYROL hurried on and presently saw the English ship well over on the Porquerolles side, with her yards braced up and her head to the southward. There was a little wind in the Passe, while the dull silver of the open had a darkling rim of rippled water to the east in that quarter where, far or near, but mostly out of sight, the British fleet kept its endless watch. Not a shadow of a spar or gleam of sail on the horizon betrayed its presence; but Peyrol would not have been surprized to see a crowd of ships surge up, people the horizon with hostile life, come in running, and dot the sea with their ordered groups all about Cape Cicié parading their damned impudence.

Then indeed that corvette, the big factor of every-day life on that stretch of coast, would become very small potatoes, and the man in command of her (he had been Peyrol's personal adversary in many imaginary encounters fought to a finish in the room up-stairs), then indeed that Englishman would have to mind his steps. He would be ordered to come within hail of the Admiral, be sent here and there, made to run like a little dog, and as likely as not get called on board the flagship and get his head washed for something or other.

Peyrol thought for a moment that the impudence of this Englishman was going to take the form of running along the peninsula and looking into the very cove; for the corvette's head was falling off slowly. A fear for his tartan clutched Peyrol's heart till he remembered that the Englishman did not know of her existence. Of course not. His cudgel had been absolutely effective in stopping that bit of information. The only Englishman who knew of the existence of the tartan was that fellow with the broken head. Peyrol actually laughed at his momentary scare.

Moreover, it was evident that the Englishman did not mean to parade in front of the peninsula. He did not mean to be impudent. The sloop's yards were swung right round and she came again to the wind, but now heading to the northward up the Petite Passe. Peyrol saw at once that the Englishman meant to pass to windward of Cape Estérel, probably with the intention to anchor for the night off the beach of the Salins, which in a regular curve closed the roadstead of Hyères on that side.

Peyrol pictured her to himself on the clouded night, not so very dark since the full moon was but a day old, lying at anchor within hail of the low shore, with her sails furled and looking profoundly asleep, but with the watch on deck lying by the guns. He gnashed his teeth. It had come to this at last, that the captain of the *Amelia* could do nothing with his ship without putting Peyrol into a rage. Oh, for forty Brothers, or sixty, picked ones, he thought, to teach the fellow what it might cost him taking liberties along the French coast!

Ships had been carried by surprize before on nights when there was just light enough to see the whites of each other's eyes in a close tussle. And what would be the crew of that Englishman? Something between ninety and a hundred men and boys, landsmen included. Peyrol shook his fist for a good-by just when Cape Estérel shut off the English sloop from his sight. But in his heart of hearts that seaman of cosmopolitan associations knew very well that no forty or sixty, not any given hundred, of the Brothers of the Coast would be enough to capture that corvette making herself at home within ten, twelve miles of where he first opened his eyes to the world.

He shook his head dismally at the leaning pine, his only companion. The disinherited soul of that rover, ranging for so many years a lawless ocean, with the coasts of two continents for a raiding-ground, had come back to its crag, circling like a sea-bird in the dusk, and longed for a great sea victory for its people; an inland multitude of which Peyrol knew nothing except a few individuals on that peninsula cut off from the rest of the land by the dead water of a salt lagoon and where only a strain of manliness in a miserable cripple and an unaccountable charm of a half-crazed girl had managed to touch his heart.

This scheme of false dispatches was but a detail in a plan for a great, a destructive victory. Just a detail, but not a trifle, all the same. Nothing connected with the deception of an Admiral could be called

CONTINUED ON PAGE 137

How Can I Increase My Income?

Anna Combs had a big problem to face. She needed money. And she *had* to have it—to help meet her living expenses.

She couldn't accept a regular full-time position, because she was needed at home. She had only an hour now and then when she wasn't actually busy looking after her home and family.

But just when Miss Combs was on the verge of despair over the apparent hopelessness of the situation, she happened to read about Pictorial Review's Spare-Time Plan. She found that no matter how little spare time she had, nor how irregularly she was able to work, she could earn the money she needed.

Miss Combs is earning $10, $20, and sometimes $30 a week just by acting as Pictorial Review's subscription representative during her spare time. Of course, the more time she is able to give, the more money she makes.

But aside from the money which Miss Combs is earning, she tells us that her work as a Pictorial Review representative keeps her in contact with interesting people and has enlarged greatly her circle of friends.

Would you like to increase *your* income by $10, $20, $30, or more a week? You can—just as easily as Miss Combs is doing it.

It costs you nothing to learn. We will furnish you free outfit and instructions. Your profits will begin as soon as you start. Take the first step. Clip and mail this coupon to-day.

Personal Effort Division
The Pictorial Review Company
7th Avenue and 39th Street
New York City

I would like to increase my income. Please tell me all about your Spare-Time Plan.

My Name..........................

My Address..........................

City......................State........
o

Digitized by Google
Original from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

The Rover

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 136

trifling. And such an Admiral too. It was Peyrol felt vaguely, a scheme that only a confounded landsman would invent. It behooved the sailors, however, to make a workable thing of it. It would have to be worked through that corvette.

And here Peyrol was brought up by the question that all his life had not been able to settle for him—and that was whether the English were really very stupid or very acute. That difficulty had presented itself with every fresh case. The old rover had enough genius in him to have arrived at a general conclusion that if they were to be deceived at all it could not be done very well by words, but rather by deeds; not by mere wriggling, but by deep craft concealed under some sort of straightforward action. That conviction, however, did not take him forward in this case, which was one in which much thinking would be necessary.

The *Amelia* had disappeared behind Cape Estérel, and Peyrol wondered with a certain anxiety whether this meant that the Englishman had given up his man for good. "If he has," said Peyrol to himself, "I am bound to see him pass out again from beyond Cape Estérel before it gets dark." If, however, he did not see the ship again within the next hour or two then she would be anchored off the *plage*, waiting for the night before making some attempt to discover what had become of her man. That could be done only by sending out one or two boats to explore the coast, and no doubt to enter the cove—perhaps even to land a small search-party.

After coming to this conclusion Peyrol began deliberately to charge his pipe. Had he spared a moment for a glance inland he might have caught a whisk of a black skirt, the gleam of a white fichu—Arlette running down the faint track heading from Escampobar to the village in the hollow; the same track in fact up which Citizen Scevola, while indulging in the strange freak to visit the church, had been chased by the incensed faithful. But Peyrol while charging and lighting his pipe had kept his eyes fastened on Cape Estérel. Then throwing his arm affectionately over the trunk of the pine, he had settled himself to watch. Under his eye the roadstead, with its play of gray and bright gleams, looked like a plaque of mother-of-pearl in a frame of yellow rocks and dark-green ravines set off inland by the masses of the hills displaying the tint of the finest purple; while behind the cloud-veil the sun hung like a silver disk.

THAT afternoon, after waiting in vain for Lieutenant Réal to appear outside in the usual way, Arlette, the mistress of Escampobar, had gone unwillingly into the kitchen, where Catherine sat upright in a heavy, capacious wooden armchair, the back of which rose above the top of her white-muslin cap. Even in her old age, even in her hours of ease, Catherine preserved the upright carriage of her family that had held Escampobar for so many generations. It would have been easy to believe that, like some characters famous in the world, Catherine would have wished to die standing up and with unbowed shoulders.

With all her five senses undecayed she heard the light footsteps in the salle long before Arlette entered the kitchen. That woman, who had faced alone and unaided (except for her brother's comprehending silence) the anguish of passion in a forbidden love, and of terrors comparable to those of the judgment-day, neither turned her face, quiet without serenity, nor her eyes, fearless but without fire, in the direction of her niece.

Arlette glanced on all sides, even at the walls, even at the mound of ashes under the big overmantel, nursing in its heart a spark of fire, before she sat down and leaned her elbow on the table.

"You wander about always like a soul in pain," said her aunt, sitting by the hearth like an old queen on her throne.

"And you stay always here eating your heart out."

"Formerly," remarked Catherine, "old women like me could always go over their prayers, but now——"

"I believe you have not been to church for years. I remember Scevola telling me that a long time ago. Was it because of people's eyes? I have fancied sometimes that most people in the world must have been massacred long ago."

Catherine turned her face slightly away. Arlette's head rested on her half-closed hand, and her glance, losing its steadiness, seemed to tremble amongst misty visions. She got up suddenly and caressed the thin, half-averted, withered cheek with the tips of her fingers, and in a low voice, with that marvelous cadence that plucked at one's heart-strings, she said coaxingly:

"*C'était des songes, n'est-ce pas?*"

In her immobility the old woman called with all the might of her will for the presence of Peyrol. She had never been able to overcome a sort of superstitious fear of that niece restored to her from the terrors of a judgment-day in which the world had been given over to the devils. She was always afraid that this girl, wandering about with restless eyes and a dim smile on her silent lips, would suddenly say something atrocious, unfit to be heard,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 138

BUNIONS
can be relieved and reduced

There's no need to suffer the torture of tender, aching bunions and enlarged toe joints or the annoyance of bulging, unsightly shoes. Nearly 100,000 bunion sufferers get relief from this pain and deformity every year through the use of Dr. Scholl's Bunion Reducer.

This device is a specially moulded shield of soft flexible, antiseptic rubber. It removes the pressure on the bunion, gives immediate relief, hides the enlarged joint by filling in the hollow space and reduces the enlargement. When worn under the stocking it is not visible and will not shift out of place.

Dr. Scholl's Bunion Reducer is made in all sizes and is sold by shoe and drug stores everywhere at 75c each. There is a Dr. Scholl Foot Comfort Appliance or Remedy for every foot trouble.

Write for free book, "The Feet and Their Care" and a sample of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for corns. Address The Scholl Mfg. Co., Dept. 1410, 213 W. Schiller St., Chicago.

Dr Scholl's
Foot Comfort Appliances

How to Beautify Your Eyes in One Minute

Just a wee touch of "MAYBELLINE" and your eyebrows and lashes will appear *naturally* dark, long and luxurious. Instantly and unfailingly the eyes appear larger, deeper and more brilliant. The remarkable improvement in your beauty and expression will astonish and delight you. "MAYBELLINE" *is different from other preparations, that is why it is the largest selling eyelash beautifier in the world.* It will not spread and smear on the face or make the lashes stiff. Each dainty box contains brush and mirror. Two shades, Brown for Blonds, Black for Brunettes. Purchase a box of "MAYBELLINE", use it once and you will never be without it again. *75c at your dealer's or direct* from us, postpaid. Accept only genuine "MAYBELLINE" and your satisfaction is assured. *Tear out this ad now as a reminder.*
MAYBELLINE CO., 4750-74 Sheridan Road, CHICAGO

Let Us Send You
HAIR
ON APPROVAL

Switches, transformations and any other articles of hair goods sent on approval. Write for our new illustrated catalog of latest fashions in hairdressing. Make your selection and order entirely at our risk. Goods sent prepaid for examination. Remit only if delighted with your bargain. Return if not satisfactory and you are not out a cent. Don't put it off. Write today for free catalog.

PARIS FASHION COMPANY
Est. 1889, 207 S. Wabash Ave., Dept. 1410, Chicago

Buy direct from the Manufacturers

Buy these high grade watches direct from the manufacturer and save ⅓. Every watch comes with written guarantee. Money refunded at once if you aren't satisfied. Send only name and address. Pay postman on arrival. Tonneau shape. 6 jewel. 25 yr. 14Kt. White Gold filled case. White Dial. Sapphire crown. Stemwind and set. Excellent timekeeper. Silk grosgrain ribbon and gold-filled clasp. Reg. $18 Value. Our price only $7.55. Same as above only in latest, dainty rectangular shape with engraved dial. Reg. $25 Value. Our price only $12.75. Order today.
Supreme Jewelry Mfg. Co., Dept. 10043, 434 Broadway, N. Y.

MRS. E. S. CHILCOTT MADE $50.51 IN A SINGLE WEEK

You can do as well taking orders for our exclusive Dress materials, Handkerchiefs, Hosiery, etc. Experience desirable but not necessary. *Write today for free booklet.*
MITCHELL & CHURCH CO., Inc., Dept. 82, Binghamton, N. Y.

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

I know because I was Deaf and had Head Noises for over 30 years. My invisible Antiseptic Ear Drums restored my hearing and stopped Head Noises, and will do it for you. They are Tiny Megaphones. Cannot be seen when worn. Effective when Deafness is caused by Catarrh or by Perforated, Partially or Wholly Destroyed Natural Drums. Easy to put in, easy to take out. Are "Unseen Comforts." Inexpensive. Write for Booklet and my sworn statement of how I recovered my hearing.
A. O. LEONARD
Suite 203, 70 5th Avenue - - New York City

Four CONGOLEUM GOLD SEAL Rugs
Less than Price of One

Choice of Two Famous Patterns
Three Rugs Free—Year to Pay

We show above two of the most popular Congoleum patterns that have ever been produced. One dollar pinned to the coupon below brings you either pattern on approval. One 9 x 12 ft. rug and three small rugs to match, each small rug 18 x 36 inches.

The Rug of Guaranteed Wear

Congoleum Gold Seal Art Rugs are rapidly becoming the national floor covering; highly prized in good homes for any and all rooms.
Waterproof. No burlap for water to rot. Surface is hard, smooth and wear-resisting. Does not stain. Not marred or hurt by spilling of hot liquids.
They lie flat from the first moment without fastening. They never curl up or kick up at edges or corners. No need to tack or fasten them down. Dirt cannot accumulate underneath.
Less work. Rid yourself of back-breaking drudgery. Dirt, ashes, grit, dust or mud cannot "grind into" a Congoleum Gold Seal Art Rug. A damp rag or mop keeps it clean and colorings bright.
No laborious beating, no sending to cleaners. Absolutely sanitary. All this guaranteed by the famous Gold Seal that means complete satisfaction or your money back.

Pattern No. 534 This is the Oriental Gold Seal Congoleum Art Rug shown at the top of the page. On the floor, it looks unbelievably like an expensive woven rug. The richest blue color dominates the ground work. Mellow ecru, old ivories, and light tans, set off the blue field. Mingled with these lovely tints are peacock blue, robin's egg blue and darker tones. Old rose, tiny specks of lighter pink and dark mulberry are artistically placed. Darker browns and even blacks, lend dignity and richness.
The border background contrasts with the blue all over center by reversing the color scheme. Ecru and tan shades form the border background. In this rug you have all the advantages of design and coloring, of cheerful warmth and lovely color effects so much sought after in high grade woven fabrics.
An ideal all purpose rug, beautiful in any room. Perfect for living room or parlor. Lovely in bedroom or dining room. Charming in the kitchen.

Only $1.00 with Coupon—$1.50 Monthly

No. E4C534 9 ft. x 12 ft. Congoleum Gold Seal Rug with three small rugs to match, each 18 x 36 inches—all four only........ $17.95

Tile Pattern No. 408 Probably no floor covering of any quality or kind, ever piled up the popularity of this wonderful design. It is a superb tile pattern that looks like mosaic. Lovely robin's egg blue, with shadings of Dutch blue, and a background of soft stone gray, give a matchless effect. This design is particularly suited for the kitchen or dining room.

Only $1.00 with Coupon—$1.50 Monthly

No. E4C408 9 ft. x 12 ft. Congoleum Gold Seal Rug with three small rugs to match, each 18 x 36 inches—all four only........ $17.95

VERY IMPORTANT—We do not fill orders in cities of 100,000 population or over.

Spiegel, May, Stern Co.
1715 W. 35th Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

$1.00 Brings All 4 Rugs on 30 Days' Free Trial

Ours is the only house in America that can make you such an offer. No one else can bring you a genuine guaranteed Gold Seal Congoleum Rug, in the full 9 x 12 ft. size, with 3 small rugs extra, and all for less than the regular price of the big rug alone—and on a year's credit.
Clip the coupon below. Write your name and address plainly. Say which pattern you want. Pin a dollar bill to it—mail at once.
We will ship immediately, on a month's trial, all four Congoleum Rugs—in one complete neat package. No muss, no bother, no trouble to lay. If satisfactory, take a year to pay.

The Greatest of Bargains Pay Almost as You Please

Almost everybody knows the price of the famous Congoleum Gold Seal Art Rugs. They are advertised and sold at the same standard price everywhere. Look everywhere else first if you wish. You'll find no offer like ours.
If you return the rugs, your dollar will be refunded and also all freight costs.

Three Rugs Free

For the heavy wear spots in front of range, sink, kitchen. At thresholds, in the hall, in front of dresser or bed. While this offer lasts, we give three of these small rugs free with each large rug; all 4 for less than the price of one.

Ask for FREE Catalog

It shows 10,000 other Bargains—it brings credit without asking. Everything from cellar to garret. Beds—Bedding—Carpets—Rugs—Dishes—Cooking Utensils—Curtains—Furniture—Silverware—Lamps. Also diamonds, watches, jewelry. All sorts of odds and ends for home. YOUR REQUEST ON A POSTAL IS ENOUGH.

Spiegel, May, Stern Co. 1715 W. 35th Street, CHICAGO
I enclose $1 for the 4 Gold Seal Congoleum Art Rugs — exactly as described—in the pattern selected below, on 30 days free trial. If I return them, you are to refund my $1, also all transportation costs. Otherwise I will pay $1.50 monthly until special price of $17.95 is paid.

I SELECT PATTERN NO. ....
If you wish both patterns write down both numbers, send $2.00—pay $3.00 monthly AND GET ALL 8 RUGS.

Name..........
Street, R.F.D. or Box No. ....
Shipping Point ....
City .... State ....
Also send me your latest FREE Furniture Book.

Big Profits in Home Cooking!

Alice Bradley, famous expert, will teach you at home *just how* to make home cooking, cake-making, candy-making give big profits. *How to* cater, run profitable TEA ROOMS, cafeterias, etc. Write for free booklet, "Cooking for Profit." American School of Economics, 877 E. 58th St., Chicago

Kill The Hair Root

My method prevents the hair from growing again. Easy, painless, harmless. No scars. Booklet free. Write today enclosing 3 stamps. We teach beauty culture. D. J. Mahler, 420-A, Mahler Park, Providence, R. I.

What's Wrong With This Dress?

She didn't know that her new dress would attract such attention. Any dressmaker should have known how to design a dress that would give her height. Do you know what is wrong?

Are Your Dresses Criticised?

Are you sure that your own dresses are not as poorly designed as this one? Wherever you go, your dresses are watched by both men and women. Are you sure they are not being criticised? Are you or is your daughter being retarded, socially, because of poorly designed dresses?

You Can Design

Do you know that in 10 fascinating weeks, you can learn Dress Designing and Making without leaving your own home? Do you know that over 16,000 girls and women, 14 or over, have learned, through this system to make dresses, gowns, coats, etc.? Previous sewing knowledge is not necessary.
Mail coupon today sure. You might forget if you put it off and every time you buy a new dress, you would then regret.

CUT HERE
FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. A-600
Rochester, N. Y.
Send me, without charge, your illustrated book (copyrighted) and free sample lessons in the Home Study System here checked.—Dress Designing and Making.—Millinery.
Name..........
Address..........

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Just a wisp of incense —bewitching and alluring

A TINY WISP of incense, curling from a burner in your home tonight, can bring to you all the mystery, the beauty and the lure of Eastern Romance. Moonlit gardens on the banks of the lotus laden Nile; flower-fragrant air, heavy with the perfumes of the Orient; an Eastern night with its wonder and enchantment. All these are yours, if you will burn incense.

Vantine's—the true Oriental Incense

But be sure that it is Vantine's Temple Incense that you burn, for Vantine's is the true incense of the East, subtle, fragrant and alluring.

And whether you burn incense in cone or powder, we are sure that you will like the latest Vantine "good luck" burner —"Happy Joss," the Oriental God of Laughter and Contentment.

Trust in the Eastern belief that trouble and sorrow are wafted away in the incense offered to "Happy Joss."

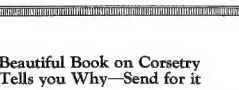
Vantine's Temple Incense

Vantine's Temple Incense is sold at druggists, gift shops and perfume departments of leading stores. It comes in powder and cone in 25c, 50c and 75c packages.

A. A. VANTINE & CO., INC.
71 Fifth Ave., New York

Six Fragrances:
ROSE
VIOLET
PINE
LOTUS
WISTARIA
SANDALWOOD

Burn Incense to "Happy Joss"



NuBone Corsets

Beautiful Book on Corsetry Tells you Why—Send for it

"IS my NuBone Corset comfortable? Yes, because it is boned with the wonderful Nubone Woven Wire Stay and is made to my own exact requirements. I saw the advertisement and sent for the Corsetry Book. The pictures and explanations were a revelation to me. At last I had found a corset of youthful, graceful lines combined with perfect comfort. An expert corsetiere came and took my measurements and planned a stylish, comfortable corset *built for me.* The price was very reasonable. It is the best corset investment I have ever made. I'll never waste money again on ordinary corsets."

THE NUBONE CORSET CO.
432 East 25th Street
Erie, Pa.
NEW YORK CITY
Aeolian Building, 33 West 42d St.
AUSTRALIA
L. L. Lucas & Co., Melbourne

Not Sold in Stores

Send for this Beautiful Book on Corsetry FREE

SHEET MUSIC

Ask for Century Edition 15¢

MUSIC is music. Whether you buy it in the Century Edition, or in a fifty-cent edition—it's the same. The only difference is in the price! Century Edition costs you 15c a copy—for all the world's best music beautifully printed on the finest of paper—every note certified to be correct, as the master wrote it!

2200 Compositions

Century offers you over 2200 compositions like "La Traviata," "Huguenots," "Hungarian Rhapsody," "Killarney," "Last Hope," etc! When you buy them, be sure you specify Century. Patronize the Century Dealer—remember, Century's low price is possible only because of his small profit. If your dealer can't supply you, we will. Complete Catalog of over 2200 classical and popular standard compositions free on request. (Century's Canadian price, 20c.)

Ask your dealer to show you Martin's "Rudiments for the Piano," John's "Rudiments for the Violin," and Martin's "Scales and Chords." Used by modern teachers.
Century Music Publishing Co., 231 W. 46th St., N. Y.

Century Certified Edition

The Rover

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 137

calling for vengeance from Heaven, unless Peyrol were by. That strangeness come from *par delà les mers* was out of it altogether, cared probably for no one in the world, but seemed to have affected her by his massive aspect, his deliberation suggesting a mighty force like the reposeful attitude of a lion.

But Arlette said nothing. She desisted from caressing the irresponsive cheek, exclaimed petulantly: "I am awake now!" and went out of the kitchen without having asked her aunt the question she had meant to ask, and that was whether she knew what had become of the lieutenant.

Her heart had failed her. She let herself drop on the bench outside the door of the salle. "What is the matter with them all?" she thought. "I can't make them out. Where's the wonder then if I have not been able to sleep?" Even Peyrol, who from the first moment she saw him before her, so different from all mankind, had the power to soothe her aimless unrest—even Peyrol would sit for hours with the lieutenant on the bench, gazing into the air and keeping him in talk about things without sense, as if on purpose to prevent him from thinking of her. Well, he could not do that. But the enormous change implied in the fact that every day had a to-morrow now and that all the people around her had ceased to be mere fantoms for her wandering glances to glide over without concern, made her feel the need of support from somebody, from somewhere. She could have cried aloud for it.

SHE sprang up and walked along the whole front of the farm-building. At the end of the wall enclosing the orchard she called out in a modulated undertone: "Eugène!" not because she hoped that the lieutenant was anywhere within earshot, but for the pleasure of hearing the sound of the name uttered for once above a whisper. She turned about, and at the end of the wall on the yard side she repeated her call, drinking in the sound that came out of her line, "Eugène, Eugène!" with a sort of half-exulting despair. It was against such moments that she wanted a steadying support. But all was still. She heard no friendly murmur, not even a sigh.

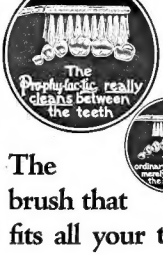
Above her head, under the thin gray sky, a big mulberry-tree stirred no leaf. Step by step, as if unconsciously, she began to move down the track. At the end of fifty yards she opened the inland view, the roofs of the village between the green tops of the chestnut-trees overshadowing the fountain, and just beyond the flat blue-gray level of the salt lagoon, smooth and dull like a slab of lead. But what drew her on was the church-tower where, in a round arch, she could see the black speck of the bell which had escaped the requisitions of the republican wars, dwelling mute above the locked-up empty church, and had only lately recovered its voice. She ran on, but when she had come near enough to make out the figures moving about the village fountain, she checked herself, hesitated a moment, and then took the footpath leading to the presbytery.

She pushed open the little gate with the broken latch. The humble building of rough stones, from between which much mortar had crumbled out, looked as tho it had been sinking slowly into the ground. The beds of the plot in front were choked with weeds, because the abbé had no taste for gardening. When the heiress of Escampobar opened the inner door, he was walking up and down the largest room, which was his bedroom and sitting-room and where he also took his meals. He was a gaunt man with a long, as if convulsed, face. In his young days he had been tutor to the sons of a great noble, but he did not emigrate with his employer. Neither did he submit to the republic. He had lived in his native land like a hunted wild beast, and there had been many tales of his activities, warlike and others.

When the hierarchy was reestablished he found no favor in the eyes of his superiors. He had remained too much of a royalist. He had accepted, without a word, the charge of this miserable parish, where he established his influence quickly enough. His sacerdotalism lay in him like a cold passion. Tho accessible enough he never walked abroad without his breviary, acknowledging the solemnly bared heads by a curt nod. He was not exactly feared, but some of the oldest inhabitants who remembered the previous incumbent, an old man who died in the garden after having been dragged out of bed by some patriots anxious to take him to prison in Hyères, jerked their heads sideways in a knowing manner when their curé was mentioned.

On seeing this apparition in an Arlesian cap and silk skirt, a white fichu, and otherwise as completely different as any princess could be from the rustics with whom he was, in daily contact, his face expressed the blankest astonishment. Then—for he knew enough of the gossip of his community—his straight, thick eyebrows came together inimically. This was no doubt the woman of whom he had heard his parishioners talk with bated breath as having given herself and her property up to a Jacobin, a Toulon sansculotte who had either delivered her parents to execution or had murdered them himself during the first three days of massacres. No one

CONTINUED ON PAGE 139



The brush that fits all your teeth

THE tooth brush that cleans all your teeth except one or two is shirking its duty.

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes are designed to fit all your teeth and clean every one thoroughly. The tufted bristles reach between the teeth and into depressions caused by crooked teeth.

The curved handle of a Pro-phy-lac-tic enables you without extra effort to brush the places ordinarily hard to reach. Even the inside surfaces and the backs of the back teeth are easy to clean.

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes come in three sizes—adults', youths' and children's; and in three degrees of stiffness—hard, medium, and soft.

If the one you buy isn't absolutely satisfactory, return it to us and we will replace it.

FLORENCE MANUFACTURING CO.
Florence, Mass.
Sold by all dealers in the United States and Canada

"A Clean Tooth Never Decays"

Pro-phy-lac-tic

Always Sold in a Yellow Box

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

The Rover

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 138

was very sure which it was, but the rest was current knowledge.

The abbé, the persuaded that any amount of moral turpitude was possible in a godless country, had not accepted all that tale literally. No doubt those people were republican and impious, and the state of affairs up there was scandalous and horrible. He struggled with his feelings of repulsion and managed to smooth his brow and waited. He could not imagine what that woman with mature form and a youthful face could want at the presbytery.

Suddenly it occurred to him that perhaps she wanted to thank him—it was a very old occurrence—for interposing between the fury of the villagers and that man. He couldn't call him even in his thoughts her husband, for apart from all other circumstances that connection could not imply any kind of marriage to a priest had even there been any legal form observed. His visitor was apparently disconcerted by the character of his face, the austere aloofness of his attitude, and only a low murmur escaped her lips. He bent his head and was not very certain of what he had heard.

"You come to seek my aid?" he asked in a doubting voice.

She nodded slightly, and the abbé went to the door she had left half open and looked out. There was not a soul in sight between the presbytery and the village and between the presbytery and the church. He went back to face her, saying:

"We are as alone as we can well be. My servant in the kitchen is as deaf as a post."

Now that he had been looking at her closer, the abbé felt a sort of dread. The carmine of those lips, the pellucid, unstained, unfathomable blackness of those eyes, the pallor of her cheeks suggested to him something provokingly pagan, something distastefully different from the common sinners of this earth. And now she was ready to speak. He arrested her with a raised hand.

"Wait," he said. "I have never seen you before. I don't even know properly who you are. None of you belong to my flock—for you are from Escampobar, are you not?" From under the bony arches he fastened his eyes on her face, noticed the delicacy of features, the naive pertinacity of the eyes. She said:

"I am the daughter."

"The daughter— Oh! I understand. Much evil is spoken of you."

She said a little impatiently, "By that rabble?" and the priest remained mute for a moment. "What do they say? In my father's time they wouldn't have dared to say anything. The only thing I saw of them for years and years was when they were yelping like curs on the heels of Scevola."

The absence of scorn in her tone was perfectly annihilating. Gentle sounds flowed from her lips and a disturbing charm from

CONTINUED ON PAGE 140

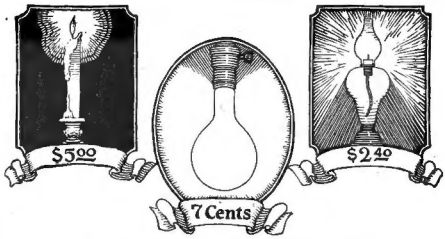
Prices of Patterns

Including Cutting and Construction Guides

These patterns can be had at any Pictorial Review agency, or they will be delivered postage free if you write to the Company at any of the addresses mentioned below.

No.	Prices in the United States Cts.	Prices in the United Kingdom s.d.	No.	Prices in the United States Cts.	Prices in the United Kingdom s.d.	No.	Prices in the United States Cts.	Prices in the United Kingdom s.d.
4486	35	1/6	1762	30	1/6	1807	45	2/-
4814	30	1/6	1765	30	1/6	1868	45	2/-
5241	35	1/6	1768	30	1/6	1869	35	1/6
5287	25	1/3	1771	45	2/-	1870	35	1/6
5969	30	1/6	1774	35	1/6	1871	35	1/6
6082	35	1/6	1776	45	2/-	1872	30	1/6
6298	35	1/6	1780	45	2/-	1873	45	2/-
6385	30	1/6	1781	45	2/-	1874	45	2/-
6447	35	1/6	1782	40	2/-	1875	40	2/-
6557	35	1/6	1783	30	1/6	1876	45	2/-
6837	35	1/6	1786	45	2/-	1877	35	1/6
8636	30	1/6	1788	45	2/-	1878	45	2/-
8679	30	1/6	1790	45	2/-	1879	40	2/-
9008	35	1/6	1791	35	1/6	1880	35	1/6
9018	25	1/3	1792	35	1/6	1881	35	1/6
9041	30	1/6	1798	30	1/6	1882	35	1/6
9212	30	1/6	1799	45	2/-	1883	35	1/6
9229	30	1/6	1802	45	2/-	1884	35	1/6
9579	30	1/6	1803	30	1/6	1885	45	2/-
9673	30	1/6	1804	35	1/6	1886	35	1/6
9730	35	1/6	1812	45	2/-	1887	35	1/6
9834	30	1/6	1814	35	1/6	1888	45	2/-
9875	30	1/6	1815	35	1/6	1889	30	1/6
1042	30	1/6	1816	35	1/6	1890	40	2/-
1083	30	1/6	1817	30	1/6	1891	45	2/-
1135	30	1/6	1818	45	2/-	1892	45	2/-
1138	30	1/6	1821	30	1/6	1893	40	2/-
1232	30	1/6	1824	35	1/6	1894	35	1/6
1240	30	1/6	1825	45	2/-	**Embroideries**		
1306	35	1/6	1828	45	2/-	11601	20	1/-
1315	35	1/6	1831	35	1/6	11608	20	1/-
1316	35	1/6	1834	45	2/-	12031	35	1/6
1326	35	1/6	1839	45	2/-	12147	20	1/-
1327	35	1/6	1840	45	2/-	12175	20	1/-
1364	30	1/6	1841	40	2/-	12177	30	1/6
1373	35	1/6	1842	30	1/6	12318	35	1/6
1406	35	1/6	1843	40	2/-	12367	30	1/6
1507	30	1/6	1844	30	1/6	12564	30	1/6
1527	35	1/6	1845	30	1/6	12571	25	1/3
1528	30	1/6	1846	30	1/6	12574	75	3/6
1529	35	1/6	1847	45	2/-	12612	75	3/6
1545	35	1/6	1848	35	1/6	12613	75	3/6
1546	35	1/6	1849	40	2/-	12672	25	1/3
1547	35	1/6	1850	35	1/6	12687	25	1/3
1566	35	1/6	1851	40	2/-	12715	35	1/6
1605	35	1/6	1852	35	1/6	12718	30	1/6
1608	35	1/6	1853	35	1/6	12720	30	1/6
1610	35	1/6	1854	35	1/6	12746	40	2/-
1639	35	1/6	1855	25	1/3	12757	40	2/-
1640	25	1/3	1856	30	1/6	12763	30	1/6
1645	30	1/6	1857	45	2/-	12794	25	1/3
1662	35	1/6	1858	30	1/6	12796	40	2/-
1675	30	1/6	1859	45	2/-	12806	35	1/6
1679	25	1/3	1860	40	2/-	12808	40	2/-
1680	35	1/6	1861	40	2/-	12810	40	2/-
1692	35	1/6	1862	40	2/-	12820	25	1/3
1721	30	1/6	1863	45	2/-	12833	40	2/-
1735	45	2/-	1864	45	2/-	12840	50	2/6
1749	35	1/6	1865	35	1/6	12845	30	1/6
1753	45	2/-	1866	45	2/-			

NEW YORK, 222 West Thirty-ninth Street
CHICAGO, ILL., 208-206 South Market Street
ST. LOUIS, MO., 505 North Seventh Street
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., 985 Market Street
ATLANTA, GA., 82-84 North Broad Street
BOSTON 11, MASS., 116 Bedford Street
TORONTO, CANADA, 263-267 Adelaide Street, West
LONDON, W. 1, ENGLAND, 163-165 Great Portland Street



The tallow candles and whale-oil lamps used by our ancestors cost, for the same amount of light, much more than does the electric light we use

Cheaper Light

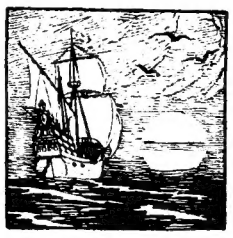
While the cost of almost everything has gone up, the cost of light has gone down.

The pioneer carbon filament lamp gave cheap light as compared with oil or candles. But the MAZDA Lamp is 500% more efficient than its pioneer predecessor, which means that, with the same amount of current, you get six times as much light.

MAZDA
The Mark of a Research Service
To maintain its Research Laboratories, where the MAZDA Lamp was produced and perfected, the General Electric Company invests a million dollars a year. Many of the contributions of these laboratories result in lower prices for necessities.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY



The Rover

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 139

her strange equanimity. The abbé frowned heavily at these fascinations, which seemed to have in them something diabolic.

"They are simple souls, neglected, fallen back into darkness. It isn't their fault, but they have natural feelings of humanity which were outraged. I saved him from their indignation. There are things that must be left to the divine justice."

He was exasperated by the unconsciousness of that fair face.

"That man whose name you have just pronounced and which I have heard coupled with the epithet of blood-drinker is regarded as the master of the Escampobar Farm. He has been living there for years. How is that?"

"Yes, it is a long time ago since he brought me back to the house. Years ago. Catherine let him stay."

"Who is Catherine?" the abbé asked harshly.

"She is my father's sister, who was left at home to wait. She had given up all hope of seeing any of us again, when one morning Scevola came with me to the door. Then she let him stay. He is a poor creature. What else could Catherine have done? And what is it to us up there how the people in the village regard him?" She dropped her eyes and seemed to fall into deep thought, then added: "It was only later that I discovered that he was a poor creature, even quite lately. They call him blood-drinker, do they? What of that? All the time he was afraid of his own shadow."

She ceased, but did not raise her eyes.

"You are no longer a child," began the abbé in a severe voice, frowning at her downcast eyes, and he heard a murmur: "Not very long." He disregarded it and continued: "I ask you, is this all that you have to tell me about that man? I hope that at least you are no hypocrite."

"Monsieur l'Abbé," she said, raising her eyes fearlessly, "what more am I to tell about him? I can tell you things that will make your hair stand on end, but it wouldn't be about him."

For all answer the abbé made a weary gesture and turned away to walk up and down the room. His face expressed neither curiosity nor pity, but a sort of repugnance which he made an effort to overcome. He dropped into a deep and shabby old armchair, the only object of luxury in the room, and pointed to a wooden straight-backed stool. Arlette sat on it and began to speak. The abbé listened, but looking far away; his big bony hands rested on the arms of the chair. After the first words he interrupted her: "This is your own story you are telling me?"

"Yes," said Arlette.

"Is it necessary that I should know?"

"Yes, Monsieur l'Abbé."

"But why?" He bent his head a little without, however, ceasing to look far away. Her voice now was very low. Suddenly the abbé threw himself back. "You want to tell me your story because you have fallen in love with a man?"

"No, because that brought me back to myself. Nothing else could have done it."

He turned his head to look at her grimly, but he said nothing and looked away again. He listened. At the beginning he muttered once or twice, "Yes, I have heard that," and then kept silent, not looking at her at all. Once he interrupted her by a question: "You were confirmed before the convent was forcibly entered and the nuns dispersed?"

"Yes," she said, "a year before that or more."

"And then two of those ladies took you with them toward Toulon?"

"Yes, the other girls had their relations near by. They took me with them, thinking to communicate with my parents, but it was difficult. Then the English came, and my parents sailed over to try and get some news of me. It was safe for my father to be in Toulon then. Perhaps you think that he was a traitor to his country?" she asked, and remained with parted lips.

With an impassible face the abbé murmured: "He was a good royalist," in a tone of bitter fatalism which seemed to absolve that man and all the other men of whose actions and errors he had ever heard.

FOR a long time, Arlette continued, her father could not discover the house where the nuns had taken refuge. He only obtained information on the very day before the English evacuated Toulon. Late in the day he appeared before her and took her away. The town was full of retreating foreign troops. Her father left her with her mother and went out again to get the tartan ready for sailing home that very night; but she was no longer in the place where she had been lying. The two Madrague men that he had for a crew had disappeared also. And so the family were trapped in that town full of tumult and confusion. Ships and houses were bursting into flames. Appalling explosions of gunpowder shook the earth. She spent that night on her knees, with her face hidden in her mother's lap, while her father stood by the door with a pistol in each hand

In the morning the house was filled with savage yells. People were heard rushing up the stairs, and the door was burst in. She jumped up at the crash and flung herself on her knees in a corner, with her face to the wall. There was a murderous uproar; she heard two shots fired, then somebody seized her by her arm and pulled her up to her feet. It was Scevola. He dragged her to the door. The bodies of her father and mother were lying across the doorway. The room was full of the smoke of the shots. She wanted to fling herself on the bodies and cling to them, but Scevola took her under the arms and lifted her over them. He seized her hand and made her run down-stairs with him, or rather dragged her down-stairs. Down in the street some dreadful men and a good many fierce women with knives joined them. They ran along the streets, brandishing pikes and sabers, pursuing other groups of unarmed people who fled round corners with loud shrieks.

"I ran in the midst of them, Monsieur l'Abbé," Arlette went on in a breathless murmur. "Whenever I saw any water I wanted to throw myself into it, but I was surrounded on all sides; I was jostled and pushed, and most of the time Scevola held my hand very tight. When they stopped at a wine-shop they would offer me some wine. My tongue stuck to the roof of my mouth and I drank. The wine, the pavements, the arms and faces, everything was red. I had red splashes all over me. I had to run with them all day, and all the time I felt as if I were falling down, and down, and down. The houses were nodding to me. The sun would go out at times. And suddenly I heard myself yelling exactly like the others. Do you understand, Monsieur l'Abbé? The very same words!"

The eyes of the priest in their deep orbits glided toward her and then resumed their far-away fixity. Between his fatalism and his faith he was not very far from the belief of the Satan taking possession of rebellious mankind, exposing the nakedness of hearts like flint and of the homicidal souls of the Revolution.

"I have heard something of that," he whispered stealthily.

She affirmed with quiet earnestness: "Yet at that time I resisted with all my might."

That night Scevola put her under the care of a woman called Perose. She was young and pretty and was a native of Arles, her mother's country. She kept an inn. That woman locked her up in her own room, which was next to the room where the patriots shouted, sang, made speeches far into the night. Several times the woman looked in for a moment, made a hopeless gesture at her with both arms, and vanished again. Later on other nights, when all the band was asleep on benches and on the floor, that woman would steal into the room, fall on her knees by the bed on which Arlette sat with her knees drawn up, sleepless and raving silently to herself, embrace her feet, and cry until she would fall asleep. In the morning she would jump up and say: "Come. The great thing is to keep our life in our bodies. Come along to the work of justice"; and they would join the band that were making ready. And another day would begin. But after a time the victims, of which the streets were full at first, had to be sought for in back yards, ferreted out of their hiding-places, dragged up out of the cellars, and down from the garrets of the houses, which would be entered by the band with howls of death and vengeance.

"Then, Monsieur l'Abbé," said Arlette, "I let myself go at last. I could resist no longer. I said to myself, if it is so then it must be right. But most of the time I was like a person half asleep who fancies things that it is impossible to grasp. About that time, I don't know why, the woman Perose hinted to me that Scevola was a poor creature. Next night, while all the band lay fast asleep in the big room, Perose and Scevola helped me out of the window into the street and led me to the quay behind the Arsenal.

"Scevola had found our tartan lying at the pontoon and one of the Madrague men with her. The other had disappeared. Perose fell on my neck and cried a little. She gave me a kiss and said: 'My time will come soon. You, Scevola, don't you show up in Toulon, because nobody believes in you any more. Adieu, Arlette. *Vive la Nation*,' and she vanished in the night. I waited on the pontoon, shivering in my torn clothes, listening to Scevola and the man throwing dead bodies overboard out of the tartan. Splash, splash, splash! And suddenly I thought I would run away but they were after me in a moment, dragged me back, and threw me down into that cabin, which smelled of blood.

"But when I got back to the farm all feeling left me. I did not feel myself exist. I saw things around me here and there, but I couldn't look at anything for long. Something was gone out of me. I know now that it was not my heart, but then I didn't mind what it was. I felt light and empty, and a little cold all the time, but I could smile at people. Nothing could matter. Nothing could mean anything. I cared for no one. I wanted nothing. I wasn't there at all, Monsieur l'Abbé. People seemed to see me and would talk to me, and it seemed funny—till one day I felt my heart beat."

"Why precisely did you come to me with this tale?" asked the abbé in a low voice.

"Because you are a priest. Have you forgotten that I have lived for years in a convent? I have not forgotten how to pray. But I am afraid of the world now. What must I do?"

"Repent!" thundered the abbé, getting up. He saw her candid gaze uplifted and lowered his voice forcibly. "Look with fearless sincerity into the darkest places of your soul. Remember whence the only true help can come. Those whom God has visited by a trial such as yours can not be altogether unresponsible for their enormities. Withdraw from the world. Descend within yourself and abandon the vain thoughts of what people call happiness. Be an example to yourself of the weakness of your nature and of the weakness of our humanity. You may have been possessed. What do I know? Perhaps it was permitted in order to lead your soul to saintliness through a life of seclusion and prayer. To that it is my duty to help you. Meantime you must pray to be given strength for a complete renunciation."

ARLETTE lowered her eyes slowly. She appeared to the abbé as if wrapped up in a spiritual mystery. "What are God's designs on this creature?" he asked himself.

"Monsieur le Curé," she said quietly, "I felt the need to pray to-day for the first time in many years. When I left home it was only to go to your church."

"The church stands open to the worst of sinners," said the abbé.

"I know. But I would have had to pass before all those villagers; and you, Abbé, know well what they are capable of."

"Perhaps," murmured the abbé, "it would be better not to put their charity to the test."

"I must pray before I go back again. I thought you would let me come in through the sacristy."

"It would be inhuman to refuse your request," he said, rousing himself and taking down a key that hung on the wall. He put on his broad-brimmed hat and without a word led the way through the wicket gate and along the path which he always used himself and which was out of sight of the village fountain. After they had entered the damp and dilapidated sacristy he locked the door behind them and only then opened another, a smaller one, leading into the church. When he stood aside Arlette became aware of the chilly odor as of turned-up earth mingled with a faint scent of incense. In the deep dusk of the nave a single little flame glimmered before an image of the Virgin. The abbé whispered as she passed on:

"There before the great altar abase yourself and pray for grace and strength and mercy in this world full of crimes against God and men."

She did not look at him. Through the thin soles of her shoes she felt the chill of the flagstones. The abbé, leaving the door ajar, sat down on a rush-bottomed chair, the only one in the sacristy, folded his arms, and let his chin fall on his breast. He had the air of sleeping profoundly, but at the end of half an hour he got up and, going to the doorway, stood looking at the kneeling figure sunk low on the altar steps. Arlette's face was buried in her hands in a passion of piety and prayer. The abbé waited patiently for a good many minutes more before he raised his voice in a grave murmur which filled the whole dark place.

"It is time for you to leave. I am going to ring for vespers."

The view of this complete absorption before the Most High had touched him. He stepped back into the sacristy, and after a time heard the faintest possible swish of the black-silk skirt of the Escampobar daughter in her Arlesian costume. She entered the sacristy lightly with shining eyes, and the abbé looked at her with some emotion.

"You have prayed well, my daughter," he said. "No forgiveness will be refused to you, for you have suffered much. Put your trust in the grace of God."

She raised her head and stayed her footsteps for a moment. In the dark little place he could see the gleam of her eyes swimming in tears.

"Yes," Monsieur l'Abbé," she said in her clear, seductive voice. "I have prayed and I feel answered. I entreated the merciful God to keep the heart of the man I love always true to me or else to let me die before I set my eyes on him again."

The abbé paled under his tan of a village priest and leaned his shoulders against the wall without a word.

The third instalment of "The Rover" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published October 15th. If you don't like to read a serial by instalments, save your Pictorial Reviews and read it all at once.

Contents for October, 1923

Art and Poetry

	PAGE
Cover Design . . . . . *Earl Christy*	
Of Sea-Folk (*Verse*) . . . . *Harold Final*	6

Fiction

The Rover (Serial—Second Instalment) *Joseph Conrad*	5
The Excitement-Eaters (Serial—Third Instalment) . . . . . *Dorothy Speare*	17
"The Joob Street Blues" . *T. S. Stribling*	12
Tumbling Run . . . . . *Elsie Singmaster*	14
The Judge . . . . . *Paul Lee Ellerbe*	22
It Isn't Done . . *Stephen Morehouse Avery*	24

Special Articles

Whom Do You Want for President Next Year? . . . . . *Ida Clyde Clarke*	1
The Average Woman and Social Success *Frances Parkinson Keyes*	2
The Prince of Wales . *Genevieve Parkhurst*	10
The American Woman . *Harvey O'Higgins* and *Edward H. Reede, M. D.*	16
Simple Aids to Beauty . . *Kathleen Eddy*	42

Home-Making

Financial Service Stations for Women *Louise Wallace Hackney*	35
The Silver That Lights Your Table *Jenoise Brown Short* and *Gladys Beckett Jones*	52
Houses Planned by Women *Mae Sacell Croy*	54
Pictorial Review's Little Cook-Book *Edith M. Barber*	56
Wall-Paper Backgrounds . *Estelle H. Ries*	59
A Hallowe'en Community Hike *Edna Sibley Tipton*	60
Rebuilding Louvain *Mrs. Percy V. Pennybacker*	60
Another Book-shelf for Parents *Eva Vom Baur Hansl*	62
A Correspondence Course in Babycraft *Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge*	64
Our Babycraft Service for Mothers *Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge*	66
A Fig for Flavor . . . . . *Hester Conklin* and *Pauline Partridge*	68

For the Children

	PAGE
Dolly Dingle and Sammy Smart Help Teacher . . . . . *Grace G. Drayton*	45

Embroidery

Designs That Suggest All Kinds of Alluring and Artistic Household Decorations to the Clever Needlewoman	101
You'll Find These Designs Unusually Artistic and New	103
There's Smartness in These Correct Monograms and Embroidery Designs .	125

Fashions of the Month

Here Are the Latest Modes for Small Girls and Juniors	105
Tailored Costumes with Feminine Touch —The Paris Fad for Fall.	106
The First Autumn Style Thoughts Are Glimpsed in These Models	107
Newest Style Appeal in Apparel Designed Especially for the Stout	108
Distinctive and Charming Frocks for the Bride and Her Maids	109
Close-Ups of Fashions for the Early Days of the Fall Season.	110
Your Type of Dress Is Surely to Be Found in These New Modes	111
Decidedly Modish Are the Overblouses and Bodice Skirts	112
Newest Underwear Designed for Usefulness and Chic	113
Reigning Style Lines Adapted to Grace Youthful Wearers	114
In Advance of the Season Come These Misses' Costumes	115
Smart Indoor and Outdoor Apparel for Young People	116
Youthful Modes That Include the Sleeveless Frock	117
Well-Fitting and Practical Apparel for Men and Boys	118
Are You Going to a Masquerade Party? Here Is Your Chance to Select a Stunning Costume from Many Nations	119

PICTORIAL REVIEW is printed in the U. S. A., and published monthly by The Pictorial Review Company, Seventh Ave. and Thirty-ninth St., New York, N. Y., and 163-165 Great Portland Street, London, W. 1, England.

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY